July 21, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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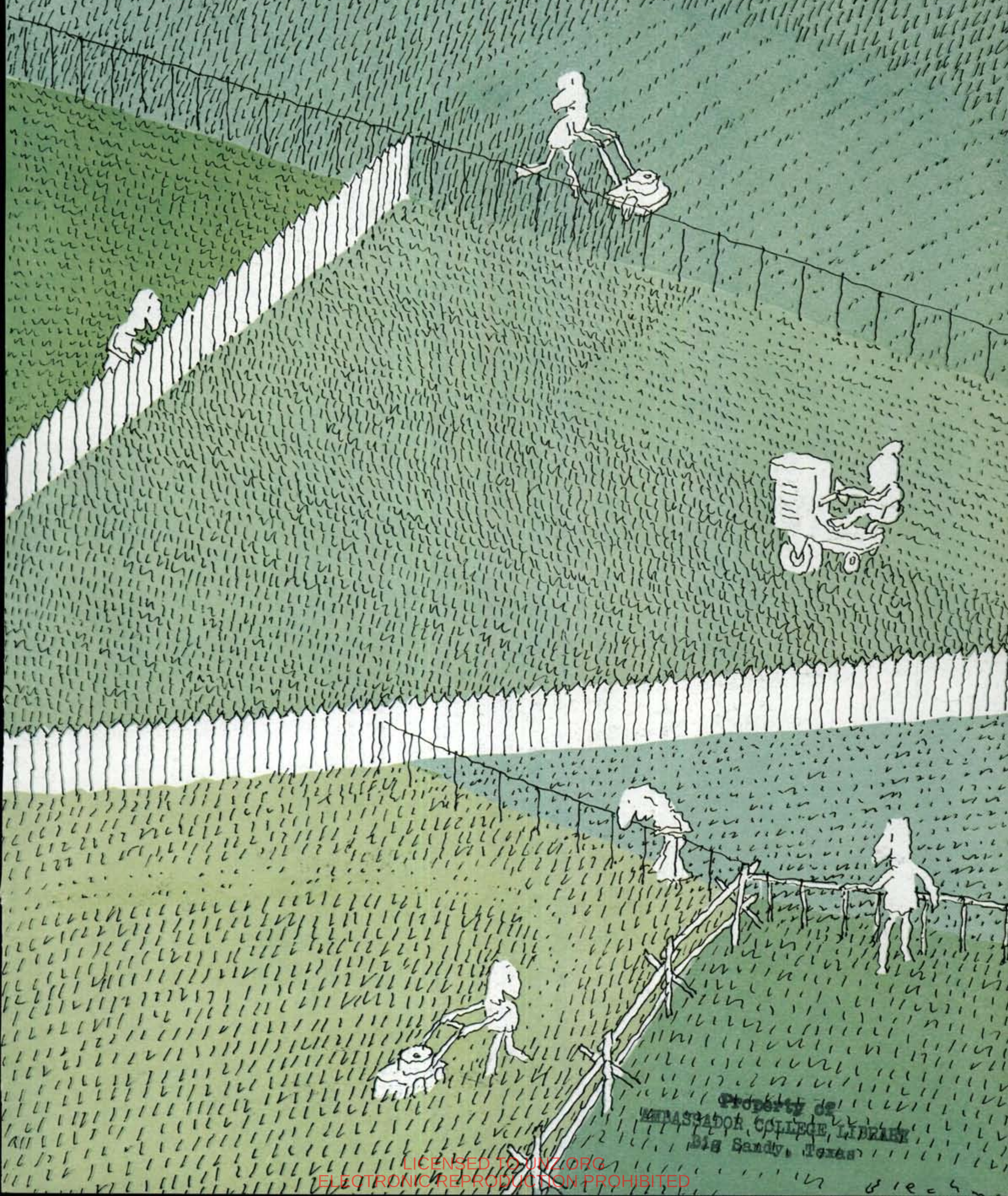

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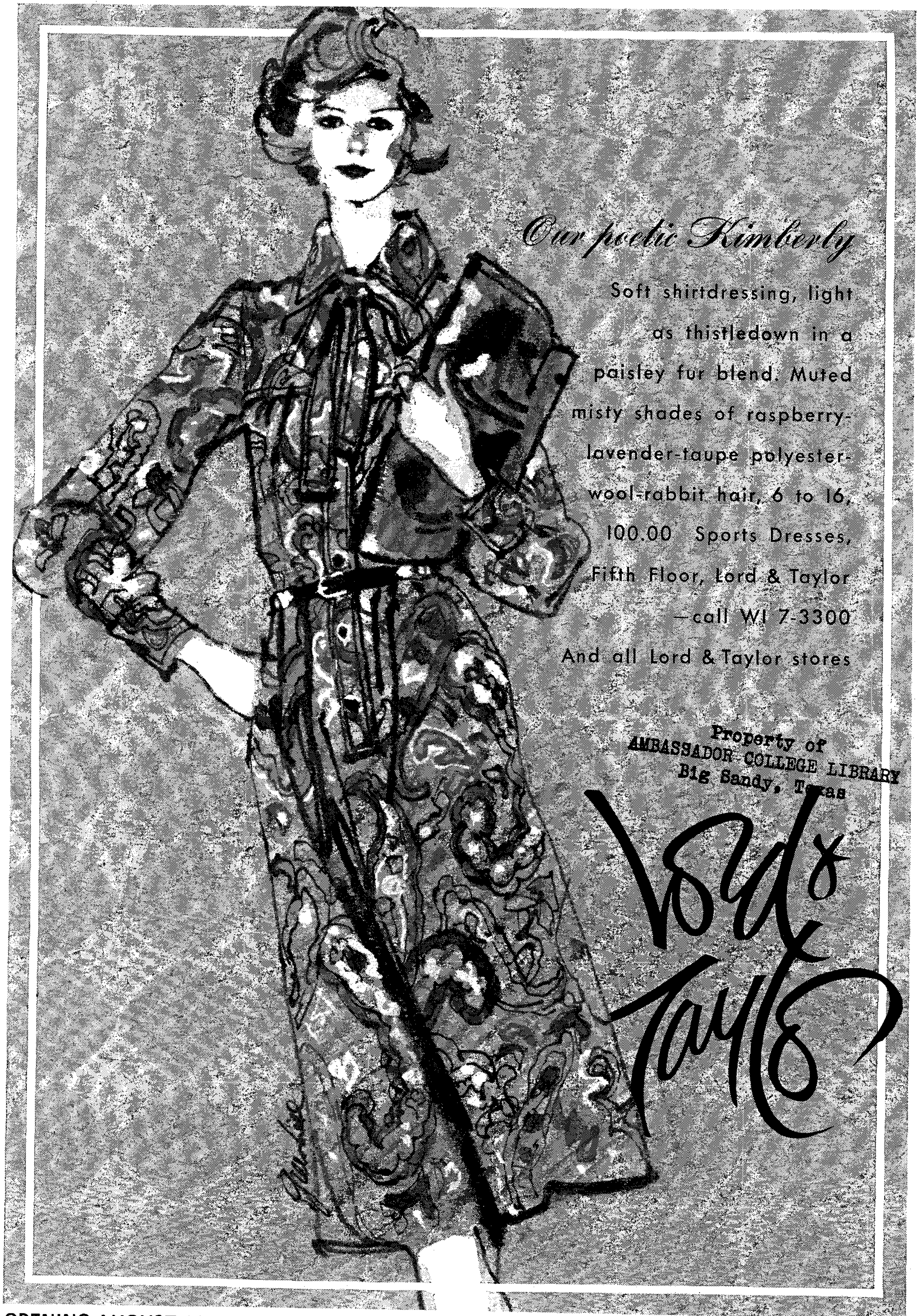

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

All Over Town—A carelessly carpentered farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Moves uptown to the Shubert, 225 W. 44th St., 246-5990, for a Broadway opening Friday, July 25. Schedule of performances: Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dance with Me—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A production interesting for what George C. Scott, as director and star, has found in the character of the befuddled and suicidal Willy Loman. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company's wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, and a young man called Reyno especially so. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

Not to Worry—A play by A. E. Santaniello. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rodgers & Hart—A veritable cataract of R. & H. standards, which, oddly, has the force of a trickle. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rubbers and **Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh**—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played by John Neville, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What Every Woman Knows—An agreeable revival of the J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**absurd person singular:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely

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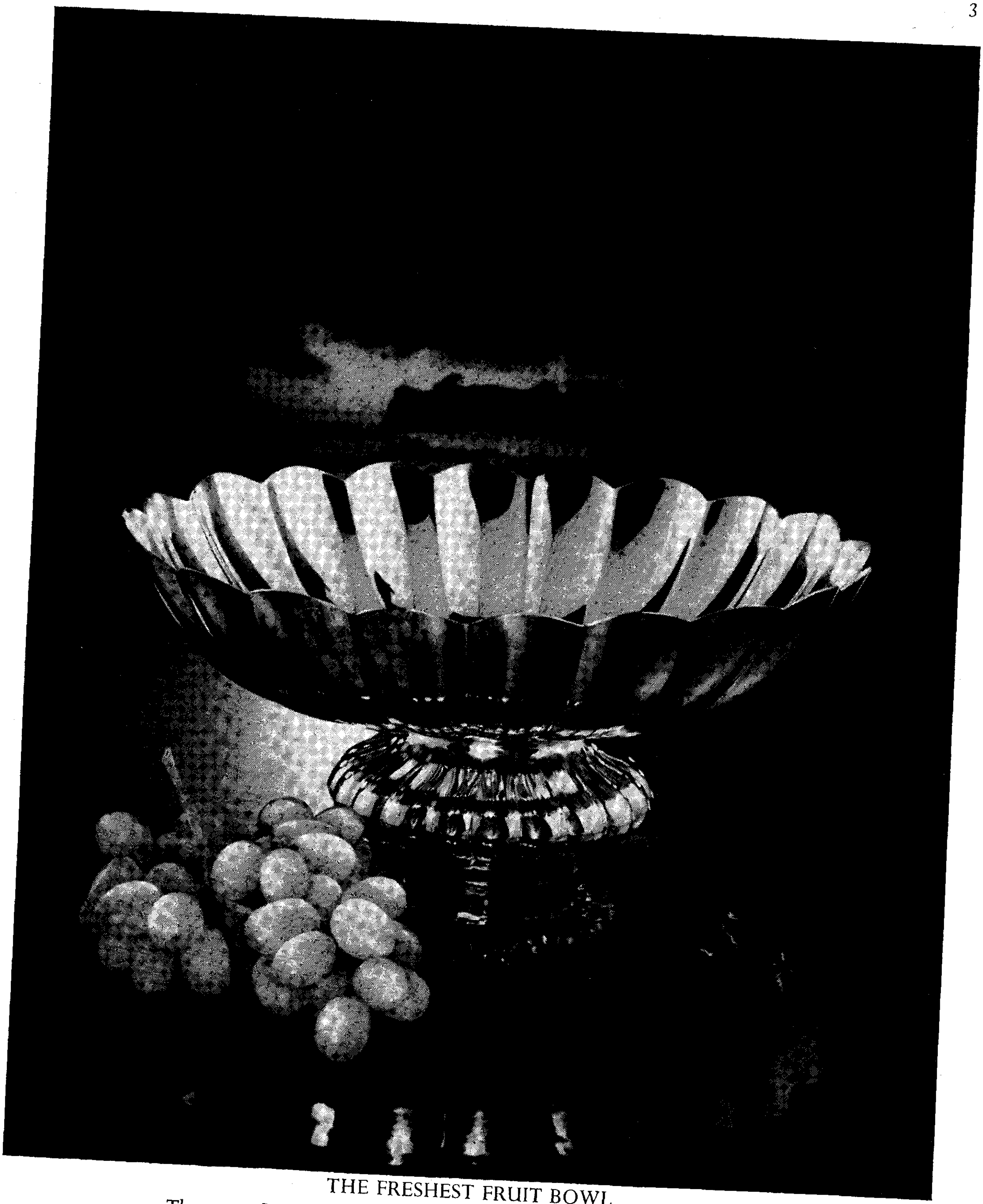

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

notice. With Geraldine Page, Fritz Weaver, Carol Lynley, Paul Shyre, Curt Dawson, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,337 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, July 16: "Les Noces," "Undertow," and "Etudes."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 17: "Gemini," "The Leaves Are Fading" (première), "Epilogue," and "Concerto."... ¶ Friday evening, July 18: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 19: "Les Sylphides," "Gemini," and "Concerto."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 19: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," "Undertow," and "Etudes."... ¶ Monday evening, July 21: "The River," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and "Etudes."... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 22: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 23: "Les Sylphides," "Shadowplay," "Grand Pas Classique," and "The River."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 24: "La Bayadère," "The River," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," and Shadowplay."... ¶ Friday evening, July 25: "The Leaves Are Fading" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 26: "La Bayadère," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday evening, July 26: "Theme and Variations" and "La Sylphide." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)

National Ballet of Canada—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 10, with Rudolf Nureyev dancing at all performances. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 22-23, at 8, and Saturday, July 26, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 24-25, at 8: "Coppélia." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Stalwart reedman **SONNY FORTUNE** heads a quintet that features trumpeter Charles Sullivan in this cozy restaurant, which specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and in sixties-fashionable soul food; through Saturday, July 19. On Monday and Tuesday, July 21-22, tenor saxophonist George Coleman leads an octet, and from Wednesday through Saturday, July 23-26, Coleman co-pilots a quintet with trumpeter Danny Moore. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This four-hundred-seat club is a very good place to see those performers who, in the recessionless past, might have played concerts exclusively. José Feliciano and comic Mike Preminger share the bill on Wednesday, July 16. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19, comedy duo Proctor & Bergman appear opposite singer and songwriter Tim Moore. Singer John Shine will trade sets with Elvin Bishop Monday through Wednesday, July 21-23. Bishop played excellent rhythm guitar with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band a decade or so ago, and now he is fronting a spirited ensemble whose strong points lie in its reverential borrowings from classic Chicago blues. Thursday through Sunday, July 24-27, guitar whiz **LARRY CORYELL'S** Eleventh House, a jazz-rock operation, will alternate with drummer Jack DeJohnette and his band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sunday, July 20.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** remains at his post behind the piano, aided by bassist Bill Takas. They play week nights from about ten until two-thirty. On Sunday, July 20, from nine-thirty to one, Barry Harris will be present with a bass player. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH'S** sleek new club seems to attract a larger share of tourists than his previous, uptown one did. Trombone virtuoso **BILL WATROUS** and his occasionally fire-breathing band, the **MANHATTAN WILDLIFE REFUGE,** trade sets with the Cedar Walton quartet through Saturday, July 19. On Monday, July 21, Rich and his band will return for a week-long visit to their glass-and-metal homestead. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—While Helen Humes is absent for a couple of weeks, a two-part replacement show is under way: pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **JAY LEONHART,** and, while *they're* taking five, composers and singers Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one.... ¶ Another fine singer has reappeared here, but on Sundays only—**NANCY HARROW,** a Mildred Bailey-Billie Holiday singer, with a small, direct voice, a genteel vibrato, and a neat, canny way of phrasing. She is backed by the accomplished pianist Richard Wyands and by bassist Richard Davis. Music from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which is a low-keyed and controlled assemblage, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, July 22, tenorman Budd Johnson sits in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting at seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Altoist **JACKIE MCLEAN** is currently putting in a rare New York appearance with his septet Tuesdays through Sundays from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese and American food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here on Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, with bassist John Beal and pianist Dick Katz. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER.** The trio is not to be missed. **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, performs alone from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by Sam Brown, an interesting guitar soloist, and bassist Jamil Nasser from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Max Kaminsky has temporarily joined the five-part resident Dixieland band until **ROY ELDRIDGE'S** return, on Tuesday, July 22. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky takes charge of another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Eddie Hazell, a guitarist (middle-of-the-road variety) and vocalist (Chet Baker variety), plays some no-risk standards with his trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant with an enclosed sidewalk gallery and a generally relaxed atmosphere. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers and his quintet vacate the premises on Saturday, July 19. Sunday through Thursday, July 20-24, bassist Gordon Edwards returns with his capable quintet to work on some refined, unadulterated rhythm-and-blues. Music from ten to three.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Rusty Weir, who is given to playing twangy rock, trades sets with local folkies Jake and the Family Jewels (who would have been the headliners at the mini folk festival that was held a couple of weeks ago at this club had Bob Dylan not shown up); through Sunday, July 20. On Wednesday, July 23, Isis, an eight-person Dixie-rock aggregation, takes the stage. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. Snacks.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Platters have taken over the stage and are doling out bits and pieces of their greatest hits at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty every night except Sunday. Dining and dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** orchestra plays for dancing, listening, or just gawking out the window. From seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Alaina Reed, a convincing enough soul and pop singer who, on occasion, devotes too much time to between-song patter, finishes up on Saturday, July 19. Beginning Tuesday, July 22, folksinger Mirabai strums and sings opposite singer Michael Federal. Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. James, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A small, triangular club that occupies the cellar of a tiny white-brick building south of Sheridan Square. Pianist and proprietor Hod O'Brian works with a combo that includes trombonist Marshall Brown every night but Tuesdays, when the premises are dark, and Mondays, when **JOE LEE WILSON** sings with a small, fifties-sounding group of jazzmen. Wilson fires off dazzling versions of "Four" and "Miles," both Miles Davis tunes; he can make an old chestnut like "Moonlight in Vermont" sound like tomorrow's nervous breakdown; and he does what may be the gutsiest "Summertime" since Billie Holiday got hold of it in 1936. Music from ten to three.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Live music makes this attractive neighborhood bar a full-fledged jazz spot. Wednesdays are given over to the **LEE KONITZ** nonet. On Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, a quartet led by two Japanese jazzmen—Tadashi Yasunasa on drums, and Roy (that's all) on guitar—performs; and on Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, flutist Richard Clay's quartet will be on hand. **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Last fall, this restaurant was an unusually spacious and subdued music oasis, but since then extra tables have been jammed in to accommodate more customers, and some of the newer patrons are overly talkative. Pianist Peter Newburger works with bassist Harvey Swartz on Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17; Jack Wilkins, a fine young guitarist, takes on the musical chores Friday through Sunday, July 18-20. Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24, Errol Parker and John Daly play duets, and beginning Friday, July 25, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and his trio will fill the weekend slot. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tangerine, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—**LEE KONITZ** has put together a nine-piece band that plays here on Sundays and Thursdays and at Stryker's on Wednesdays—a heedless, flying, joyous group that has plenty of bottom and an assortment of grand soloists, the best being Konitz and the great Jimmy Knepper, who has become the premier trombonist in jazz. John Eckhardt and Dave Berger are among the superb new crop of young and imaginative trumpeters. On Fridays and Saturdays, **CECIL MCBEE,** one of the best bassists around, has charge of a rousing sextet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Charles Earland sits at a control panel, turning dials, punching buttons, pressing keys, and comping with his funky electronic quintet. Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave., S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** seventeen-piece collective celebrates summer with two or three hot and humid sets through Saturday, July 19, and again on Monday, July 21. On Tuesday, July 22, the brothers **HEATH—JIMMY,** on reeds, and **PERCY,** on bass—bring in their quartet. Music from ten. Closed Sunday, July 20.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Closer to the docks than to the boonies, this dark, sawdusted café is still cashing in on the late-sixties soul-food bonanza. The music—piano-bass duets, for the most part—is considerably more citified, and begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES,** once an important component of the Art Tatum trio, now heads his own bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Fridays, a bop quintet takes the stand; and on Saturdays and Sundays Paul Quinichette, still playing tenor sax with a Lester Young complex, leads a quartet. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Crusaders—With George Duke. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, July 18, at 8.)

Gladys Knight & the Pips, Blue Magic, and **the Moments**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, July 19-20, at 6:30 and 10:30.

Earth, Wind & Fire and **Weather Report**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, July 25, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

David Smyth—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through July 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, Morris Louis, and others. Through July 31. . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through July 31. . . . **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by Kelly, Reinhardt, and Stella, plus two paintings by Rauschenberg and two drawings by Serra. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through July 31. . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings completed in the forties and fifties by eight first-generation Abstract Expressionists from the New York School: Brooks, Gottlieb, Gorky, Hofmann, Kline, Pollock, Reinhardt, and Tomlin. Through Friday, July 18. . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Feininger, Grosz, Klee, Schiele, and others. Through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A selection of graphics, paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mexican artists, including Rufino Tamayo, José Luis Cuevas, and Francisco Zuniga. Through Aug. 29. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Alfred Maurer, Emil Ganso, Aristide Maillol, and others. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

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Edward Hicks (1780-1849)—In this superb exhibition, twenty (out of an extant sixty) of this Quaker folk artist's "Peaceable Kingdom" paintings are on view, along with some lesser-known (and, on the whole, lesser) works. The Peaceable Kingdoms all illustrate the Old Testament verses of Isaiah describing conditions on earth after the coming of the Messiah ("The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them"), but, as the exhibition vividly brings out, they are by no means the same picture. Hicks's treatments are infinitely various, and his development as an artist during the thirty-odd years he devoted to his quest for an ultimate expression is marked. A number of the later Kingdoms (notably, a version of 1847, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carlen, and one of 1848, owned by the Albright-Knox Art Gallery) are crowning achievements—works combining painting and compositional skill of an academic refinement with the vigor and sincerity and strangeness that are non-academic art's chief glory. But throughout one receives a sense of Hicks's appetite for experimentation, his interest in problems of form and design, his love of invention, his willingness to take chances, his unwillingness to repeat himself. Like another and greater visionary, William Blake, he is clearly a conscious artist rather than a naïve genius. In an excellent essay first published in *The Art Quarterly* and reprinted in the show's catalogue, Eleanore Price Mather discusses the theological and spiritual underpinnings of the Kingdom series, and plausibly connects various iconographic and expressionistic developments to such events as the Quaker Separation of 1827, as well as to the artist's own inner struggles. In passing, she corrects a vulgar error: "We hear repeated references to the 'lion lying down with the lamb.' In the Peaceable Kingdom he never does. Both animals are invariably present, but they do not relate to each other. It is the wolf who dwells with the lamb,

> While the old lion, thwarting nature's law,
> Shall eat beside the ox the barley straw,

to quote Hicks's own rhymed paraphrase of the Scripture." (The show is a benefit, and the price of admission is one dollar.) Through Saturday, July 26. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

●

Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha—Models, studies, and photographs of their projects for outdoor sculptures. Through July 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Site sculptures constructed for a campus arcade. Hamrol's is made of a plywood blackboard with colored chalk dangling on strings, and has already provoked a lot of graffiti by passersby; Healy's consists of colored sheets of fabric; and Tacha's is built up of tiers of Styrofoam slabs. Through Aug. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **ARRAS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by Norman Laliberté, Kosso Eloul, Jeff Hoare, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Rembrandt, Dürer, Callot, and others. Through Aug. 8. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Regular gallery artists, including Philip Pearlstein and Joan Brown, along with guest exhibitors. Through

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by American artists, among them Eakins, Burchfield, and de Creeft. Through Aug. 15.... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Richard Mayhew, Isabel Bishop, and Nathan Hale. Through July 31.... **SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Aubusson tapestries by (for instance) Sonia Delaunay, Alexander Calder, and Man Ray. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by sixteen artists. Through Aug. 29.... **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Paintings by Don Eddy, sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, and drawings by Juan Gonzalez. Through July 31.... **HUNDRED ACRES,** 456 West Broadway: Cynthia Carlson, John Baeder, and others, exhibiting one work on canvas and one work on paper apiece. Through Friday, July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **LAMAGNA,** 380 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by seven artists. Through Friday, July 25.... **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Four sheaves of pale color done in vertical brushstrokes directly on a white wall, by Ken Wade, and a wall construction nearly forty feet long, by Ralph Hilton, that makes a convincing stab at formulating a bird language, are among the works being shown here by a group of invited artists. Through Friday, July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5.)... **112 GREENE STREET GALLERY:** Six recent graduates of the Yale art department exhibiting their sculptures and drawings. Through Thursday, July 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **WEBER,** 420 West Broadway: Gallery artists showing paintings, sculptures, and a group-made conceptual mural. Through July 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

BEVERLY PEPPER—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

GROUP SHOW—A loan show of prints (one example by each artist) by Dürer, Turner, Whistler, and others. Through Friday, July 25. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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LEON SUPRANER—Twenty architectural photographs of New York, the majority of which resist the clichés that the genre invites. A remarkable work called "The Mission," showing a church's bell tower silhouetted against the vertical stripes of two new megastructures, is primarily a powerful work of abstraction and only incidentally one of those pictures illustrating the "contrast between old and new." The current vogue for titling pictures "Untitled" is not followed by Supraner, who labors hard over his titles, and sometimes a bit too hard—as in "Verrazanosaurus Rex" for a view of the Verrazano Bridge seen from its mammoth underside. But here and there his labor pays off, as in "Architectural Erection," a picture of a building that looks like one. Through July 31. (South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.)

LIGHT GALLERY, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.—The show here, called "Summer Light," presents work by five young photographers and is a good cross-section of contemporary avant-garde photography. Eve Sonneman puts four snapshots taken at Coney Island—each a slightly different version of the same scene, two in color and two in black-and-white—within a single frame; this presentation evokes with peculiar force and poignancy the heat, chaos, grubbiness, and excitement of a crowded public beach in midsummer. John Divola shows selections from his "Vandalism Series": photographs of his own desecrations of walls and floors with spray-can paint, smears, broken glass, rope, and litter. Divola achieves some handsome effects (his dot work is reminiscent of Jim Dine's), and other vandals who come to the show could pick up a lot of useful ideas from him. Virgil Mirano contributes some enormous, incomprehensible "photograms," which reduce the gallery to this sort of desperate writing: "The source of these images appear to be from dream states, resulting in elusive, floating forms and spaces, with suggestions of personal violence and aggressiveness. Throughout this work can be seen a fascination with light and its interaction with light-sensitive materials." With Marcia Resnick's work the viewer arrives on the firmer ground of Surrealism. Resnick's "Performance Series" is a group of Man Ray-ish photographs of a stage with a central pedestal that is sometimes draped with a sheet and sometimes shown bearing such objects as a hat, a necklace, a shoe, a knife, or a clock; a dummy, also sometimes shrouded, observes the "action." Larry Williams' "Impending Danger" ends the show on a black-comic note. Each photograph in this series shows something horrible about to happen: a hand about to be slammed by a car door, a foot about to be impaled on a nail, a man about to cut his tongue off with a pair of scissors, a hammer about to knock out the teeth of a simpering blonde. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

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IRVING PENN—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

FREDERICK PLAUT—Photographs, some of them portraits, taken in many parts of the world. Through July 30. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

GEOFF WINNINGHAM / DENNIS BROKAW—Black-and-white photographs of people and places in Texas. / Dye transfers of West Coast wilderness scenes. Through Aug. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition—a joint effort with the Museum of Holography, in New York—of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last tèn years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser waves to create a startlingly lifelike three-dimensional image on a photographic plate.... ¶ Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.)... **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Nine contemporary British photographers, plus photographs by many United States artists. Through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ A new installation made up of furniture, ceramics, silver, bibelots, and paintings and drawings (most of it from eighteenth-century Germany and France) from the Lesley and Emma Sheafer Collection.... ¶ "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14.... ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14.... ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (The museum is radically changing its exhibition hours: Closed tight as a clam Mondays and Tuesdays. Opens at 10 Wednesdays through Saturdays—at 1 on Sundays—and closes at 4:45. Moreover, not all permanent collections will be open during the entire span of exhibition hours. The best way to cope with this money-saving scramble is to phone 879-5500.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21.... ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28.... ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A restoration—in spirit, anyway—of the old, Eighth Street, Whitney is the setting for a survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition traces the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, where members of The Eight and later luminaries, like Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, and Reginald Marsh, gathered for evening sketch classes. As time went on, the Whitney Museum became *the* channel for the mainstream of American art, and practically all the masterpieces of that early era are on view here. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9.... ¶ Paintings and drawings by North Carolina artist Minnie Evans, covering four decades. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10.... ¶ Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through Sept. 1.... ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5. The Wednesday-evening revels have been cancelled, to save money.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17.... ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through Sunday, July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition, arranged in conjunction with the International Center of Photography, of photographs of the landscape and people of the Himalayan countries. The prints, most of them in color and most of them taken over the last ten years, are by such photographers as Ernst Haas, Marc Riboud, and Lila and Barry Bishop. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, a large number of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings, as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West.... ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances" and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime.". . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Through Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ A small showing of prints and drawings, including maps and cartoons, detailing the public and private life of George Washington. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9. Through Nov. 1.)

MUSIC

Bolshoi Opera—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, July 16, at 7:30: "Pique Dame.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 7:30: "War and Peace.". . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 7:30: "Boris Godunov.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 1:30: "Eugene Onegin.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 7:30: "War and Peace." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs (devoted also to the music of Beethoven and Haydn), which will run through Saturday, Aug. 23—Monday, July 21, and Wednesday, July 23: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Misha Dichter, piano. An hour before the concert on Monday, Mr. Dichter will give a half-hour recital; an hour before the concert on Wednesday, Mr. Zukerman and Eugenia Zukerman, flute, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22: A chamber-music program by Mr. and Mrs. Zukerman; Mr. Dichter; Cipa Dichter, also piano; and Michael Tree, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. An hour before the concert, the Quartet and Miss Robison will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Firkusny and Carol Neblett, soprano. An hour before each concert, Mr. Firkusny will give a half-hour recital. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 18, at 7: A piano recital by Rudolf Serkin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Mendelssohn program, with Mr. Serkin; Rohan McCullogh, narrator; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 8. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 7:30: James Taylor and Emmylou Harris. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 7: A recital of Beethoven piano sonatas by Malcolm Frager. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing a second all-Beethoven program, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Friday, July 18, at 8:30: Margherita Hastings directing the a-cappella Musica Reservata in a program of music from France and Italy. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra in a performance of Strauss's "Der Zigeunerbaron" ("The Gypsy Baron") in concert form, with Johanna Meier, soprano; Dianne Curry, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; Charles Roe, baritone; and Richard McKee, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Paula Robison, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Jessye Norman, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 5:30: A piano recital by Garrick Ohlsson. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, Aug. 2—Wednesday, July 16, at 8:15: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Chansons Madécasses," "Rapsodie Espagnole," "Scheherazade," and "Piano Concerto in G.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:15: A repeat performance of the July 16 program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 2:30: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:15: "Jewels.". . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by James Taylor and Emmylou Harris on Sunday, July 20, at 7.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 8:15: "Daphnis and Chloe," "Danse," "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Gaspard de la Nuit," and "Tzigane.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24, at 8:15: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Concerto Barocco," and "Cortège Hongrois.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:15: A repeat performance of the July 22 program. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 19: The Murray Louis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26: The Cliff Keuter Dance Company and Nala Najan. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Thursday, July 17, at 8: Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 7, and Saturday, July 19, at 8: Trisha Brown and her company. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 22-23, at 8: Nora Guthrie and Ted Rotante. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, at 8: Violette Verdy and Helgi Tomasson, and the Nancy Meehan Dance Company. (Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. Atlanta, Thursday and Friday, July 17-18, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 19, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Houston, Sunday, July 20, at 2:05, and Monday, July 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 22-23, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 24, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Boston, Friday, July 25, at 8, and Saturday, July 26, at 2.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Atlantic City Country Club, Northfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 2; through Saturday, July 26. The Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 19; the Hempstead Handicap, Sunday, July 20; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 23; and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Sorority, Saturday, July 26. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, July 28. The World's Playground, Saturday, July 19. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 19.

Soccer—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island—Wednesday, July 16, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Portland. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. San José. (For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Tennis—PROFESSIONAL MATCHES: World Team Tennis. Wednesday, July 16, at 8, New York Sets vs. Hawaii. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, and Friday, July 25, at 8, New York Sets vs. Cleveland. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.) . . . AMATEUR MATCHES: U.S.T.A. Men's and Women's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport. Through Sunday, July 20.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, July 19. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, July 21, through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Friday and Saturday, July 18-19.)

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—James Merrill and May Swenson reading from their own works. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, July 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HAMLET, with Sam Waterston, will be given through Saturday, July 19. . . . THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, directed by John Pasquin, will be the second of two plays by the company. Opens Thursday, July 24, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 10. Colonel George S. Howard will share in the conducting on Friday, July 25.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the second in a series of four West Side Orchestral Concerts, this one with Masaka Yanagita, violin. (103rd St. Monday, July 21, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the last two in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, July 17, at 8:30, with Mark Shuman, cello; and Thursday, July 24, at 8:30, with Bruce Dukov, violin. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Washington Square Park—A performance by the After Dinner Opera Company will be the first in a series of six varied programs. (Tuesday, July 22, at 8. In the event of rain, the performance will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 16, at 7: Three Dog Night. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 7: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 7: Melba Moore and Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes. . . . ¶ Monday, July 21, at 6:30: Slade and Brownsville Station. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 7: Hot Tuna. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 7: Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 7: Tom Paxton, John Hammond, and John Carney. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Gaelic Park—Sha Na Na, Chuck Berry, and Good Rats. (Broadway and 240th St. Friday, July 18, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

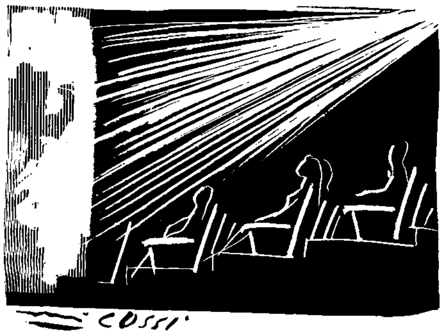
Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of OKLAHOMA!, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Movies in the Park—A program of conventional and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays, through July 31. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"French Connection II."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 17: "The Last Laugh" and "The Blue Angel."
July 18-19: "Cabin in the Sky" and "Hallelujah!"
July 20-21: "Marie Antoinette" and "Riptide."
July 22-23: "Secret Agent" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much."
From July 24: "The Band Wagon" and "Funny Face."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through July 22: "Stavisky" and "The Odessa File."
From July 23: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Chat."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 22: "The Godfather, Part II."
From July 23: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Man in the Glass Booth."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Race with the Devil."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 22: "Bambi" and "The Bears and I."
From July 23: "The Apple Dumpling Gang" and "101 Dalmatians."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
To be announced.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
July 16: "The Music Lovers" and "Billion Dollar Brain."
From July 17: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Junior."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Man in the Glass Booth."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Funny Lady."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Kamouraska."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Drowning Pool."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 22: "The Eiger Sanction."
From July 23: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 22: "Steppenwolf."
From July 23: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 22: "Night Moves."
From July 23: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Man in the Glass Booth."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"French Connection II."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Once Is Not Enough."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Cooley High."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 22: "Bambi" and "The Bears and I."
From July 23: "The Apple Dumpling Gang" and "101 Dalmatians."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 16: "Ugetsu" and "Through a Glass Darkly."
July 17: "Two English Girls" and "Ugetsu."
July 18: "Jules and Jim" and "Two English Girls."
July 19: "Citizen Kane" and "Jules and Jim."
July 20: "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane."
July 21: "Grand Illusion" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."
July 22: "The Naked Night" and "Grand Illusion."
July 23: "Orpheus" and "The Naked Night."
July 24: "Metropolis" and "Orpheus."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Funny Lady."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 22: "Young Frankenstein" and "Harold and Maude."
From July 23: "Blazing Saddles" and "Take the Money and Run."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 22 at Theatre 2: A Marx Brothers festival, comprising "Animal Crackers," "The Cocoanuts," "Duck Soup," "Horsefeathers," and "Monkey Business," playing in double bills.
Through July 22 at one or another of the three other theatres: "Night Moves" and "Day for Night"/"The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday"/"Shampoo" and "Five Easy Pieces."
From July 23: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 16: "Sherlock Junior."
July 17: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."
July 18-19: "O Lucky Man!" and "If . . ."
July 20: One performance, at noon, of "The Wild Child."
July 20-21: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "Murmur of the Heart."
July 22: "El Topo" and "The End of the Road."
July 23: "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" and "The Flying Deuces."
July 24: "King of Hearts" and "The Party."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"The World's Young Ballet" and "Prince Igor."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Bite the Bullet."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rollerball."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 22: "Bambi" and "The Bears and I."
From July 23: "The Apple Dumpling Gang" and "101 Dalmatians."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through the afternoon of July 22: "Amarcord" and "Cinderella Liberty."
From July 23: "The Happy Hooker" and "Busting."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tommy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 16: "Modern Times" and "Long Pants."
July 17: "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East."
July 18: "The Mother and the Whore."
July 19: "Destry Rides Again" and "Cat Ballou."
July 20: "42nd Street" and "Footlight Parade."
July 21: "Masculine Feminine" and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."
July 22: "The Connection" and "The Cool World."
July 23: "The Great Dictator" and "Three's a Crowd."
July 24: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "I Love You, I Kill You."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 16: "Red Dust" and "Tortilla Flat."
July 17-19: "Show Boat" and "Hallelujah!"
July 20-22: "Captains Courageous" and "David Copperfield."
From July 23: "Dinner at Eight" and "The Women."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Towering Inferno."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Funny Lady."
Theatre 2: "Mandingo."
Theatre 3: "The Man in the Glass Booth."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"French Connection II."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 22: "The Man with the Golden Gun" and "Live and Let Die."
From July 23: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "Scarecrow."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 22: "Gone with the Wind."
From July 23: "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" and "Five Easy Pieces."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 16 at 2: "Nixon's Checkers Speech" and "That's Where the Action Is" (1965), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ July 16 at 5:30: "The White Moth" (1924), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle. . . . ¶ July 17 at 5:30: "America Is Hard to See" (1970), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ July 17 at 8: "Painters Painting" (1972), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ July 18 at 2: "In the Year of the Pig" (1969), directed by Emile de Antonio. . . . ¶ July 18 at 5:30 and July 19 at noon: "Triumph of the Will" (1936), in German, directed by Leni Riefenstahl; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 19 at 3: "Painters Painting.". . . ¶ July 19 at 5:30: "In the Year of the Pig.". . . ¶ July 20 at 12:30 and 3: "The Dancing Masters"

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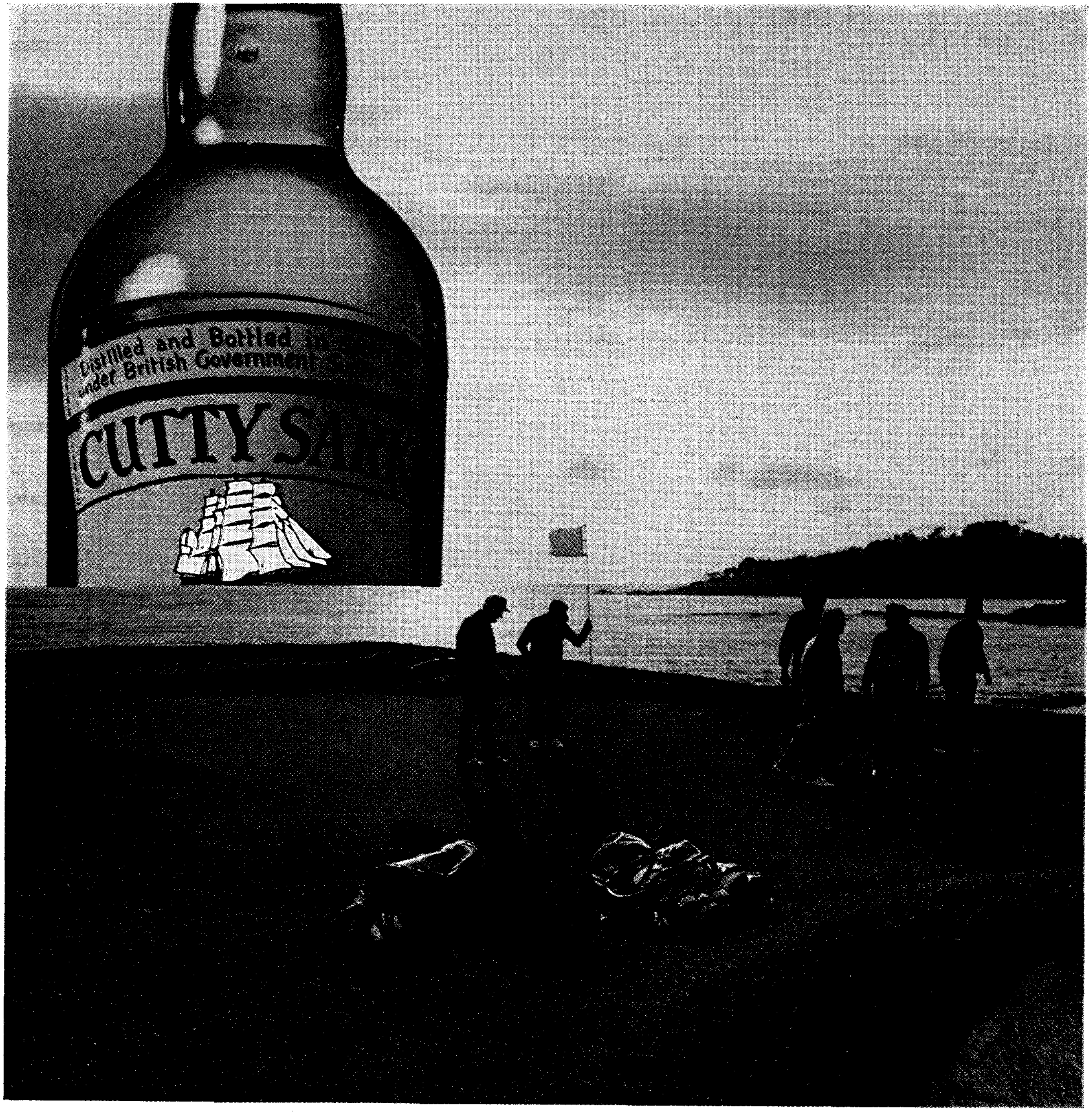
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(1943), directed by Mal St. Clair, with Laurel & Hardy. . . . ¶ July 20 at 5:30: "America Is Hard to See.". . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "Wild Rovers" (1971), directed by Blake Edwards, with William Holden and Ryan O'Neal. . . . ¶ July 21 at 5:30: "When the Legends Die" (1972), directed by Stuart Millar, with Richard Widmark. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2: "White Oak" (1921), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart and Vola Vale. . . . ¶ July 22 at 5:30: "Swamp Water" (1941), directed by Jean Renoir, with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2: "The Hired Hand" (1971), directed by, and with, Peter Fonda. . . . ¶ July 23 at 5:30: "White Oak.". . . ¶ July 24 at 5:30: "Dusty and Sweets McGee" (1971), directed by Floyd Mutrux. . . . ¶ July 24 at 8: "Wild Rovers." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Markopoulos, Mekas, Buñuel, Duras, Eisenstein, Grant, Kinugasa, Smith, Robbe-Grillet, Sandrich, Riefenstahl, Vertov, Jennings, Renoir, and others. Showings July 16-17 at 5, 7, and 9; July 18 at 6, 8, and 10; July 19 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; July 20 at 8; July 22 at 5 and 7; and July 23-24 at 5, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

AMARCORD—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. An Italian film, dubbed in English. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/74.) (Playboy; through the afternoon of July 22.)

THE APPLE DUMPLING GANG—From the Disney studios, with Bill Bixby and Susan Clark, directed by Norman Tokar. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 23.)

BAMBI (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that the children in the audience identify with him, and when his mother is killed by hunters, small children start to scream and cry. Though it all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Félice, this isn't much help to the upset kids in the audience. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 22.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men, Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 24.)

THE BEARS AND I—From the Disney studios, with Patrick Wayne and Chief Dan George, directed by Bernard McEveety. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through July 22.)

BENJI—Loyalty tale, supposedly for children, about a mongrel. Not so much a dog of a film as a puppy. (Guild.)

BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN (1967)—Ken Russell's second picture. (The first was "French Dressing," which didn't open here.) It stars a wearily nonchalant Michael Caine, as the seedy spy Harry Palmer, and it was a sequel to "The Ipcress File" and "Funeral in Berlin." Russell finished off the series; he hurled the audience from one crisis to the next, and things went by so fast that the story line got befuddled and nothing at all seemed to be happening. It was the late Françoise Dorléac's last role; though part of the film was shot in Helsinki in winter and she's all bundled up, she looks lovely. The cast includes Oscar Homolka as the Russian Colonel Stok, Karl Malden, Ed Begley, Vladek Scheybal, and some lively Honeywell electronic calculators. (D. W. Griffith; July 16.)

BITE THE BULLET—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Music Hall.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 23.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 17.)

BROKEN BLOSSOMS (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but perhaps his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

BUSTING (1974)—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (Playboy; starting July 23.)

CABIN IN THE SKY (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18-19.)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (1937)—One of the M-G-M powerhouse entertainments; beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese), and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by first-rate hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Regency; July 20-22.)

CAT BALLOU (1965)—A self-consciously cute parody Western about a girl train robber (Jane Fonda), a lovable old drunken wreck of a gunfighter (Lee Marvin), two gun-shy young cattle rustlers (Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman), a bronco-busting Indian (Tom Nardini), and assorted robberies, killings, and wisecracks. There are occasional good lines and some nice things: Nat King Cole singing "They'll Never Make Her Cry;" Lee Marvin's ritual preparations for a gunfight; Marvin mistaking funeral candles for a birthday celebration. But mainly it is full of sort-of-funny and trying-to-be-funny ideas. The director Elliot Silverstein's spoofy tone is ineptitude, coyly disguised. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

CHARLOTTE—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

LE CHAT—The futility and sorrowfully malevolent invention possessed by this hermetic couple—played by Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret—are chronic and consuming. Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Cinema Village.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Playboy; through the afternoon of July 22.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 19-20.)

CLEOPATRA JONES AND THE CASINO OF GOLD—With Tamara Dobson and Stella Stevens, directed by Chuck Bail. (86th St. East.)

THE CONNECTION (1961)—The film that had four-letter-word censorship troubles. A group of addicts in a New York flat wait for the pusher, Cowboy (Carl Lee), their "connection." Adapted by Jack Gelber from his play, and directed by Shirley Clarke, the film has an experimental aspect: a documentary-film director (William Redfield) and his cameraman are also in the apartment, making a film of the addicts, and thus "The Connection" tries to be a comment on the relationship of artist and subject, as well as on addiction. The painfully obvious scripted dialogue doesn't jibe too well with the conceit of the documentary's being made, and there are some characters (such as a Salvation Army sister) who carry a whiff of antique dramaturgy. With Warren Finnerty, Roscoe Lee Browne, Garry Goodrow, and Jerome Raphel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

COOLEY HIGH—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE COOL WORLD (1964)—Shirley Clarke's film, based on Warren Miller's novel and the play by Miller and Robert Rossen. Hampton Clanton plays Duke, the fourteen-year-old Harlem boy who is trying to get a gun from a racketeer (played by Carl Lee) so he can be leader of his gang, the Royal Pythons. The semidocumentary footage, shot by Baird Bryant, is often fine in itself (and it's far superior to the juvenile-gang story), but it's used for a facile cry of social outrage and for "art," rather than being integrated with the story. The film tried to encompass too much: you get the feeling that the director thought she could use everything good that she caught. There are beautiful bits, but they don't come together. Dizzy Gillespie and others are on the jazz and rock-and-roll track; Fred Wiseman was the producer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

THE CRAZY WORLD OF LAUREL & HARDY (1967)—A film made up of excerpts from their old movies. (Elgin; July 23.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields

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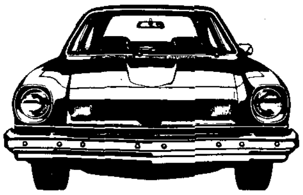

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[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	2365	168	63
Toyota Corolla 2-Dr. Sed.	2219	165.2	61.8
Datsun B-210 2-Dr. Sed.	2055	163	60.8
Fiat 128 2-Dr. Sed.	1980	158.6	62.6
VW Beetle 2-Dr. Sed.	1896	163.4	61.0
VW Rabbit 2-Dr. Sed.	1830	155.3	63.4
Honda CVCC 2-Dr. Sed.	1748	150	59.3

Compare ride.

Generally speaking, longer wheelbases tend to absorb bumps better than shorter wheelbases. So, in a way, you can compare some of the ride characteristics of various cars on paper. And when you see that Pontiac's Astre has a longer wheelbase than the imported competition, you get an idea of the kind of ride that's in store in an Astre. But don't limit yourself to a test drive on paper. Your Pontiac dealer will be happy to give you the real thing.

Model	Wheelbase (Inches)
Pontiac Astre S Notchback Coupe	[illegible]
Fiat 128 2-Dr. Sedan	96.4
VW Rabbit 2-Dr. Sedan	94.5
VW Beetle 2-Dr. Sedan	94.5
Toyota Corolla 2-Dr. Sedan	93.3
Datsun B-210 2-Dr. Sedan	92.1
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	91
Honda CVCC 2-Dr. Sedan	86.6

Compare track.

For years, Pontiac's been telling you that a wider track in relation to overall width, length and height can mean a more stable car. So it should come as no surprise that Pontiac's Astre offers one of the widest tracks in the subcompact field. What else would you expect from the Wide-Track people?

Model	Front Track (Inches)
[illegible]	[illegible]
VW Rabbit 2-Dr. Sedan	54.7
VW Beetle 2-Dr. Sedan	51.5
Fiat 128 2-Dr. Sedan	51.3
Honda CVCC 2-Dr. Sedan	51.2
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	51
Datsun B-210 2-Dr. Sedan	50.2
Toyota Corolla 2-Dr. Sedan	49.4

Compare power and economy.

Pontiac's Astre is built for the way Americans drive. Its engine is considerably bigger than the imports. And it's slower turning. It's designed to cruise along at freeway speeds without working as hard as the imports.

With a bigger engine, you might expect Astre to get poor fuel economy. It doesn't. **In fact, an Astre S Notchback Coupe, equipped with the standard 3-speed manual transmission and the available 140-cu.-in. 2-bbl. engine, was rated at 37 mpg in the EPA highway test and 23 mpg in the EPA city test!**

And Astre's larger fuel tank means you can go farther between fill-ups.

The chart shows the average EPA mileage figures for Astre and its imported competition. And even when you compare the *average* mileage of Astre models against the imports, as shown, it still looks very impressive.

GM

Chart based on EPA Gas Mileage Guide, January, 1975 Edition.

Model	Engine (4-cyl.)	EPA Mpg Hwy. Test	EPA Mpg City Test	Fuel Cap. (Gal.)
Datsun B-210 2-Dr. Sed.	2-bbl. 85.3	39	27	11.6
Honda CVCC 2-Dr. Sed.	3-bbl. 90.8	37	27	11
VW Rabbit 2-Dr. Sed.	2-bbl. 89.7	38	24	11.9
VW Beetle 2-Dr. Sed.	Fuel Inj. 96.7	33	22	10.6
Toyota Corolla 2-Dr. Sed.	2-bbl. 96.9	33	21	13.2
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fiat 128 2-Dr. Sed.	2-bbl. 78.7	28	20	9.5
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	4-bbl. 70 Rotary	20	14	15.6

Compare service availability.

Nobody likes to think about having his car serviced. It takes time. And it costs money.

But keep in mind that when your Astre does need service, there are thousands of Pontiac dealers all over the country—in all 50 states—who are ready to do the job right. The January 1, 1975 issue of Automotive News shows Pontiac has nearly three times as many dealers as the nearest import.

No import in the world can match Astre's new engine guarantee!

Now Astre's engine has a new 5-year or 60,000-mile guarantee. It applies to all 1975 Astres delivered on or after June 25, 1975.

Pontiac guarantees to the owners of 1975 Astres that any authorized Pontiac dealer will make repairs without charge to the owner, during the term of the guarantee, to the cylinder block, cylinder heads, all internal engine parts, the intake and exhaust manifolds and water pump made necessary because of defects in material and workmanship.

This guarantee is in addition to the New Vehicle warranty, but does not apply to repairs required because of misuse or because the vehicle has not been maintained in accordance with Pontiac's recommendations.

A service policy is available for 1975 Astres bought before June 25. See your Pontiac dealer for the full details.

The bottom line.

Compare Astre to the imports on price, size, ride, track, engine, economy, servicing and engine guarantee . . . the facts speak for themselves.

But there's something else you should consider that we can't put in a chart. Astre is a Pontiac. And that says a lot when it comes to style, comfort and pride of ownership.

We think Astre is one terrific little car. All it takes is a trip to your Pontiac dealer . . . and you'll think so too.

Mileage and price figures in this ad are not applicable in California. See your California Pontiac dealer for correct details.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Regency; July 20-22.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Quad Cinema; through July 22.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist, Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera, slyly mocking about Westerns, herself, and what audiences expect of both. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Regency; starting July 23.)

The Drowning Pool—A poor film, apart from a climactic water problem in a hydrotherapy chamber, and apart from the talents, quizzicality, and technical grace together of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. They have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth that still so often comes up in Westerns, heroin-smuggling stories, thrillers, tales of vigilantes, whatever. (6/30/75) (Loews Tower East.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it's entertaining—a marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (72nd Street East; through July 22.)

End of the Road (1970)—The John Barth 1958 novel is about a triangle in an academic setting, and the best scenes in the movie are the quiet ones that are closest to the spirit of the book. But most of the time the director, Aram Avakian, and his co-screenwriters, Dennis McGuire and Terry Southern, feverishly pound us with shock effects and apocalyptic messages. Gordon Willis's camerawork is often beautiful, the optical effects are sometimes elegant, and the sets and details are often remarkably fine, but the absurdist point of view has too self-congratulatory a tone. Guns and American flags are the running shticks of the movie, and the performers (Stacy Keach as the catatonic hero, Dorothy Tristan, Harris Yulin, and James Earl Jones) are intercut with mushroom clouds, atrocities, and the moon shot. (Elgin; July 22.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Quad Cinema; through July 22. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 23.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

The Flying Deuces (1939)—With Laurel & Hardy, directed by Edward Sutherland. (Elgin; July 23.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (Art, U.A. East, and New Yorker.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer, and Audrey Hepburn as a Village intellectual he uses as an offbeat model, in a big Stanley Donen musical that isn't all it should be. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The script is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and whose terrible idea was it to make a Sartre-like thinker into the villain—a philandering phony? Still, the color is lovely, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and Kay Thompson does an agreeable turn as a hardboiled brassy editor. And the familiar Gershwin songs are lighthearted in just the right, summery way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 24.)

Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Columbia II, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Godfather, Part II—Far more complexly beautiful than the first film. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (12/23/74) (Gramercy; through July 22.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Olympia; through July 22.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 21-22.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

Hallelujah! (1929)—The first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood, and inevitably highly controversial. The story, about a country man and a bad woman, involves church meetings and the singing of spirituals and a chase across a swamp, and the attitudes are certain to offend many, but King Vidor directed, and there are impressive sequences. With Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; songs by Irving Berlin. (Regency; July 17-19. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18-19.)

The Happy Hooker—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (Playboy; starting July 23.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 22.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith; starting July 17.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Elgin; July 18-19.)

I Love You, I Kill You (1971)—The début in feature films of Uwe Brandner, a young German writer, who here directs a film that is almost entirely wordless. An allegory about Fascism, sheeplikeness, unplaced chauvinism, sadomasochism, with the fervor drained out of politics and the pleasure out of sex. The slow clump of indifferently violent events, standing for everything and nothing, takes place in an innocently dumb-looking Hansel-and-Gretel small town. The film is brittle, chilling, brilliant, and terrifyingly theoretical. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 18-19.)

Kamouraska—With Geneviève Bujold and Richard Jordan, directed by Claude Jutra. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 17 and 24.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Elgin; July 20-21.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 17.)

Live and Let Die (1973)—The late Ian Fleming's James Bond is played rather dully by Roger Moore, but the stunts and the harmlessly inhuman jokes are stunning. The film is really just a rope of clever tricks strung together, helped by the presence of very few characters who are less than wooden, such as a funnily peevish Louisiana sheriff. (Symphony; through July 22.)

Long Pants (1927)—This Harry Langdon comedy, directed by Frank Capra, wasn't the box-office hit that "The Strong Man" of the year before had been, and it has its dull side, but it's a well-made, close-knit picture, with several inventive sequences. Langdon, with his futile gestures, is a perplexing mixture of the infantile and the effete. Here, he plays a meek, dim-witted small-town boy who yearns for romance and gets it with his first pair of long pants. When he first sees the scheming dame he falls for, she's sitting in an open car, and he circles around her on his bicycle, helplessly infatuated and trying to impress her by his prowess. He abandons his steady girl and follows this villainess to the city. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the small-town aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 20-21.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, Brenda Sykes, Richard Ward, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Loews 83rd St.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series, now on a regular theatrical run. (Murray Hill, Columbia I, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd St.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair, and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22-23.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (Symphony; through July 22.)

Marie Antoinette (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The efforts to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20-21.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 21.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 24.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Plaza.)

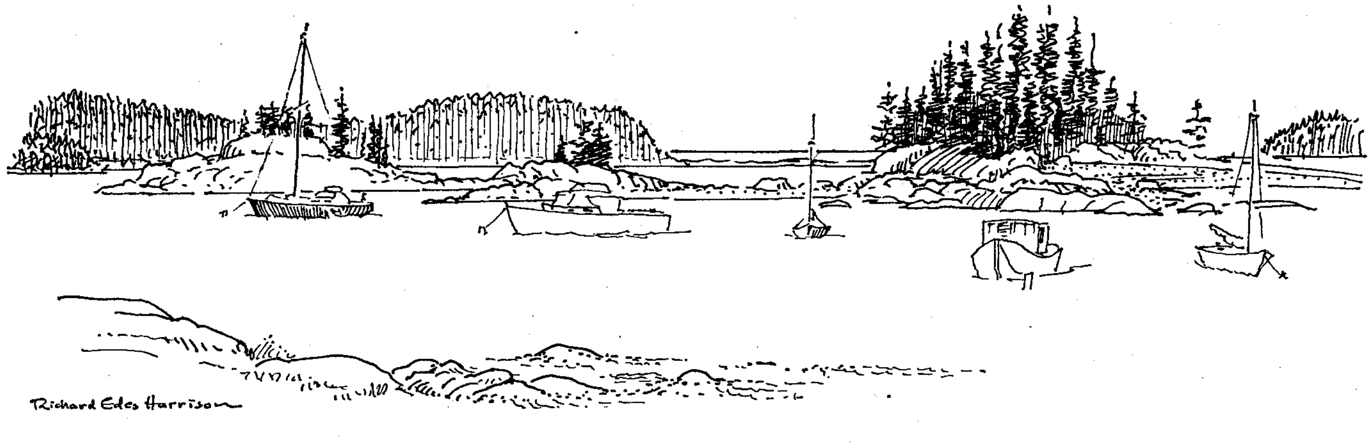
The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Elgin; July 20-21.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (D. W. Griffith; July 16.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 22-23.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

Night Moves—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/75) (Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema; through July 22.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 22.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Elgin; July 18-19.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Loews Ciné.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. Highly recommended for everybody. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting July 23.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 23-24.)

The Party (1968)—Peter Sellers plays a bungling actor from New Delhi who accidently blows up an expensive Hollywood set. Intending to blacklist him, the studio head writes his name down on a slip of paper; a secretary assumes that the name is to be added to a party guest list, and so the actor arrives at the home of the man who wants to kill him. It's a promising beginning—too promising for what follows. Most of this Blake Edwards slapstick farce records the way the Indian innocently destroys the party, and it's too long for its one-note jokes, and often too obvious to be really funny. But it's agreeable in tone, though as it goes on, the gags don't have any particular connection with the touching, maddening Indian character that Sellers plays so wickedly well. With Claudine Longet and Marge Champion. (Elgin; July 24.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 22.)

Prince Igor (1972)—Performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Bijou.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (72nd Street East, and Symphony; starting July 23.)

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Race with the Devil—With Peter Fonda, Loretta Swit, and Warren Oates, directed by Jack Starrett. (Trans-Lux East.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady—but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Regency; July 16.)

The Reincarnation of Peter Proud—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; starting July 23.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

Riptide (1934)—Norma Shearer, in satin, as a wife torn between her jealous husband, Herbert Marshall, and the ready arms of Robert Montgomery—both men in white tie and tails. This M-G-M melodrama with a few songs was made when Shearer was still at her star peak, and though the vehicle is a turgid, glossy bummer, audiences gobbled it up. The legendary Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in the cast, and Ralph Forbes, and slinky, funny Lilyan Tashman. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20-21.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's clamorously unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in properly to the rules of the mythically curative game is quite an omission, considering this can only count as a sports film and not remotely as prophetic. (7/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

Scarecrow (1973)—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Symphony; starting July 23.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks in a Mexican dialect and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22-23.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Quad Cinema; through July 22.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a marvellously imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Elgin; July 16. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting July 17.)

Show Boat (1951)—Patently manufactured (by M-G-M) and embarrassingly lacking in innocence. The most lavish and least convincing of the three movie versions of Edna Ferber's novel, with the singing valentine Kathryn Grayson mangling the Jerome Kern songs (in the role Laura La Plante had played in 1929 and Irene Dunne in 1936). Marge and Gower Champion come through with some lively dancing, but almost everyone else sinks. Howard Keel is too good for what he's given to do. Ava Gardner (at her most beautiful as Julie) looks as if she's dying to parody her lines, and Joe E. Brown is allowed only one brief dance. With William Warfield, and a shameful performance by the miscast Agnes Moorehead. George Sidney directed. (Regency; July 17-19.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 22.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Juliet 1; through July 22.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through July 22.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 23.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Elgin; July 17.)

Three's a Crowd (1927)—James Agee wrote that Harry Langdon looked "as if he wore diapers under his pants." This was fine as long as Langdon was doing slapstick, but when he sought pathos the results were horrible—sickly whimsical. He directed himself in this Chaplin imitation. He plays The Odd Fellow, who lives by himself and longs for romance and a happy home. On a stormy winter's night, The Girl he has loved, who has married another, comes to his shack and has her baby there. On Christmas Eve, just as happiness begins shedding its tender rays, The Girl's husband arrives and takes her and the child away. Having prepared for the role of Santa Claus, The Odd Fellow is left with torn heartstrings—and a box-office calamity. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 16.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Little Carnegie.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; July 22.)

Tortilla Flat (1942)—A good-natured and engaging minor novel by Steinbeck, turned into a good-natured and engaging (though corny and quaint and picturesque) film at M-G-M. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Frank Morgan, and an unusually animated Hedy Lamarr are among the wine-drinking *paisanos* of Monterey, California. Tracy is a bit too magisterially broad-shouldered, and there's more than enough of Morgan's saintly delusions (he has a vision of St. Francis of Assisi and rounds up the stray dogs of the locality), but the picture has considerable charm. It says something about M-G-M's attitude toward *paisanos* that it was made in sepia; Victor Fleming directed. (Regency; July 16.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Embassy 72nd St.)

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 17-18.)

TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 21.)

UGETSU (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 16-17.)

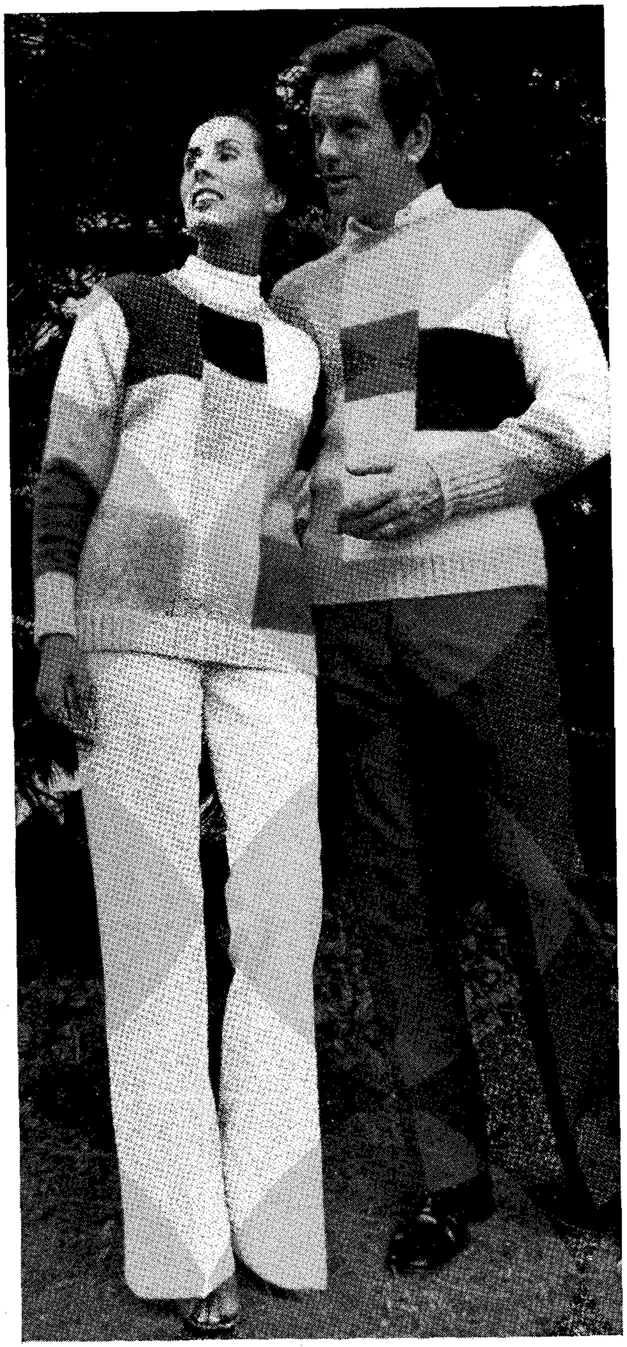
WAY DOWN EAST (1920)—The plot is Victorian, but the treatment is inspired. D. W. Griffith took a creaking, dated stage melodrama and turned it into a melodramatic epic. Lillian Gish is the girl betrayed by Lowell Sherman and eventually rescued from an icy river by Richard Barthelmess. Audiences giggle at bits here and there, but not at the sequence in which she refuses to part from her dead baby. Griffith stole from Thomas Hardy, but he stole beautifully. One of Griffith's greatest box-office successes, and a film that influenced several Russian epics. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

THE WILD CHILD (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Elgin; July 20, one performance, at noon.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Regency; starting July 23.)

THE WORLD'S YOUNG BALLET—A film of the 1969 international ballet competition held in Moscow, with Baryshnikov glimpsed in his prize-winning solo "Vestris." Helgi Tomasson, Peter Schaufuss, the Japanese star Hideo Fukagawa, and Ludmila Semenyaka (in a Soviet-style "jazz" ballet) are among the other competitors, and some additional color footage shows the young prodigy Nadezhda Pavlova making her début, in "Giselle," in 1974. (Bijou.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN—Mel Brooks's funny farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. (12/30/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through July 22.)



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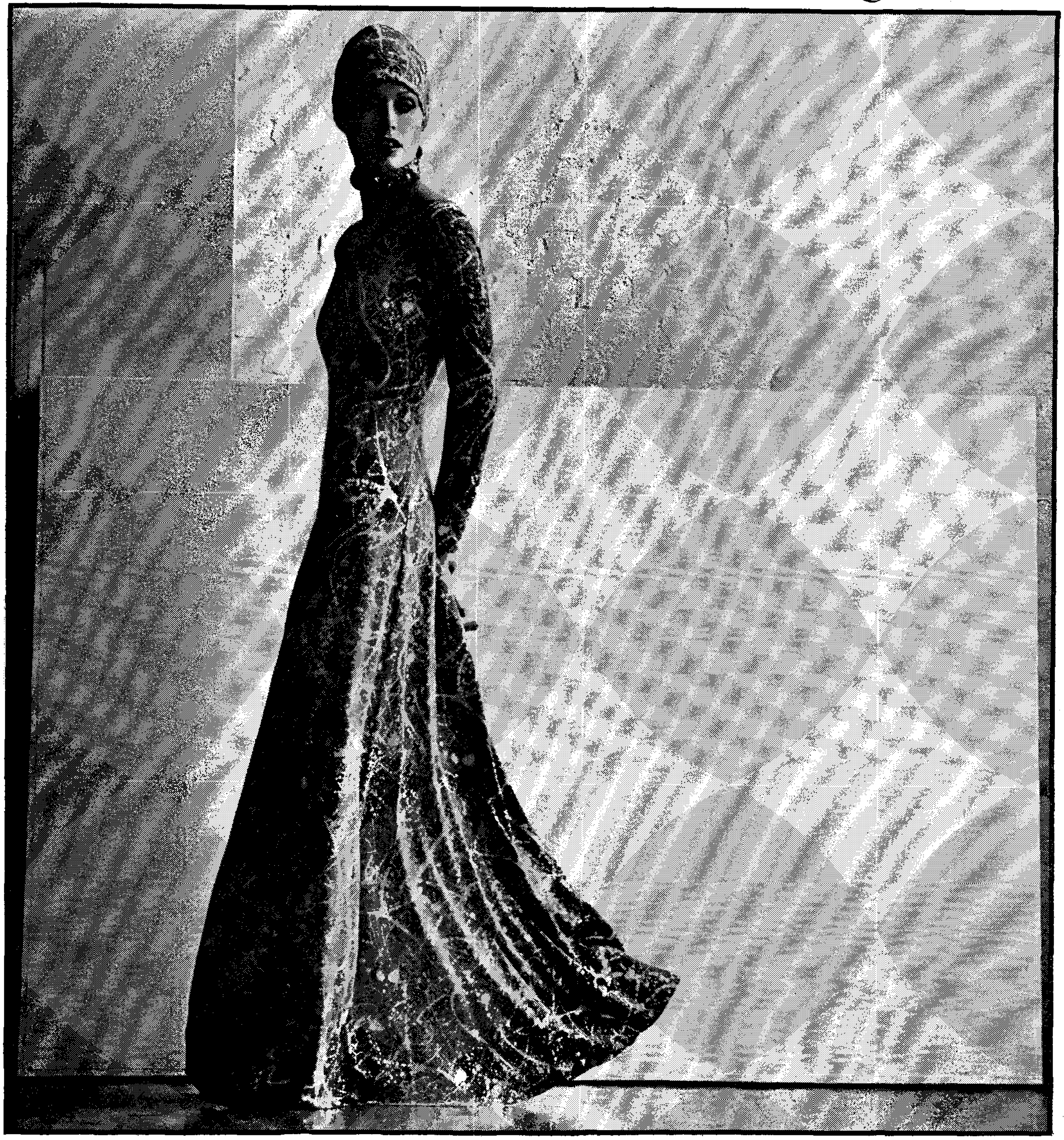


THE NEW YORKER

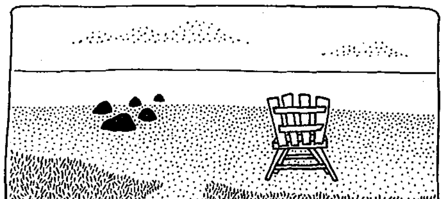
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent weeks, the confusing dual nature of détente with Russia has been thrown into sharp relief. Little zones of belligerency toward the Soviet Union seemed to coexist side by side with little zones of friendship and good will, in a checkerboard pattern. At the Defense Department, Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger was telling reporters that under certain conditions the United States might be the first to use nuclear weapons, and that "first use could conceivably—let me underscore conceivably—involve what we define as strategic forces and possibly, *possibly*—underscore possibly—involve selective strikes at the Soviet Union." And he said, "We do not necessarily exclude that, but it is indeed a very, very low probability." There was no détente here—unless one supposes that Schlesinger's use of "possibly" and "conceivably" was inspired by a new regard for Soviet sensibilities. Nor was a mood of détente much in evidence in Secretary Schlesinger's remarks concerning North Korea—another area of the world in which, he said, a first use of nuclear weapons might prove necessary. But in other zones of American life détente was in full flower. Here in New York, the Bolshoi Opera was playing to packed, enthusiastic houses. In Russia and in the United States, preparations were continuing for the linkup of the Soviet and American space modules. At the White House, the mood of détente showed itself in a more peculiar form: President Ford was declining to meet with Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who is probably the world's foremost opponent of détente. Solzhenitsyn has pitted his whole strength against the regime that our government seeks to oppose with arms, and incarnates the principles that America believes in and that serve to justify its rivalry with the Soviet Union. The relationship of the Soviet Union and the United States is bound to take countless unpredictable forms in the years ahead. In the last few weeks, the government has been threatening nuclear destruction in its struggle against its Communist adversaries and at the same time turning its back on a living symbol of what the struggle is all about.

WE have just received a letter, dated July 7th, from an Indian friend in New Delhi who is well placed in Indira Gandhi's Government. It reads:

> No doubt you would like to know how the world goes in this part of it during these history-making days. I wish to assure you with all the emphasis at my command that nothing has really changed, that the conditions here are absolutely normal, as one would expect them to be. All of us here feel that Mrs. Gandhi's strong actions on 26th *ultimo* were more than justified—they have saved the Government from being undermined by the Opposition's campaign for mass civil disobedience. Their demonstrations and strikes would only have encouraged the lawless and disorderly tendencies in our society. To give in to the Opposition, which was growing more obstreperous and destructive every day, would have been a Himalayan blunder. Mrs. Gandhi's new economic measures to control inflation and black marketeering have been welcomed, even in some Opposition quarters, and the exempting from taxation of all income under eight thousand rupees a year (a little under a thousand dollars) should be a great relief to us government servants on salaries. Previously all income over six thousand rupees a year was taxed.
>
> To give you some flavor of the political situation that forced Mrs. Gandhi to act, I quote below a few tidbits from the better English-language newspapers here published just before the 26th, when the press was still "free" to say anything and yet the important papers were backing Mrs. Gandhi over the Opposition. I feel sure the American press is not giving Mrs. Gandhi her due.
>
> "The question whether Mrs. Gandhi should or should not resign cannot be answered in the streets."—*The Indian Express.*
>
> "The trouble with most Opposition groups here is that having never shouldered the responsibilities of office, they don't have the restraint born of an intimate knowledge of the difficulties inherent in governing a large and extremely poor country."—*The Times of India.*
>
> " 'My eyes were set on my country. I have done no wrong for I have not done anything for myself.'—Mrs. Gandhi."—*The Sunday Statesman.*
>
> " 'Mrs. Gandhi is a dictatorial democrat and a democratic dictator. She is woman and man as well. Woman with a masculine courage and a man with a feminine grace. She is stiff and flexible as well. Stiff in her fortitude and flexible in circumstances. . . .' From the booklet "Indira Gandhi in Her Totality" authored by a sitting Congress MP and carrying a foreword by the party President, Mr. Barooah, and a commendation by the Union Minister, Mr. Dikshit."—*The Statesman.*



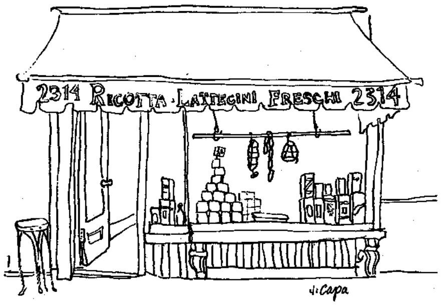
Our friend is one of a few million readers of the English-language newspapers, and members of the establishment, in a country of some six hundred million people. But, because India is made up of both the small, well-heeled governing élite and the impoverished, downtrodden masses, it actually has two sources of power—one the lettered and powerful few, the other the unlettered and ostensibly powerless many. Those "strong actions" were taken by Mrs. Gandhi after a call by the "Opposition" to the powerless many to marshal what Mahatma Gandhi called their "soul-force." The "Opposition," consisting of half a dozen political parties, which espouse everything from Hindu theocracy through Western capitalism and village democracy to Maoist ideology, and which had only recently formed a political alliance in order to wage an election against Mrs. Gandhi's Congress Party in the state of Gujarat, had called for a week-long national "soul-force" campaign of civil disobedience, to force Mrs. Gandhi's resignation following her conviction, on June 12th, on charges of corrupt electoral practices. All the "Opposition" parties combined are outnumbered in the national Parliament better than two to one by Mrs. Gandhi's party, control only three state governments out of twenty-two, and have no influence in the Army, which, some eight hundred thousand strong, remains loyal to Mrs. Gandhi's Government. Moreover, the rallying leader of the "Opposition" is Jaya Prakash Narayan, a man who has never held political office, even though it has been generally assumed that he could at one time or another have had any office, including the Prime Ministership, for the asking. Yet Mrs. Gandhi, charging that the proposed civil-disobedience campaign was a national "conspiracy" of "antisocial elements," and that the "Opposition" was trying to win in the streets what it could not win at the ballot boxes, locked up all its leaders. In so acting, she has given much comfort to the powerful few—as the letter from our friend shows—but she may have set in motion events that will one day succeed in mobilizing the powerless many and so transferring power to them: power that derives basically, as Mahatma Gandhi proved in his struggle for freedom with the government of his time, not from political office but from suffering in jail cells; not from economic superiority but from the moral superiority of the cause; not from official ballots, which in a poor country can be bought and sold, but from spontaneous demonstrations; not from a military or police force but from "soul-force." The powerful few have tended to dismiss the advocates of "soul-force" as "negativist," as "priggish," as "impotent," as "utopian," as "impractical," as "spineless," as "anarchic." The advocates of "soul-force," however, look to the mounting passion of the masses to topple the powerful few in the end. But if there is such a revolutionary upheaval, the powerless many cannot take it for granted that they will be its beneficiaries. Revolutions have a way of swallowing up their progenitors along with their children and ending up in dictatorships and regimes much worse than the ones they supplanted. Mrs. Gandhi's "strong actions," for all the temporary feeling of security they seem to have engendered in New Delhi among the powerful few, may well have hastened the revolutionary process.

• •

He Who Gardens

THE big news in gardening these days is miniature roses, which have become a two-to-three-million-dollar-a-year business in just two short growing seasons. In the words of one authority, "It's a Hula-Hoop." The original miniature rose, the *Rosa chinensis minima*, was a small, wild pink rose that grew only on the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean. Discovered by an English tar around the turn of the nineteenth century, the miniature became the rage of a Europe eager for botanical novelties, only to be cast aside in a few years, when gardeners discovered how to hybridize big roses. The miniature disappeared so completely it was thought to be extinct, and in the meantime the original Mauritius rose had also died out. Then, in 1912, a single miniature bush was spotted on a window ledge high in the Swiss Alps, the property of a family who claimed they had nurtured it for a hundred and fifty years. Rose men started fooling around with cuttings from this plant and produced more miniatures. By cross-pollinating these plants with big roses, they discovered that the miniature characteristic is genetically dominant, which means that you can get offspring from any large rose with blooms as big as a half-dollar or as small as a dime. The miniature is also hardier than the standard hybrid tea, and it's the only rose that it is practical to grow indoors under lights, which means that now everyone with a room has room for a rose garden.

For information about the miniature-rose phenomenon, we turned to an expert, our friend David Daniels, a painter, who is known around Cambridge, Massachusetts, as the Rose King. Daniels moved up there from here three years ago for a little air, settled in a small old farmhouse with a yard fifteen feet by thirty feet at 69 Walker Street, near Radcliffe College, and earned his nickname by planting over a hundred and fifty rosebushes in that small space. Some of his roses date back to the nineteenth or eighteenth century, and some were first reported in Roman times. He's got micro miniatures (the dime-size blooms), miniatures, polyanthas, floribundas, hybrid teas, hybrid perpetuals, grandifloras, damasks, mosses, shrubs, climbers of all species, and tree roses—every kind of rose, in fact, including the fabled Green Rose of China, which is not supposed to be able to grow in the cold Northeast.

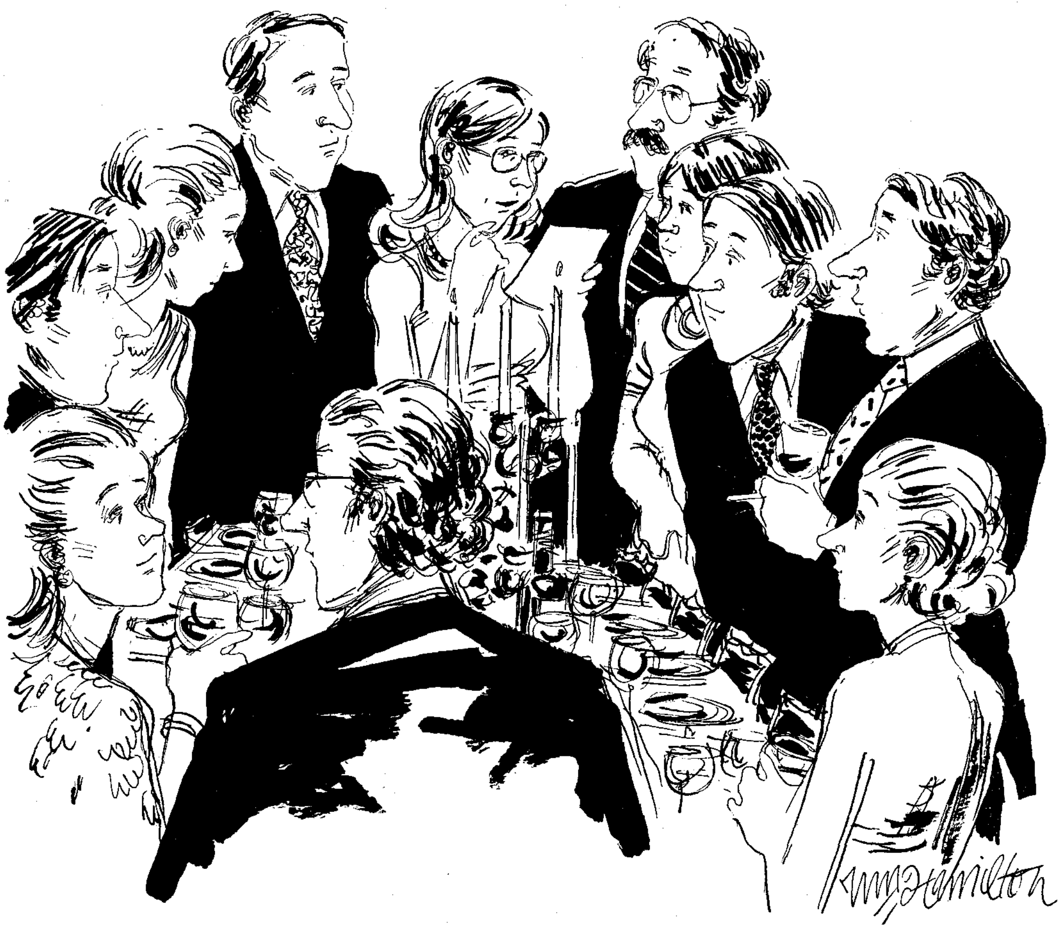


And that's not mentioning his vegetables, herbs, other kinds of flowers, grass, frog fountain, goldfish pond, hummingbird feeder, Japanese-beetle catcher, tree-stump seats, and a sort of gazebo that seats two and has a space blanket on top. Last year, Daniels won an award from the city for his hanging plants, and the Cambridge *Chronicle* came and took a nice picture of them, which it printed upside down. Comments on the garden from the neighbors have ranged all the way from "I never saw so many roses" to compliments. Soon after he moved in, his next-door neighbor put a black plank fence between their two gardens. Hating black fences, he asked his dentist what to do. The dentist suggested capping it with one-eighth-inch plywood painted white.

We stopped by David Daniels' place over the Fourth of July weekend.

"I've followed the miniature-rose explosion closely," he told us in the gazebo, where he was supervising the efforts of a half-dozen young rose growers busy weeding, watering, feeding, and trimming. "The man you want is Harm Saville, the only man in the East in the miniature-rose business who sells retail as well as wholesale. Fortunately, his place is just a forty-five-minute drive from here, in Rowley. I kept seeing his roses for sale and noted how wonderful they were. Then I went out there and was astounded to find a man selling roses who loved roses. Most rose growers are interested only in money. Mr. Saville used to be the manager of a dehydrated-food plant in Woburn, and now he has a plantation of probably forty-five thousand miniatures for sale on five long benches in his yard. I myself have no intention of going into the rose business. I am an artist. Artists shouldn't make money—only spend it. Come back after you've seen him, and I'll give you a Pepsi and we'll talk roses."

OUT at Harm Saville's place, called Nor'East Miniature Roses, which is at 58 Hammond Street, in Rowley, a little town near the horse country north of Boston, Saville, a big, friendly, easygoing middle-aged fellow with a blond crewcut and cut-off jeans, walked us through his propagating shed, a polyethylene Quonset hut containing fifteen thousand or so test plants kept moist with intermittent misting, and then stopped dead and said, "If ten years ago you'd told me



"Oh dear! I've got all the husbands and wives separated, but I forgot about you live-togethers."

I ever would have grown one rose, I would have been almost insulted. I was working fourteen hours a day on my job, on the go all the time, and my other interests were hunting, fishing, camping, and canoeing. We made dehydrated food for campers, and, of course, to really sell it you have to test it with your customers in the wild. I got some really nice three-week trips out of that. Now I'm still working fourteen hours a day, but it's different. I live down the street from some of the best striped-bass fishing in the world, but I haven't been hunting or fishing in three years. But the gun's there, the mountain tent's hanging on the clothesline, the fly rod's just been checked, and before the season's over I'm going out."

Just about ten years ago, Harm Saville and his wife, Chip, were living in a weather-beaten shingled house in Gloucester, on the ocean, and he got the idea of outfitting the place with a traditional white picket fence and a couple of rambler rosebushes. After some bad rose advice, he read the book "Anyone Can Grow Roses," by Dr. Cynthia Westcott, known as the Rose Doctor, because she would make house calls on ailing plants. After this, Saville got a pretty spectacular bush or two, built the fence, and finished up the year with a hundred and seventy-five full-sized rosebushes. Next year, he had four hundred by the time the winter came on, and he was also a member of the New England Rose Society and the American Rose Society. Everybody in the societies was talking about putting roses to bed for the winter, but Harm Saville reasoned that if you gave them enough light, you ought to be able to grow them indoors. So he fixed up a dark, dingy cellar and bought some miniature roses and some fluorescent lights, and this turned out so well he soon had sixty-four square feet of miniature roses and started giving plants away. Four years ago, he decided to go into business; he put out his first catalogue three years ago, and now, thanks to the miniature-rose explosion, he sells nearly a hundred thousand plants a year and is beginning to introduce his own varieties. His first two are Pearl Dawn and Little Liza.

Miniature roses have the kind of names race horses get. Saville's best-sellers at the moment are Starina, an award winner with orange-red blooms, which flowers all summer; Cinderella, a white-with-a-hint-of-pink micro mini; Red Imp; Magic Carrousel (red-edged white flowers); Mary Marshall; Toy Clown; Gold Coin; Golden Angel; Starglo; Judy Fischer; and Beauty Secret. Pearl Dawn is a bushy plant with a pearl-edged hermosa-pink flower that is a deep rose-pink on its reverse side. Little Liza, which will be available next February, is a pink moss rose. "We had to call it Little Liza, because we threw it out in the snow," Saville told us. "It was a plant I was working on, and I didn't think it was going to amount to anything. A fourteen-year-old kid who lives around here asked me what I was doing, and I told him I thought the flower was no good. So he said, 'If I took one, would I be the only person in the world to have that rose?' I said 'Yup.' So he kept it going and entered it the next fall in the Topsfield Fair, near here, as Kevin's No Nom, because it didn't have a name, and it took a first place. The fair lasted nine days, and the bloom was as good at the end as at the beginning. After the fair, I got some cuttings from Kevin."

There are a dozen other men in the country who raise miniature roses to sell retail—one in Texas, eleven in California—and they all work out of their back yards. The most celebrated man in the business is Ralph Moore, of California, who does most of the hybridizing, and who has around two-thirds of a million miniatures on four acres. His big breakthrough has been developing the miniature moss rose—a project to which he had to devote twenty-five years of his life, because big moss roses are essentially sterile. According to Saville, shipping is about the only thing Nor'East has over its competitors. His wife does all the shipping: she rinses off each pot, wets the plant, and puts it in its own plastic bag, which she secures with a rubber band to keep the moisture in, and then packs it in the appropriate-sized box. Nor'East roses cost from two dollars and ten cents to two-sixty apiece. The company lists over a hundred and forty different roses, and publishes a frank catalogue that says "Easy to grow" about some plants and "Mildews" and "Thorny" about others.

"Miniatures are the kind of plants anyone can raise," Saville said to us. "They're beautiful, and I think they grow even better indoors than out, given enough light. I've done a lot of tests with lights, and I've found one that's spectacular. I do not work for Westinghouse, but their Agro-Lite, which is not expensive, just makes the plants jump right out of the pot."

Robins sang; Sandy, the Savilles' golden retriever, who loves people, rabbits, and field mice, nuzzled our right leg; and a vanload of customers came strolling across Saville's wide lawn. He excused himself. "A short while ago, this was a hobby," he said. "And now I'm just where I want to be."

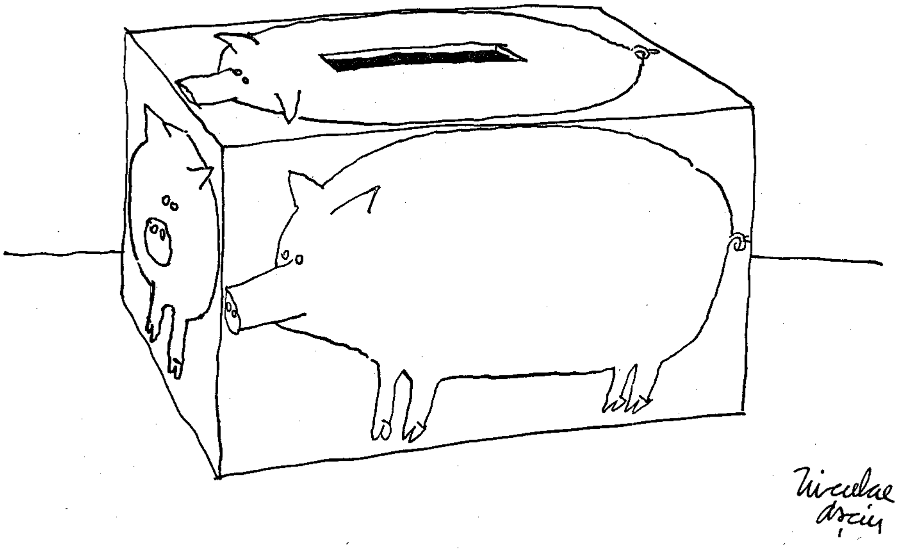
BACK in Cambridge, David Daniels was still out in his extraordinary garden. His helpers were spreading fish emulsion around the flowers. "Have a Pepsi," he said. "New England is rose-crazy, and the craze is drifting down to New York. Isn't Mr. Saville amazing? With the advent of miniature roses, a man can have a rose garden for ten dollars, which is less than many people pay for plastic roses. When I moved up here, my beloved wife, Whitney, began introducing New York delicacies like borscht, egg creams, and *matzohbrei* to the populace, and I decided to put my garden in plain sight on a town street. Erasmus quotes Plato about keeping jewels in a safe and garbage in the gutter, and, in fact, most people now hide their gardens and put the garbage in front of the house, but I think that things have come to such a pass that only turning things upside down will help humanity. I have been doing nothing but misfollow directions. I have been pouring fish emulsion day and night on my plants—which is completely wrong—because when I got to Cambridge I immediately remembered the story from school about the Indians' planting the head of a fish with every kernel of corn. My plants have been growing as the Indians would predict. I think it's important not to be greedy, and since anyone who loves roses would never ruin the atmosphere of my garden, remembering, as he must, the words of the 'Dhammapada'—'As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower or its color or scent, so let a sage go about a village'—anyone who wants to see it can find it. Since I will never be a movie star, I don't see why my address should be a secret. I would like to spread rose fever. The time has come for people to share beauty with their neighbors. In the words of the ancient Chinese poem:

> He who starts a business will be
> miserable in one year.
> He who trusts friends will be
> miserable in two years.
> He who marries will be miserable
> in three years.
> He who gardens will be happy
> forever.

Anybody who would like to drop by in a neighborly way is most welcome. Anyone who wants to work is even more welcome."

David Daniels tends his roses in the summer, soaking up impressions, and then in the winter he paints them. His neighbors watch him meandering in his rose garden and think he is taking a vacation. The postman wonders how anyone can be on vacation for three years. Daniels says his work is like most people's vacations, and most people's vacations are like his work. He learned gardening from the late Martin Benson, who was taught gardening by the late G. I. Gurdjieff, in France, in the twenties. Anyone who looks at his own garden, Daniels is convinced, will find an exact duplicate of it within himself.

"People are very concerned about cleaning up the country," Daniels said. "But we must have some beauty, too. It is true that the lawns of America absorb enormous quantities of pollution and dust from the air, and add oxygen to the atmosphere, but more flowers would add an extra dimension. A good garden is like the monolith in '2001.' Man does not live by shrubs and lawns alone."

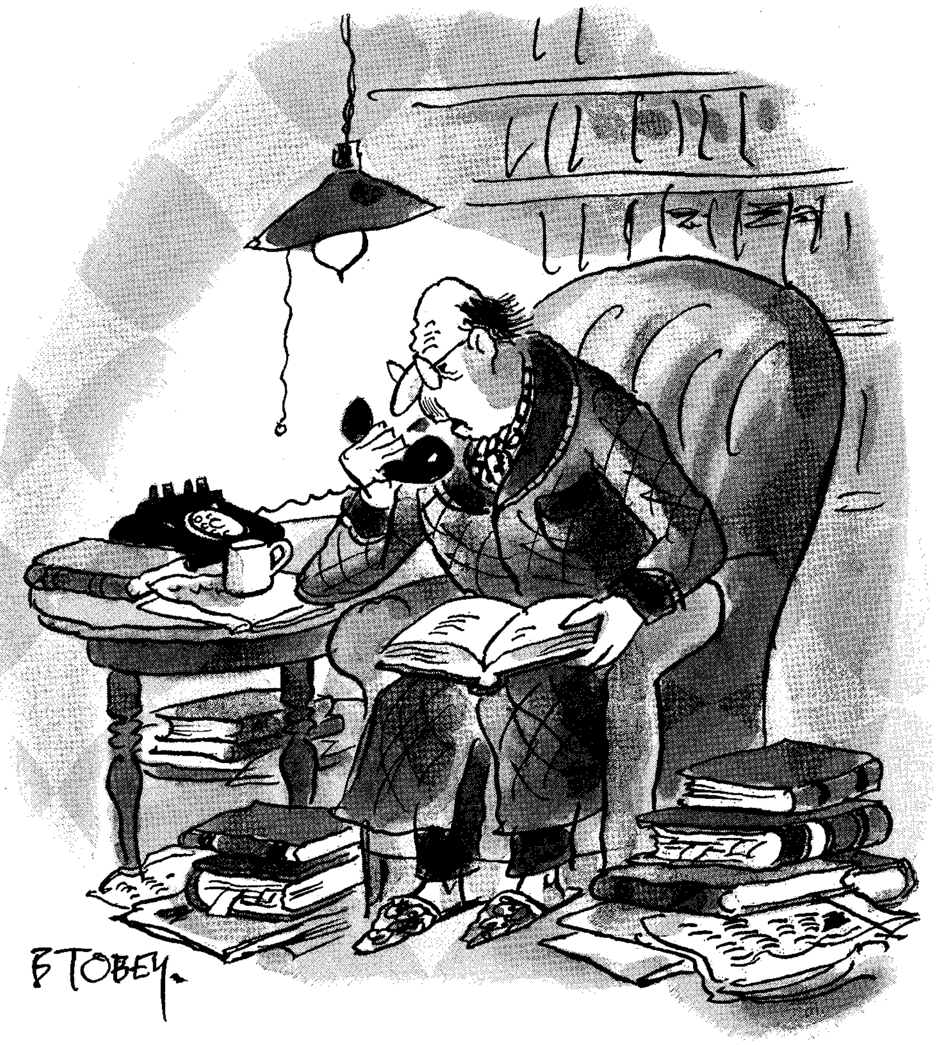


Wholly Owned Subsidiary

BY definition (and only by definition), the Miss Universe Pageant is the most important beauty contest in existence. This is because the Universe is not only the biggest thing there is—it's *all* there is. The Miss Universe Pageant is just around the corner; it takes place on July 19th. This week, therefore, the all-seeing eye of the Talk of the Town zoom lens fixes for an instant on the Universe, and then narrows its focus in rapid sequence to the Milky Way, the solar system, the planet Earth, the Northern Hemisphere, the Eastern Seaboard, Manhattan, and, finally, the murky Roma di Notte Restaurant, on East Fifty-fifth Street, where a couple of reporters have just entered a recent publicity party in honor of thirty-two Miss Universe contestants.

As soon as the reporters arrive, they are taken into custody by Sheldon Roskin, a diminutive Broadway press agent. "Glad you could come," Roskin says over the din. "You want to talk to somebody? I'll get you one that doesn't speak English. No, I'm kidding. You want a drink? What are you drinking?" From the bar, the reporters have a view of the Miss Universe contestants. Some are sitting around tables; others are jiggling in front of the bandstand. It is a reassuring sight, because it demonstrates that human beings are pretty much the same the world over. Sure, they may have somewhat different skin pigmentations, and they may have different faiths and creeds, and they may not always agree about things like the Middle East crisis, but at least they're all tall, they're all pretty, they all have good bones, they're all elaborately coiffed, they're all heavily made up, and they all wear sashes with the name of a country printed on them. In other words, they're all *people*, right?

Sheldon Roskin introduces the reporters to Harold L. Glasser, the president of Miss Universe, Inc. Glasser has gray hair, a gray suit, a firm handshake. He tells the reporters, "American technology made this pageant great. Why do I say that? I say that because of communications satellites. When I first started with Miss Universe, fifteen years ago, we had twenty-five countries. Now we have seventy-five countries. We didn't have network TV. For a pageant to have meaning, to have *reality* for people, it has to have a large



"Madam, you have a very, very, very wrong number."

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audience. Now we're broadcast in fifty countries, with an audience of five hundred million people. We're the largest television show in the world. We're carried live on three satellites."

"You must travel a lot," says one of the reporters.

"Yes," Glasser says. "Last year, we were in Manila. We had magnificent coöperation from President Marcos. They built a special theatre. They built it in seventy-seven days, and they dedicated it on the seventh day of the seventh month, even though the pageant wasn't for another three weeks. Marcos and his wife are numerologists. Seven is the magic number."

"Is being president of Miss Universe, Inc., a full-time job?" the other reporter asks.

"No. I'm also an executive of the Kayser-Roth Corporation, which manufactures Catalina swimsuits, among other things. They've been very generous about giving me whatever time I need."

"Why? Do they sponsor the show, or something?"

"No. The Miss Universe Pageant is a wholly owned subsidiary of Kayser-Roth. Our television sponsor has always been Procter & Gamble. They're a wonderful company. And may I say that they have never tried to influence or dictate the pageant in a single way. They are absolutely clean."

"Where's the pageant this year?"

"In San Salvador, the capital of El Salvador. Do you know where that is? It's in Central America. We've had the fullest coöperation. On the stage, they built a replica of a Mayan temple that goes back thousands of years. We hope to prove that a little country of four and a half million people can do a major television show."

Suddenly, the reporters are swept away by a man who wears glasses. "Kurt Hofmann," the man says as he hustles the reporters toward a door. "I do publicity for the Roma di Notte. Just wanted to show you the caves." Several rooms have been decorated to resemble caves. They are empty, except for the last one, where a couple are having dinner. The couple look up from their food angrily. "Just wanted you to see the caves," Kurt Hofmann says.

By the time the reporters are back, Harold Glasser has fetched Miss U.S.A., whose name is Summer Bartholomew. Many of the contestants are wearing halter tops, but Miss U.S.A.'s midriff is covered, as is all of her except her face and hands. Her lips, lined in red, seem to be floating about an inch in front of her rather indistinct face. A reporter asks her what she plans to do when she is through being Miss U.S.A.

"I plan to go into telecommunications," she says. "I plan to go to U.C.L.A. or San Diego State to further my education in telecommunications."

Harold Glasser jumps in. "I think these gentlemen would like to know, if I can ask it for you"—he glances at the reporters, and turns to Miss U.S.A.—"if you think you are being used or manipulated in any way."

"No," says Miss U.S.A. "I feel that it is not demeaning in any way, because when I first began I was an introvert. Through the experience, through the travels, they have helped me learn to express my feelings."

Miss U.S.A. tells the reporters that, thanks to the Miss Universe organization, she is learning about people from other lands. "For instance, Miss India has a red spot on her forehead. And do you know what? She says it's an Indian custom."

"I just want to say, without interrupting Summer, that we conceive of the Miss Universe Pageant as an opportunity for these young women to know each other on a basis that would not otherwise be possible," Glasser says.

"One of the experiences I've had was just this morning," Miss U.S.A. says. "I'm rooming with Miss South Africa, and I just saw their money. You see people, but you never realize that their money is different."

The reporters try to think of another question. Finally, one of them says, "What do you think of the feminist movement?"

"Oh, I think femininity is the best thing on this earth," she says.

"What about masculinity?"

"That's just as wonderful."

The reporters decide to leave. They shake hands with Harold Glasser and tell Miss U.S.A. that they hope she will be elected Miss Universe in San Salvador, the capital of El Salvador. As the zoom lens pulls back from the Roma di Notte Restaurant, from Manhattan, from the Eastern Seaboard, the reporters retire to the nearby Clancy's Bar and attempt to drink themselves into insensibility.

THE MAN WHO LOVED EXTINCT MAMMALS

Sapers lived rather shapelessly in a city that shall be nameless. It was at a juncture of his life when he had many ties, none of them binding. Accordingly, he had much loose time, and nothing, somehow, better filled it than the perusal of extinct mammals. Living species gave him asthma, and the dinosaurs had been overdone; but in between lay a marvellous middle world of lumpy, clumping, hairy, milk-giving creatures passed from the face of the earth. They tended to be large: "During these early periods," writes Harvey C. Markman in his pamphlet "Fossil Mammals" (published by the Denver Museum of Natural History), "many of the mammals went in for large size and absurdity." For example, *Barylambda*. It was nearly eight feet long and half as high. It had a short face, broad feet, muscular legs, and a very stout tail. "It combined"—to quote Markman again—"many anatomical peculiarities which together had little survival value. One might say of this race, and other aberrant groups, that they tried to specialize in too many ways and made very little progress in the more essential directions." It was extinct by the end of the Paleocene. "Who could not love such a creature?" Sapers asked himself.

And who is to say what is an "essential direction"?

Barylambda was an amblypod, meaning "blunt foot." This order (or suborder) of ungulates had, Webster's Dictionary told Sapers, "very small smooth brains." The "small" was to be expected, the "smooth" was surprising. It was nice. The man who loved extinct mammals resented the way Markman kept chaffing the amblypods; nothing about them, especially their feet and their teeth, was specialized enough to suit him. One could hear Markman sigh, like the sardonic instructor of a class of dullards, as he wrote, "At least one more family of amblypods must be mentioned: the uintatheres. By late Eocene time some of these grotesque creatures had attained the size of circus elephants. Arranged along the face and forehead they had three pairs of bony protuberances resembling horns. . . ." In the accompanying photograph of a *Uintacolotherium* skull, the bony protuberances looked artful, Arplike. Sapers didn't think them necessarily grotesque, if you tried to view them from the standpoint of the Life Force instead of from ours, the standpoint of Man, with his huge, rough brain. Sapers shut his eyes and tried to imagine the selective process whereby a little bud of a bony protuberance achieved a tiny advantage, an edge, in battle, food-gathering, or mating, that would favor an exaggeration from generation to generation. He almost had it in focus—some kind of Platonic ideal pressing upon the uintathere fetuses, tincturing uintathere milk—when the telephone shrilled near his ear.

It was Mrs. Sapers. Her voice—alive, vulnerable, plaintive, his—arose from some deep past. She told him, not uninterestingly, of her day, her depressions, her difficulties. Their daughter had flunked a math exam. The furnace was acting funny. Men were asking her to go out on dates. One man had held her hand in a movie and her stomach had flipped over. What should she do?

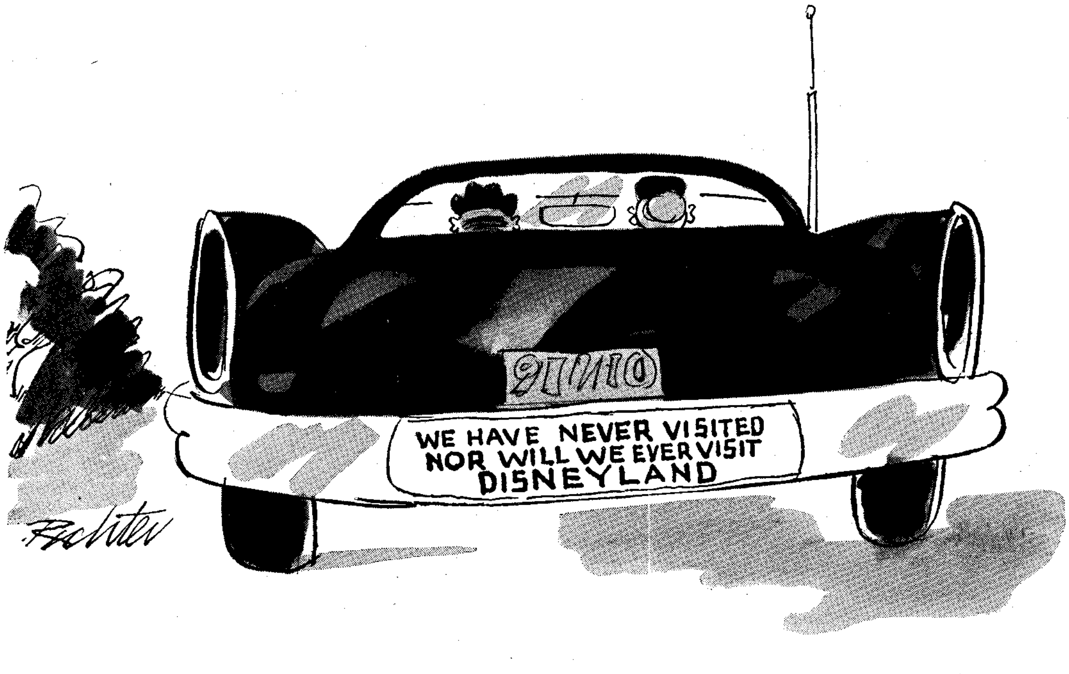
"Be yourself," he advised. "Do what feels natural. Call the furnace man. Tell Dorothy I'll help her with her math when I visit Saturday."

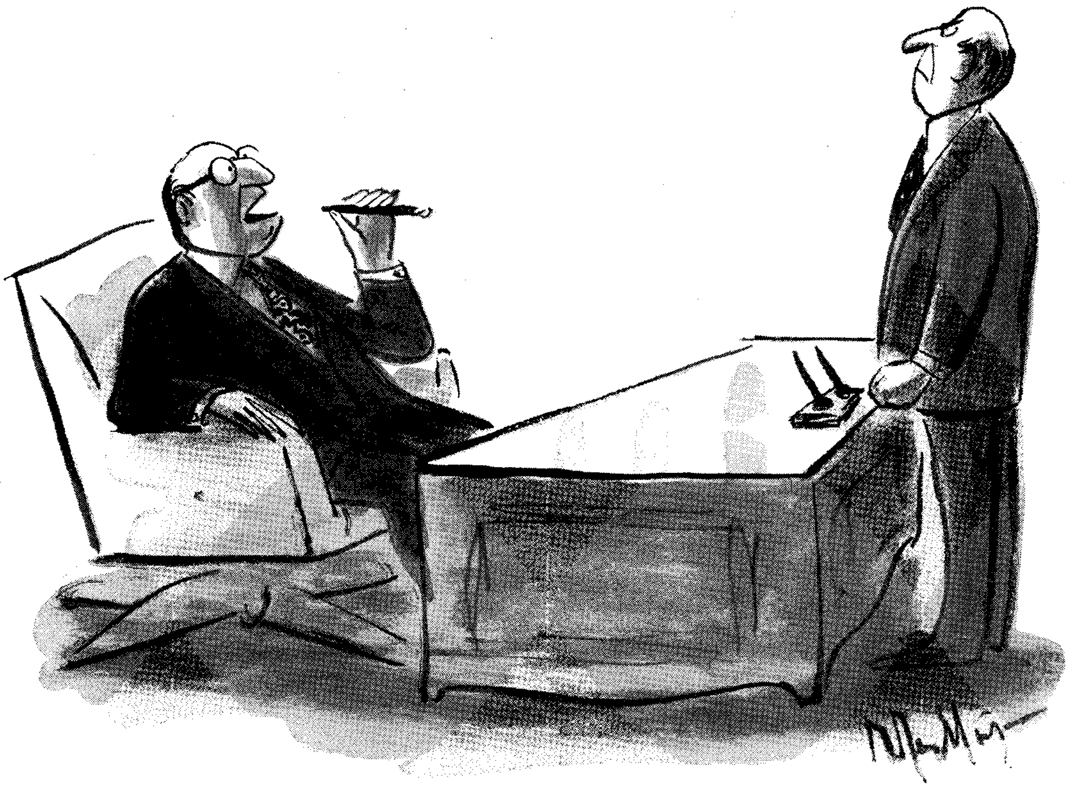
"If I had a gun, some nights I'd shoot myself."

"That's why they have firearms-control laws," he said reassuringly, wondering then why she wasn't reassured.

For she began to cry into the telephone. He tried to follow her reasoning but gathered only the shadowy impression that she loved him, which he felt to be a false impression, from previous field work as her husband. Anyway, what could he do about it now? "Nothing," Mrs. Sapers snapped, adding, "You're grotesque." Then, with that stoic elegance she still possessed, and he still admired, she hung up.

Mammae, he read, are specialized sweat glands. A hair is a specialized scale. When a mammal's body gets too hot, each hair lifts up so the air can reach the skin. The bizarre *Arsinoitherium*, superficially like a rhinoceros but anatomically in a class by itself, may be distantly related to the tiny, furry hyrax found in nooks of Asia and Africa. The sabre-toothed tiger was probably less intelligent than a house cat. Its "knife tooth" (*smilodon*) was developed to prey on other oversize mammals, and couldn't have pinned a rabbit. Rabbits have been around a long time—though nothing as long, of course, as the crocodile and the horseshoe crab. Sapers thought of those sabre teeth, and of the mastodon's low-crowned molars, with the enamel in a single layer on top, that were superseded by the mammoth's high-crowned molars, that never wore out, the enamel distributed in vertical plates, and he tried to picture the halfway tooth, or the evolutionary steps to baleen, and his thought wandered pleasantly to the truth that the whale and the bear and Man are late, late models, *arrivistes* in the fossil record. What is there about a bear, that we love him? His flat, archaic feet. The amblypods are coming back. Joy! There was a delicate message Sapers could almost make out, a graffito scratched on the crumbling


WE HAVE NEVER VISITED NOR WILL WE EVER VISIT DISNEYLAND



"How long, Smathers, would I have your respect if I let every sourball who came in here with a grief push me around?"

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wall of time. His mistress called, shattering the wall.

She loved him. She told him so. He told her *vice versa*, picturing her young anatomy, her elongate thighs, her small smooth head, its mane, her spine, her swaying walk, and wondering, mightn't his middle-aged body break, attempting to cater to such a miracle? She told him of her day, her boredom, her boring job, her fear that he would go back to his wife.

"Why would I do that?" he asked.

"You think I'm too crass. I get so frightened."

"You're not especially crass," he reassured her. "But you *are* young. I'm old, relatively. In fact, I'm dying. Wouldn't you like to get a nice youngish lover, with a single gristly horn, like a modern-day rhinoceros, one of the few surviving perissodactyls?"

He was offering to divert her, but she kept insisting on her love, his bones crunching at every declaration. Rhinoceroses, he learned when at last she had feasted enough and hung up, had been backed with unguarded enthusiasm by the investment councils of the Life Force. Some species had attained the bulk of several elephants. There had been running rhinoceroses—"long legged, rather slender bodied"—and amphibious rhinoceroses, neither of them the ancestor of the "true" rhinoceros; that honor belonged to hornless *Trigonias*, with his moderate size, "stocky body," fourteen toes, and "very conservative" (Sapers could hear Markman impatiently sighing) dentition.

What is this prejudice in favor of progress? The trouble with his mistress, Sapers decided, was that she had too successfully specialized, was too purely a mistress, perfect but fragile, like a horse's leg, which is really half foot, extended and whittled and tipped with one amazing toenail. The little *Eohippus*, in its forest of juicy soft leaves, scuttled like a raccoon; and even *Mesohippus*, though big as a collie, kept three toes of each foot on the ground. *Eohippus*, it seemed to Sapers, was like a furtive little desire that evolves from the shadows of the heart into a great, clattering, unmanageable actuality.

HIS wife called back. Over the aeons of their living together she had evolved psychic protuberances that penetrated and embraced his mind. "I'm sorry to keep spoiling your wonderful solitude," she said, in such a way that he believed in her solicitude for his privacy even as she sarcastically invaded it, "but I'm at my wit's end." And he believed this too, though also knowing that she could induce desperation in herself as a weapon, a hooked claw, a tusk. Perhaps she shouldn't have added, "I tried to call twice before but the line was busy;" yet this hectoring, too, he took into himself as pathos, her jealousy legitimate and part of her helplessness, all organs evolving in synchrony. She explained that their old pet dog was dying; it couldn't eat and kept tottering off into the woods, and she and their daughter spent hours calling and searching and luring the poor creature back to the house. Should they put the dog into the car and take her to the vet's, to be "put to sleep"?

Sapers asked his wife what their daughter thought.

"I don't know. I'll put her on."

The child was fourteen.

"Hi, Daddy."

"Hi, sweet. Is Josie in much pain?"

"No, she's just like drunk. She stands in the puddle in the driveway and looks at the sky."

"She sounds happy, in a way. Whose idea is it to take her to the vet's?"

"Mommy's."

"And what's your idea?"

"To let Josie do what she wants to do."

"That sounds like my idea too. Why don't you let her just stay in the woods?"

"It's beginning to rain here and she'll get all wet." And the child's voice, so sensible and simple up to this point, generated a catch, tears, premonitions of eternal loss; the gaudy parade of eternal loss was about to turn the corner, cymbals clanging, trombones triumphant, and enter her mind. "Keep calm," Sapers told himself. One thing at a time.

"Then put her in the back room with some newspapers and a bowl of water. Talk to her so she doesn't feel lonely. Don't take her to the vet's unless she seems to be in pain. She always gets scared at the vet's."

"O.K. You want to talk any more to Mom?"

"No. Sweetie? I'm sorry I'm not there to help you all."

"That's O.K." Her voice grew in-different, small and smooth. She was about to hang up.

"Oh, and baby?" Sapers called across the distance.

"Yeah?"

"Don't flub up any more math exams. It drives Mommy wild."

GIANT and bizarre mammalian forms persisted well after the advent of Man. The splendid skeleton of an Imperial Mammoth, *Archidiskodon imperator*, exhibited in the Denver Museum of Natural History, was found associated with a spear point. Neanderthal men neatly stacked, with an obscure religious purpose, skulls of *Ursus spelaeus*, the great cave bear. Even the incredible *Glyptodon*, a hard-shelled mammal the size and shape of a Volkswagen, chugged about the South American pampas a mere ten thousand years ago, plenty late enough to be seen by the wary, brown-faced forebears of the effete Inca kings. Who knows who witnessed the fleeting life of *Stockoceros*, the four-pronged antelope? Of *Syndyoceras*, the deerlike ruminant with two pairs of horns, one pair arising from the middle of its face? Of *Oxydactylus*, the giraffe-camel? Of *Daphoenodon*, the bear-dog? Of *Diceratherium*, the small rhinoceros, or *Dinohyus*, the enormous pig? Again and again, in the annals of these creatures, Sapers found mysterious disappearances, unexplained departures. "By the end of the Pliocene period all American rhinos had become extinct or wandered away to other parts of the world." "After the horse family had been so successful in North America . . . its disappearance from this hemisphere has no ready explanation."

Sapers looked about his apartment. He observed with satisfaction that there was no other living thing in it. No pets, no plants. Such cockroaches as he saw he killed. But for himself, the place had a Proterozoic purity. He breathed easy.

The telephone rang. It was his mother. He asked, "How are you?" and received a detailed answer—chest pains, neuralgia, shortness of breath, numbness in the extremities. "What can I do about it?" he asked.

"You can stop being a mental burden to me," she answered swiftly, with a spryness unseemly, he thought, in one so dilapidated. "You can go back to your loved ones. You can be a good boy."

"I *am* a good boy," he argued. "All I do is sit in my room and read." Such behavior had pleased her once; it failed to do so now. She sighed, like Markman over a uintathere, and slightly changed the subject.

"If I go suddenly," she said, "you must get right down here and guard the antiques. Terrible things happen in the neighborhood now. When Mrs. Peterson went, they backed a truck right up to the door, so the daughter flew in from California to find an empty house. All that Spode, and the corner cupboard with it."

"You won't go suddenly," he heard himself telling her; it sounded like a rebuke, though he had meant it reassuringly.

After a pause, she asked, "Do you ever go to church?"

"Not as often as I should.". . . *no ready explanation.*

"Everybody down here is praying for you," she said.

"Everybody?" *The herds had just wandered away.*

"I slept scarcely an hour last night," his mother said, "thinking about you."

"Please stop," Sapers begged. When the conversation ended, he sat still, thinking, We are all, all of us living, contemporary with the vanishing whale, the Florida manatee, the Bengal tiger, the whooping crane.

He felt asthmatic. The pages about extinct mammals suffocated him with their myriad irrelevant, deplorable facts. *Amebelodon*, a "shovel-tusker" found in Nebraska, had a lower jaw six feet long, with two flat teeth sticking straight out. Whereas *Stenomylus* was a dainty little camel. Why is a horse's face long? Because its eyes are making room for the roots of its high-crowned upper grinders. But even *Eohippus*, interestingly, had a diastema. Creodonts, the most primitive of mammalian carnivores, moved on flat, wide-spreading feet; indeed, the whole animal, Sapers had to admit, looked indifferently engineered, compared to cats and dogs. "The insectivores, however, have made very little progress in any direction"—with a sudden little surge of cathexis that shifted his weight in the chair, Sapers loved insectivores; he hugged their shapeless, shameless, fearful archetype to his heart. "Feet and teeth provide us with most of our information about an extinct mammal's mode of existence. . . ." Of course, Sapers thought. They are what hurt.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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THE CRIMES OF THE SHADE TREES

Today everyone forgave me.
No one mentioned the felony
Of my back against the oak,
Or the air I was breathing earlier.
So it is possible I am not Levis.

I smoke and think possibly
I am the smoke—
Drifting through Omaha as smoke does,
Past the new sofas on sale,
Past the south view of the slaughterhouse,
And the shade trees flushing with light.

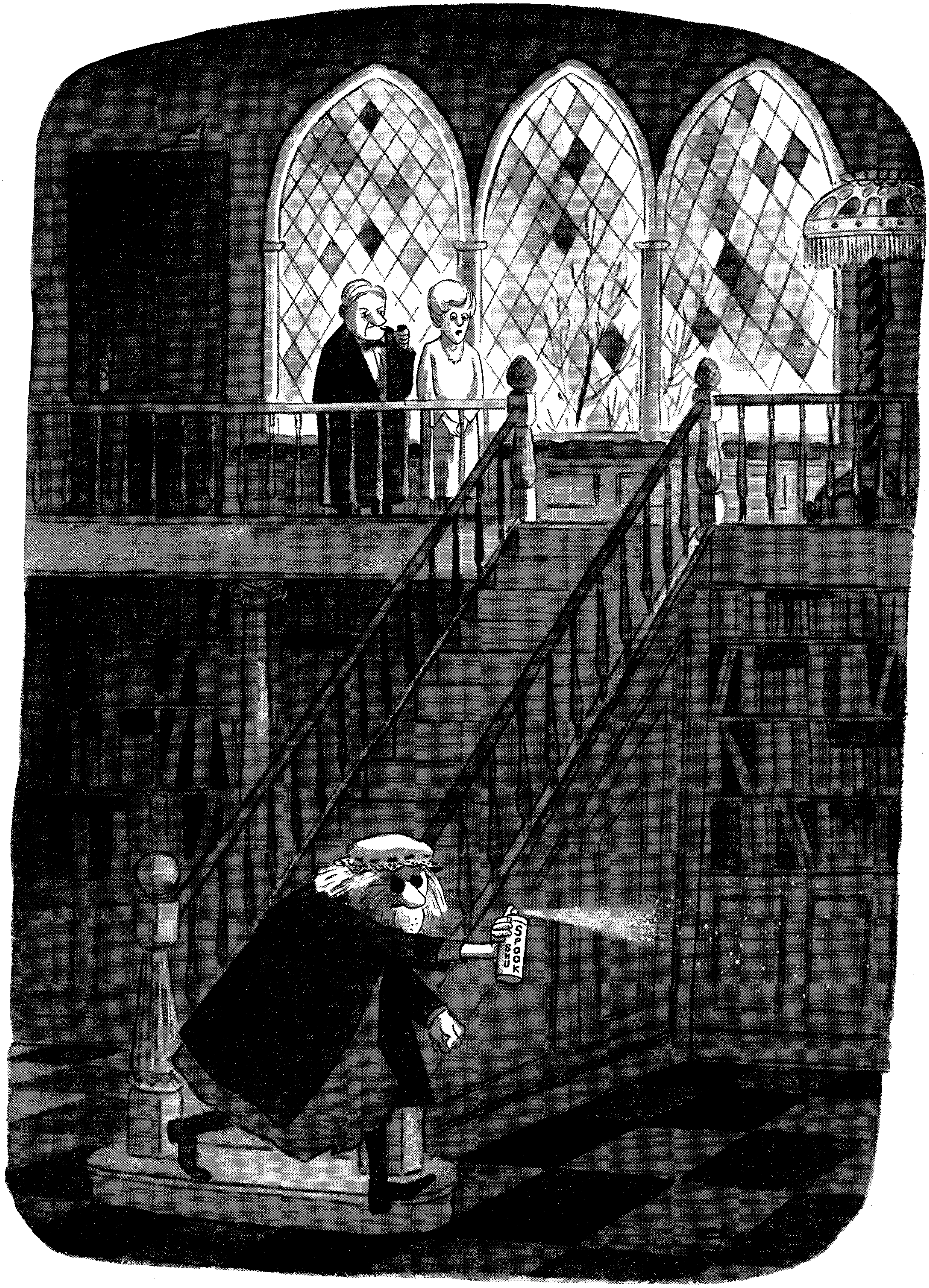
And it doesn't matter.
For example, if I am really
Something ordinary, a doorstep,
Or the gleaming of frost on someone's lawn
As he shaves, that would be all right.

I only mention this
To the caretaker of my absence,
Who dozes on a beige sofa

While she knits us a bible
In which the blind remain blind,
Like shade trees. Filling with light,

Each leaf feels its way out,
Each a mad bible of patience.

—LARRY LEVIS



"They don't exorcise ghosts the way they used to."

THE CLASSROOM

CLASSROOM windows were high, with small panes that were seldom cleaned. The unreachable catch was broken, so that the window had to be forced open with a crook and held ajar with a can or a scrubbing brush, or whatever was to hand. Some days, this proved the impossible, and the girls' classroom became stuffy. A long room. First thing in the morning, water sprinkled from a cup, along the floor, prior to sweeping. Then the onslaught of information. It was there that you devoured history; it was there that the whole of the rest of the country came into being simply by your looking at the gray, shredding cloth map, with its little spots of red to denote capital towns and zigzags to trace the course of the rivers. It was there you heard of the Giant's Causeway and, from a little brown book, heard in Irish and in English the names of local townlands, names designated because of their characteristics:

The Turnip Growing Hillside
The Hill Abounding in Ivy
The Hump
The Mouse's Meadow
The White Island
The Pleasant Island
The Sorrel Island
The Hill Covered with White Thorn Bushes
The Hill of Counsel
The Hill of the Little Declivity
The Snipes' Booly
O'Brien's Booly
The Old Stronghold
The Monks' Land
The Birdless District
Two Paps of Danann

The powder for making ink came from the city, and the Winchester jar for holding it had little air bubbles in the interior of the green glass. It was a hazardous operation, mixing ink, and there was spilt stuff in weird stains all over the floor—stains incurred on different occasions but there forever. There were holes in the floor down which the mice scurried, and some girls said they had seen rats. The big, important dictionary needed the strength of two girls to get it out of the press. Each letter was indexed in black, in the shape of a thumb, on the margin, so that a word could be looked up in a jiffy. We learned that "intenerate" softens, or makes tender, and that "feare intenerates the heart," making it fit for all gracious impressions. Also that "Empidae" were not akin to gnats but flew in numbers over water on summer evenings and lived partly on other insects and on the juice of flowers. You scratched yourself on hearing that. You would suddenly be asked the meaning of a word, a difficult word, and, as the lady teacher said, you never came up to expectations; you failed, missed, miscarried, disappointed. Then she would point to the leather-bound dictionary and say, "Forage, forage," and would faithfully recite:

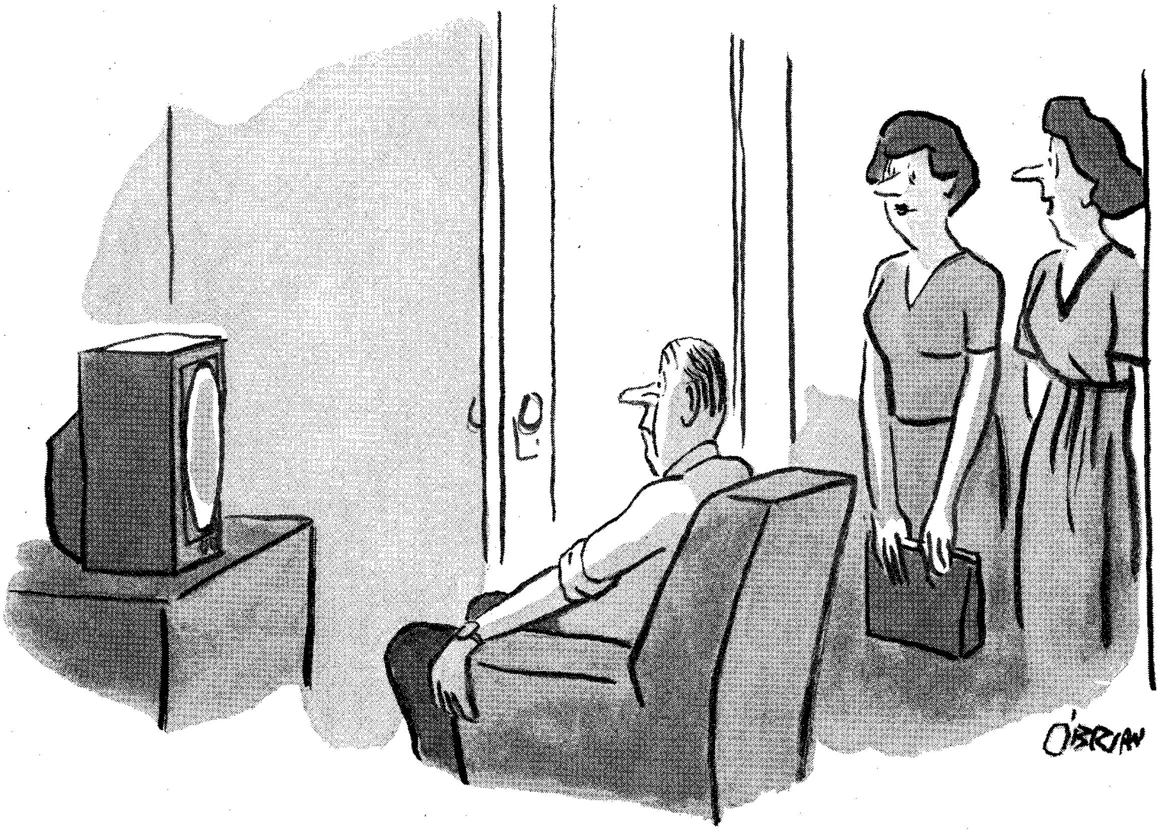
In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail.*

Another lady came to teach step dancing on Thursdays, tried to initiate us into the mystery of jigs and reels. There being no musical accompaniment, we were all asked to hum. Lovely firm calves to her legs, dark stockings, and shoes with a beautiful strap up the length of the instep. The humming varied. Some girls spoke. "One two three four five six seven, all good children go to heaven, when they die their sins are forgiven one two three four five six seven." A lesson cost a penny. It was beyond our means, so I was pleased, though embarrassed, to sit aside and not be able to partake; and in my heart of hearts I was eternally grateful, believing as I did that dancing disturbed the body and might in an extremity drive out all the fluids and bloods and entrails of one. A few girls took the class while the others sat at their desks pretending to study, rereading all about the Battle of Kinsale or about a crisp morning in New England, as described by Thoreau. The dancing mistress was in love, and that covered a multitude. Love was the embrocation for everything; love would do miracles.

The teacher, who was high-strung, let implements fly from time to time—pens, pencils, pencil cases, set squares, caps, books, and a medley of language that was a compote of Irish, English, Latin, and raillery. Then the next day, or the day following, she would atone by letting us read, by letting the infants mix all the new Plasticine so that it was streaked and multicolored; and she would bring toffees or the remains of an iced cake on a cake plate, and pass it around to be shared. That of course created a fresh anxiety, because you never knew if it would get to you, or, worse still, if it would get to the girl just next and you could almost taste the icing and see the crumbs on her lips. Once, the teacher made a little jam omelette for herself, on the open fire, and gave half to a girl who was on her way to the closets. Boys' closets and girls'. Rough wood. Buckets. Poor sanitation.

So the vaccinating doctor said the day he came with his lady nurse beside him. Her task was to put the swabs of iodine on the appointed spot and hold the jerking arm until he prodded it, then jabbed, then said, "Next, please." The lady nurse went down to the closets and stayed there for an age, and afterward the floors—all three tiled floors—and the main murky passageway were running with blood: a veritable river of it. Why was that? What had happened? Miscarried a child, said an older girl who seemed to know. In the evening, the doctor and his escort—paler now—drove off, back to the capital where the streets were so narrow, it was said, that people could shake hands from their upstairs windows. The capital famous for having seen the presence, not to mention the oratory, of the quivering Daniel O'Connell and the austere Eamon de Valera.

WHEN it rained and the yard was too wet for playtime, we huddled in the porch—forty or fifty girls—like hens, except that we were chattering, huddled next to the reek of turf. Turf can get into your head, making thoughts brown and sodden and flaky as the stuff itself. We would eat lunch there. Everyone's lunch much the same: thick slices of bread and butter, with sugar sprinkled on some, and a little bottle of water or milk. Our coats would be on hooks—coats slung on top of one another, all threatening to fall off—then pixie caps of multifarious orders, scarves, and wool gloves that had been chewed and rechewed and were anything but pristine. My best jumper was from a prize pattern, little diamonds of color, zigzags, the cynosure of all. I was called in by the teacher on an important occasion, for it to be inspected by someone. By whom? I have forgotten. Forgotten everything except the beautiful waves of color, the zip with the flecked tassel at the end, and the ribbed cuffs of navy wool, which doubled over twice in case you should grow. I wore it Sundays, holy days, and the days inspectors came. I told the catechism inspector that after the miracle of the loaves and fishes, when the people



"Richard takes the news very seriously. To him, they are all real people."

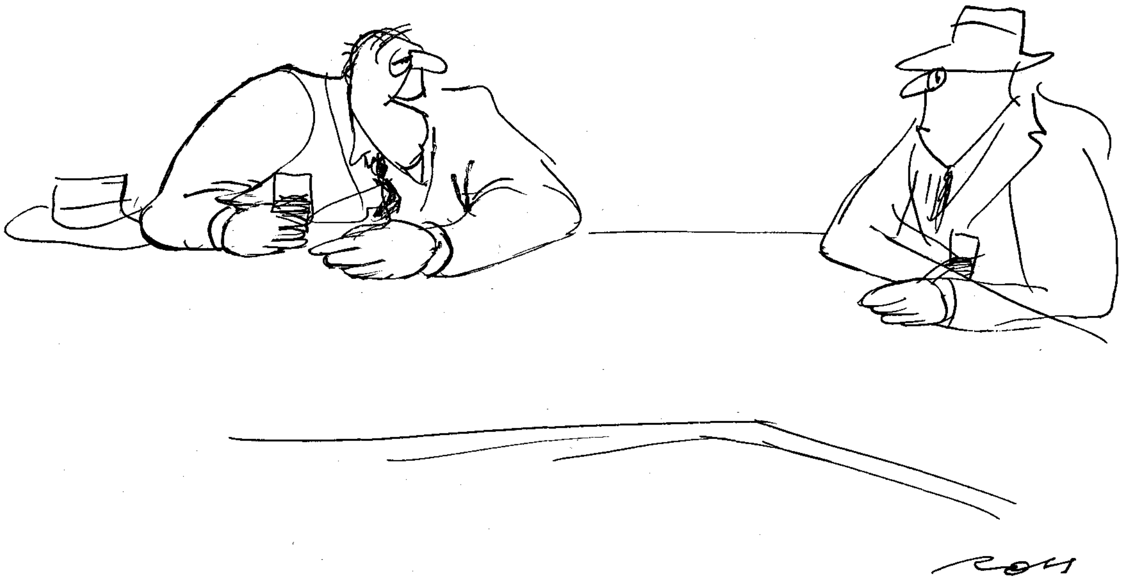
had eaten to their satisfaction, Christ asked them to gather up the remains, and that proved that he was not partial to waste. The fishes in my imagination were flesh pink, medium-sized like flounder, and the loaves were white like altar bread, only fatter and spongier. The place where the miracle occurred was green and leafy and not at all the sparse, sanded land that I was later to see. After the inspector went, we all got a telling off, were told we could sweep the countryside with our talents but that, instead, we all chose to be ninnies and had resorted to skittish anecdote rather than sound theological argument. The only girls who did not get a telling off were the ones who were permanently dense and from whom nothing was expected beyond the norm. On that day, they were the proud ones, with their arms folded and something verging on compliments descending on them because of the neatness of their appearance, or because they knew when to close the door or put a sod on the fire.

It was all very unpredictable. The teacher could flare up, have fits, pet some girls on their bare legs, victimize others, then mysteriously change her mind and applaud those whom she was previously denigrating. But when the boys' master got into a tear, it was bedlam for everyone. He roared and shouted, and any adjacent boy was in danger of having his brains bashed out, onto the desk. He could be heard a mile away, roaring at whichever unfortunate boy was his butt. It was a constant threat, like living close to Mt. Vesuvius. His wife prayed, said constant ejaculations, and told women on the way down from Mass that he had not realized his ambition. He did the crosswords, had greyhounds that were fidgety, and the woodwork in their rambling house had the teeth marks of baying, dissatisfied dogs.

Monday mornings were especially tense—compositions were handed over, or not handed over; lies were told. How a mother or a father had been taken sick, and the fire was in no mind to light, not having been lit for two whole days. The compositions were usually about "A Day in the Life of a Penny" or "A Day in the Life of a King" or "A Day in the Life of a Bee," and we had to do lessons, while she sat down to correct them and laughed outrageously at the clumsiness of our thoughts and our ideas. With a ruler as a pointer, one girl would trace the course of a river—most often the River Shannon, with its important tributary, the Suck—and in the corner of our eyes we imagined the mice's tails as they curled above the level of the holes, or stared at the jam jars of lilac that had been brought in by one of the country girls and had withered on the window ledge, so that specks of petal were lying like bits of rust there and the water in the jar had gone off.

Arms, crests, spears, Lughaidh Laeighseach, son of Laeigh Cseach Canvore, son of the renowned Conall Cernach, chief of the Red Branch Knights of Ulster, unbecomingly slain by a tribe upon whom his murder was later brutally avenged. The poem about Owen Roe O'Neill: "Him they poisoned whom they feared to meet with steel." Or Shane O'Neill's body, dug up at Carrickfergus, the head cut off and dispatched to Dublin, where it was exhibited on the castle battlements. Shane O'Neill was a tough man, because upon being told that they had murdered his only son he replied that he had many sons. These daily inculcations of history so immediate, so heartrending and so riveting that it was possible to conceive of Sarsfield, Shane O'Neill and bold Robert Emmet, and Sarah Curran as characters who might step out of the pages and into the room. All had sacrificed themselves for the Cause, and each had failed. One went into lowly exile, another had his head on the castle battlement, the third was executed in the Liberties and made a speech that wrung out hearts—how his epitaph would not be written until his country took its place among the nations of the earth. Fair Sarah Curran married, went abroad, and of course died of a broken heart. To Wolfe Tone, too, honor with cursed defeat. We would be on the edge of our seats as someone read aloud Tone's diary, and it was like a letter from a son to each one of us.

> The wind is still high, and as usual, right ahead; and I dread a visit from the English; and altogether I am in great uneasiness. Oh, that we were once ashore, let what might ensue after; I am sick to the very soul of this suspense.... We are here, sixteen sail, great and small, scattered up and down in a noble bay, and so dispersed that there they are not two together in any spot save one, and there



"*East is East, West is West, North is North, and South is South. Right?*"

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> they are now so close that if it blows tonight as it did last night they will inevitably run foul of each other, unless one of them prefers driving on the shore.

Then the bitter tailpiece: three ships sunk, the rest parted from each other and heading back for France.

YOU had only to look out the long window to see the sea coming in over the bottle-topped walls. The sea was forty miles away and, as we were told, withheld at one side by shining sheer gigantic black cliffs, whence a priest was sucked in one afternoon while doing a spot of fishing. Conjecture as to whether he could have given himself absolution, or even uttered an act of contrition, as he hurtled forward and downward in the wake of the bamboo fishing rod that he'd bought in the hardware shop the day before. The sea spelled catastrophe, but then all waters did—even the lordly Shannon, into which cars were driven, boats were overturned, and men delivered up their own lives. The Shannon lake shone in summer and was hazed over with a special fly in the month of May—a fly for fishing with, for dapping. Lough Derg, the Lake of the King of the Red Eye, so named because an unreasonable, grasping bard had asked the King of Thomand for an eye, whereupon the King plucked out his own, gave it over, and went down to the lake to wash, but his socket bled until the lake was not water but human blood.

A photograph was held up showing a lovely lord with a ringleted wig, and a white cravat worn French style, and the teacher would pound the floor with her cane and recite:

> Farewell O Patrick Sarsfield,
> may luck be on your path.
> Your camp is broken up,
> your work is marred for years!

We would be told again and yet again of how Sarsfield stole out of Limerick city one night with Galloping Hogan—a brave rapparee—and an army of men, to intercept the train of wagons that was bringing ammunition to the Williamites, who were laying siege to the city. Luck attended that night ride. There was no moon, the horses' hooves were muted, Hogan knew the back roads and the byroads, and one of the soldiers met up with a prattling woman, wife of a Williamite, who was able to give their password: "Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man." They got through the enemy lines, blew up one hundred and fifty-five wagons of ammunition, and the terrain was such in that part of the country that the earth was rent. Sarsfield was the ringleader, but the name of Galloping Hogan had to be celebrated, too, because as a rapparee he was one of that band of men who fought with pikes and scythes and muskets, who hid in hills until nightfall, who lay like otters in the water, but were swift as the mountain mist and no small matter of mesmerization for the enemy. But Patrick Sarsfield became a "wild goose."

We would look up to the sky and think of flight, and if that were not enough we would read:

> And now, alas! the saddest day is come that ever appeared above the horizon of Ireland. The sun was darkened, and covered over with a black cloud, as if unwilling to behold such a woeful spectacle: there needed no rain to bedew the earth, for the tears of the disconsolate Irish did abundantly moisten their native soil, to which they were that day to bid their last farewell. Those who resolved to leave it never hoped to see it again; and those who made the unfortunate choice to continue therein could at the same time have nothing in prospect but contempt and poverty, chains and imprisonment, and, in a word, all the miseries that a conquered nation could rationally expect from power and malice.

That was only fiddlesticks, as the teacher said, compared with the accounts of the Famine—the air, as John Mitchel had written, calm and pall-like, a vast silence, a creeping ruin over everything, an inability to curse, because human passion had been quelled through starvation. Children's eyes were senseless and wizened; work gangs that built walls and roads were voiceless, like shadows; womanhood had ceased to be womanly; the birds carolled no more; the ravens dropped dead on the wing; dogs, hairless and with their spines like the blade of a saw, slunk into the ditch like wolves; and the *anima mundi*, the soul of the land, was dim, dying, and dead. A world where help and pity did not forthcome. The justice of the peace at Cork had written to the Duke of Wellington, to tell how he took as much bread as five men could carry to a certain hamlet and thought the inhabitants were all dead, but upon going into a hovel realized by the low moaning that they were alive—two hundred phantoms or so, most of whom were delirious. A woman who had just given birth tore his neck collar from him; another woman was seen to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl of twelve, and leave it half covered with stones. Seven wretches lay huddled under the same cloak, but though one of them was dead the others seemed not to notice or not to care. He asked the Duke to go to the young and gracious Queen, to appeal to her to use her authority—in short, to let the Irish eat some of the corn that grew in abundance that year. He implored that the frigid and flimsy chain of official etiquette be broken and that the Duke go directly to her. It was a letter sent in vain, and the appeal was not met. Some survived on such things as nettles, chickweed, or sorrel, and those who could tottered along to the stockyards across the country, in the hope of being able to procure a portion of blood taken from heifers or bullocks. The remainder set sail for America and their progeny must constitute the bulk of the millions of Irish extraction in that land today.

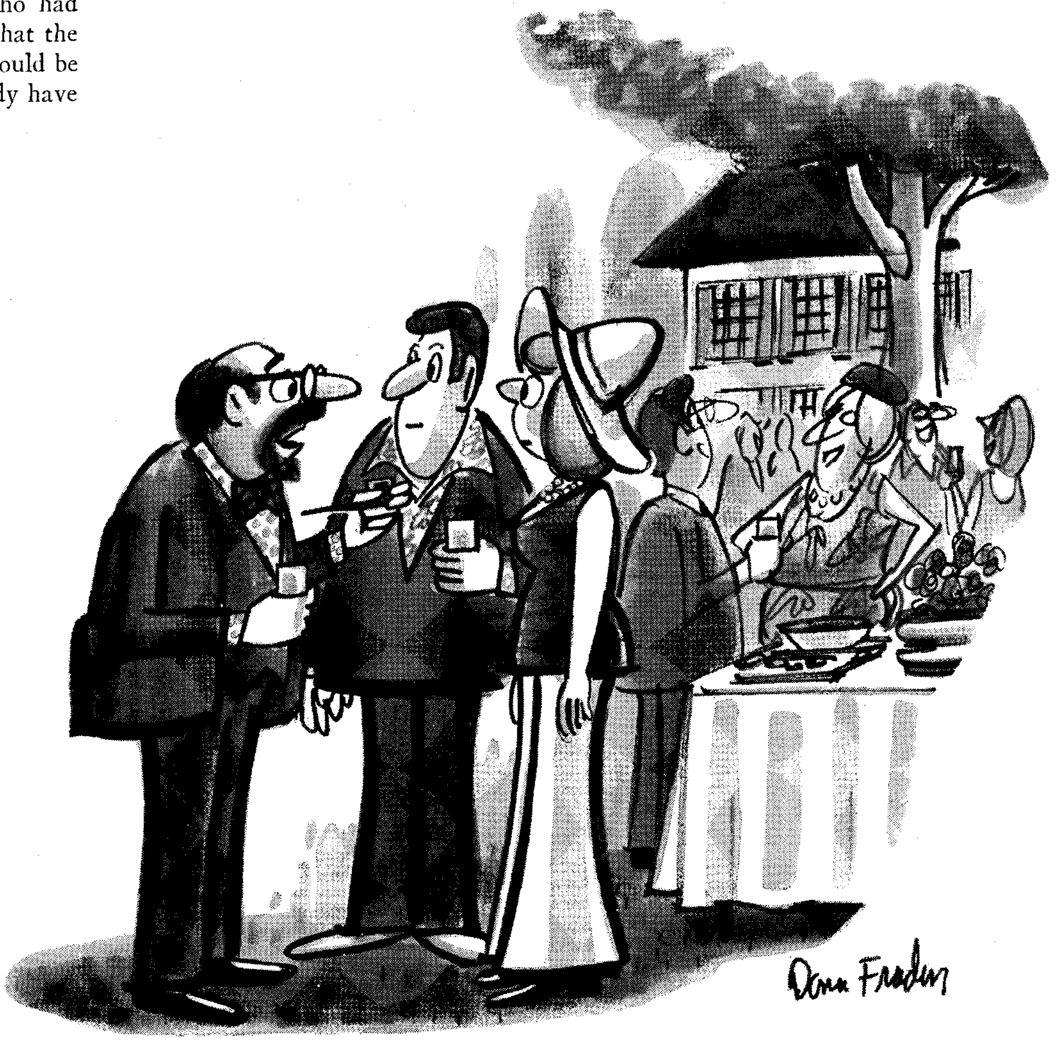
The following year, the Queen visited Ireland, and everything went off beautifully when she stepped ashore at Cove. It is probable that the people were too debilitated to be anything else, and yet they surpassed themselves, according to her, by becoming noisy and jumping and shrieking.

THE same grinding themes—victimization, misapprehension, aborted revolutions, informers, chaos and bungle, misheard instructions often given in the heat of battle, and half-drilled peasants mistakenly flinging away their arms, and even their coats, begging for quarter in some bog before being put to the sword. Then one girl—the doctor's daughter, who had a watch—would hold it up so that the teacher could see, and then it would be time to go, and we would already have started up, like a herd, while the blackened bell went "cling clang cling clang." We would leave behind us oak desks littered with books and jotters, and a teacher suddenly quiet, opaque, staring, possibly wondering what she might do for the remainder of the day without the annoyance and the companionship of us.

Out the door. An immediate vista of hawthorn bushes; then four tumbledown cottages, complete with half doors; and, directly opposite, the doctor's house, with its cross dog called Spot. To gain admission to this house a youngster had to go to the back door, and that entailed going through a narrow enclosed passage, in which you were incarcerated with Spot, to the jeers of two or three of your pals. Spot would grind his teeth, as if having a little rehearsal of them, then bare them so that you had a view of them, along with the tongue that ranged in color from fawn to a pale, blubbery pink. You knew it was a question of tactics—not walking too fast, pulling the hem of your coat down so that it almost met the top of your new socks, so that no skin was bared to tempt him, carrying but not brandishing a twig, careful to convey no menace. He would have the tail of the coat, and you would be screaming, when at that moment one or another of the occupants would come out and, in a theatrical manner, would bow and invite you to step inside. Inside, there was a stove comparable to no other in that neighborhood—enamel, no less, and the color of the clouds when they are not quite blue and not quite gray; the stove, a grandfather clock, and cutlery on the table for a two-course dinner, the main dish and a sweet. One time I was given pandy. The butter was yellow and floating in a crevice on the top, and I swallowed the stuff down without chewing in order to get to the sago or the semolina or the steamed pudding. Steamed puddings were the most inviting of all, particularly when tipped out of their bowl and turned upside down so that a cape of melted jam flowed over the top and down the ridges like a stream covering a stone. The anticipation of joy gave me the jitters. Everything swayed, and my eyes and the walls had a different rapport with each other, so that the paper or the glossy paint came away from the wall in little blisters.

ON the way home, a lady shopkeeper would tap the display window with her knitting needle and ask some pointless question, such as "How is your mother?" or "How is your father?" The fat woman in the basket chair—with the heaving bosom and the raspberry brooch pinned to the middle—would tell you to please pass on, pass on, because you were obstructing the sun, and a man with a yen for pedantry would digress on the clemency or the inclemency of the weather, as the case might be, on the toxic odors as a result of a pig fair, on the preponderance of matters of the heart, and on the occultation of feeling. (I think he loved my mother.)

But most of the other men were unknown and somewhat identical, with their big boots and their spit and their



"I can't put it into layman's language for you. I don't know any layman's language."

ash plants and the emotion they engendered—obedience and fear. They were just names: the father of such-and-such a girl, or the owner of such-and-such a mowing machine, or the master of such-and-such a dog. They all had nicknames. There was one man on the dole whose wife scrubbed, and he used to hide behind hedges lying in wait for girls—curling his forefinger, curling the tip of his tongue—and oftener than not dragging some unfortunate girl in there. At least, so went the rumor. The woman who was always going to her husband's grave would take your hand, shake it fiercely, whereupon the water would start up in her cataracted eyes. Sometimes I would buy a penny- or a halfpennyworth of sweets, rainbow toffees, or Fox's mints, or scorched almonds, and I would suck each one slowly; and in my passage through the town I would be at once slow and furtive, wanting to be invisible, gawking at windows, waiting for a surprise, waiting for Christmas—always waiting for Christmas. Christmas was that glittering spray of tinsel down the two sides of the drapery window, a slip or a nightgown with a colored ball on it, and *the wide, white mesh stocking* enclosing a hoard of secret delights. Christmas was that and a turnip with a lighted candle in it, lest Christ would pass your way and want to come in. Christmas was three Masses in one day and a Christmas dinner, and long before—but I did not know it—Christmas for James Joyce was the plum pudding and the butter sauce, and the happiness of a dinner table disrupted because one woman was religious and raged against Parnell, the adulterer, taking issue with a guest.

Past the yellow town hall, where twice a year the players came, where on occasion there were supper dances and, on Sunday night, fourpenny hops where girls were liable to get into trouble; over the stone bridge, where the water with the brownness of gushing porter washed the boulders and rinsed the hotel window, and behind that window, in the dark kitchen, men drank porter and three "fast ladies"—one of whom had an Eton crop—drank gin-and-it and once under the influence were "mad for mate." And even on the best of days, with the sun shining, the leaves in a beautiful harmonious sway, the bees buzzing, the cattle drinking down by the waterside, a sort of terror lurked. Might the men undo their breeches, especially the man on the dole who made a speciality of it? Or might not tinkers take one and sell one at a horse fair to strangers? Or might the hermaphrodite cross your path sitting astride her big cart, causing your flesh first to go crêpey and then to be completely turned inside out, as if you were being disembowelled? Only the women were safe to pass, and even they might tirade about something you could not understand, such as that milk had gone sour or a cow had given birth to a stillborn calf. There were mad women, too, who flounced about, tossed kerchiefs, and said "no, no" when their brothers or their keepers put harnesses on them to drag them to the lunatic asylum. Only mothers were safe to be with.

WAIT

Wait, for now.
Distrust everything, if you have to.
But trust the hours. Haven't they
carried you everywhere, up to now?
Personal events will become interesting again.
Hair will become interesting.
Pain will become interesting.
Buds that open out of season will become interesting.
Secondhand gloves will become lovely again;
their memories are what give them
the need for other hands. And the desolation
of lovers is the same; that enormous emptiness
carved out of such tiny beings as we are
asks to be filled;
the need for the new love *is* faithfulness to the old.

Wait.
Don't go too early.
You're tired. But everyone's tired.
But no one is tired enough.

Only wait a little, and listen—
music of hair,
music of pain,
music of looms weaving all our loves again.

Be there to hear it, it will be the only time,
most of all to hear
the flute of your whole existence,
rehearsed by the sorrows, play itself into total exhaustion.

—GALWAY KINNELL

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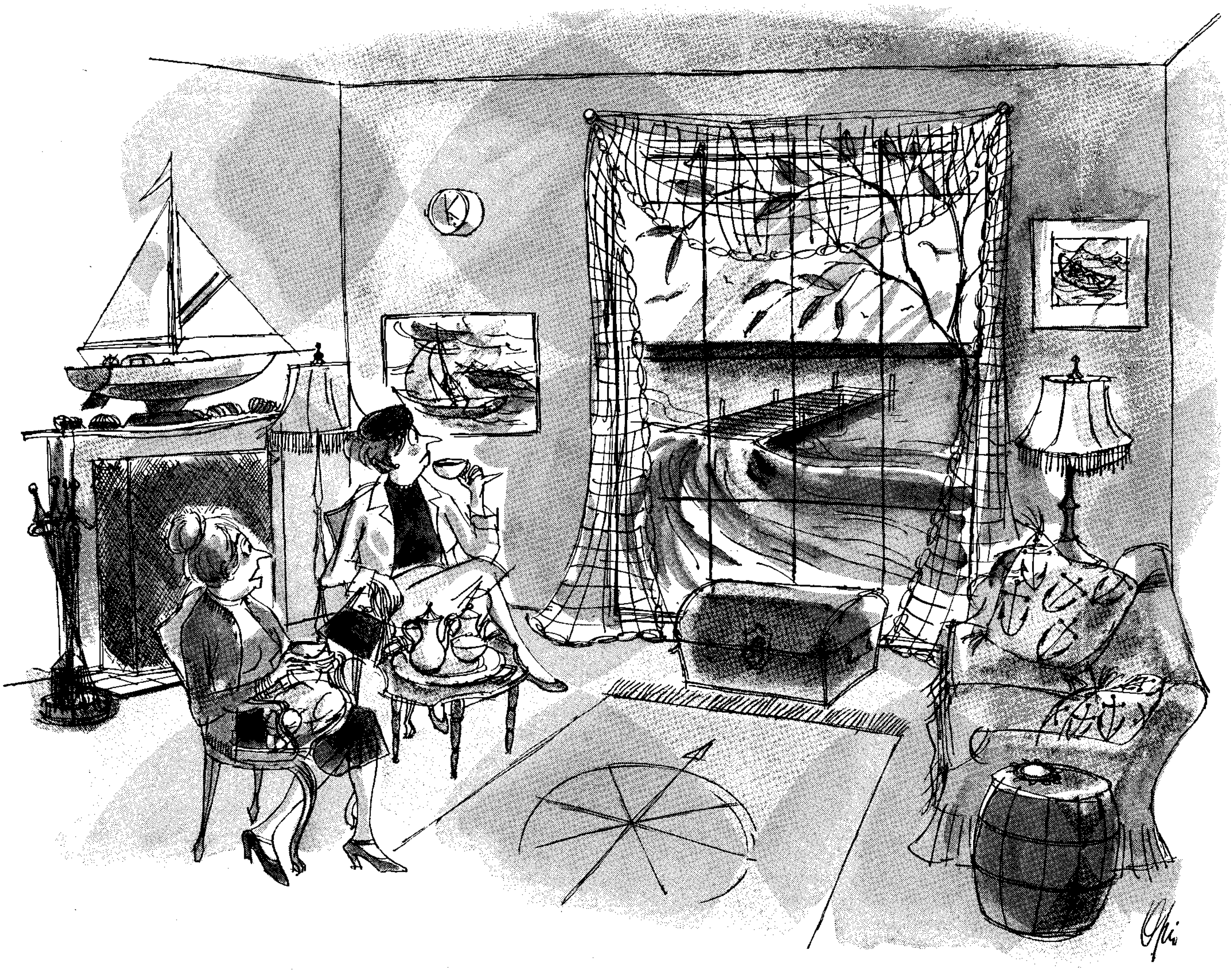
Mothers were best. Mothers worked and worried and sacrificed and had the smallest amount on their plates when the family sat down to eat; mothers wore aprons and slaved, and mothers went to the confraternity on a Sunday evening and whispered things to each other in the chapel grounds about their wombs and their woes. Mothers never sat under willow trees, on rugs, organizing picnics, handing out savories from a delicious basket. Mothers never hummed or did the Highland fling. One mother had an operation, and her husband was let in to gaze upon her asleep and naked upon the table. That was scandalous, that was. But they were Protestants. That mother recovered, and made her own ice cream—raspberry flavored, a lovely, moist, inviting shade of red. She had a maid. Maids were all alike—streelish, always from the mountains. Maids stopped going to school at eleven or twelve, could not read or write, had loads of brothers and sisters, were kleptomaniacs, had ladders in their stockings, and always ate when their mistresses were out. As a punishment, they were locked in attics and lumber rooms; they bawled and yelled until they were eventually let out but had to go without supper and were chastised beyond compare.

UP the next bit of hill, toward the forge and the sight of the flying red sparks from the impact of the hammer on the red-hot iron, almost, though not, as spectacular as the stars.



"And then one day I told him to shape up or ship out, and he shipped out."

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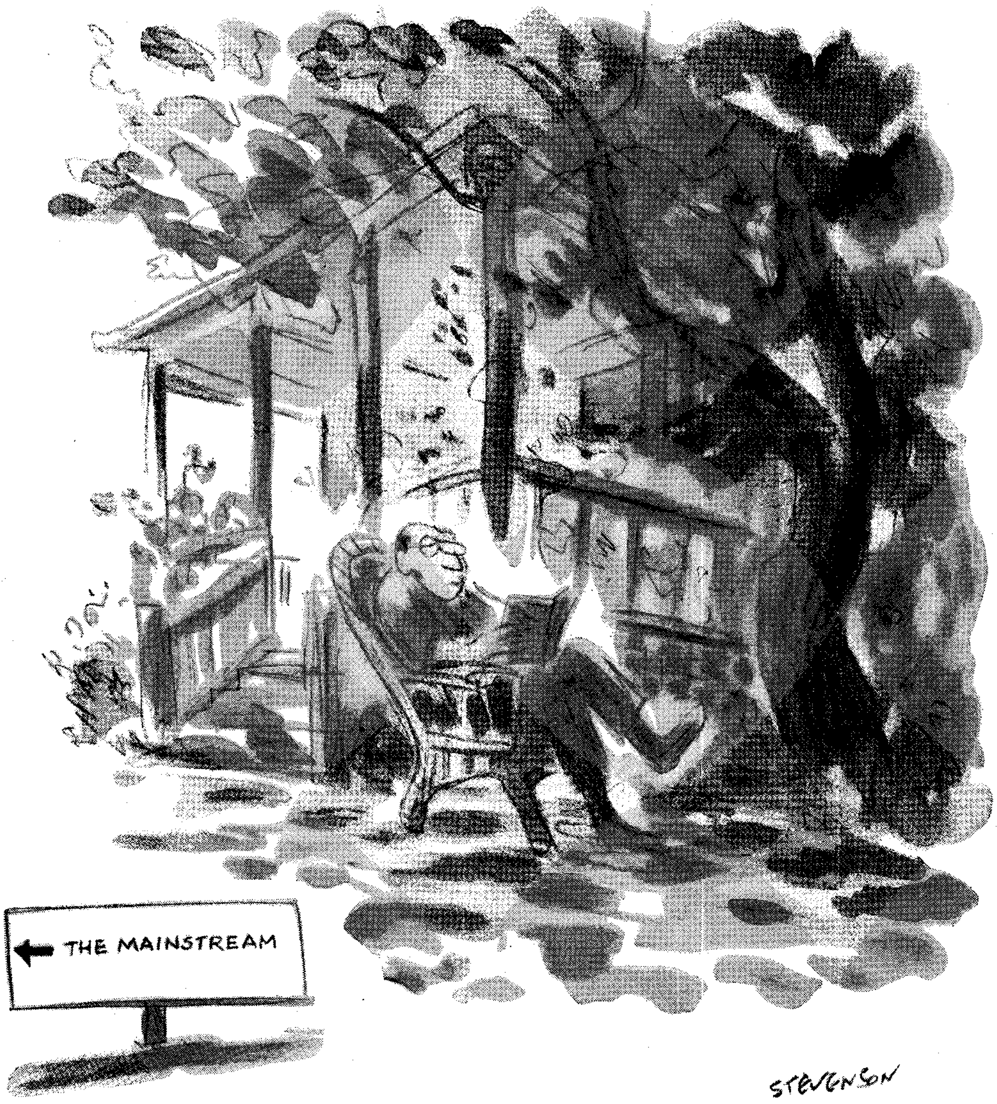
Inside, a farmer or two waited, the blacksmith kept hammering away, and random whinnying gave evidence of the horse's agitation and nervousness. All gone now.

Then the road getting lonelier, fewer houses, then no houses at all, and the mental onrush of the imminent dangers—tinkers, kidnappers, the man-woman, the freak, or the man who dropped his trousers and said, "Come here till I do pooly in you," and did this beside the pump, so that if anyone came he would pretend that he had decided to take a bath. Out of breath, satchel held on to as if a person, the last bit of road—with not a cottage, not a tree—and the high wall bounding our land, where someone had chalked "UP THE FARMERS," and the big wasp-filled hollow tree stump, and the remains of the tree that had fallen long before in a storm. Then the stubborn gate, with its screechy hasp and its faulty hinge, fixed to the stone pier that had on its surface one tiny spot of smooth slate which required that it be touched over and over again for good luck, but couldn't be because of the urgent need to get home, but had to be because of the attendant bad luck, and so a ridiculous series of running back and forth to touch it, not touch it, retouch it, running on; and then of course the biggest bogey of all—a brush with the supernatural, because under such-and-such a tree a man appeared, an old gatekeeper who had died of a wrong. Then the cattle, their stares, their huge heads, their bulling and their bawling, the chips on their horns glinting in the sunshine, cattle bulling, bawling—and home to what?

Once, it was the tillage inspector, who had come and had to be appeased with tea and scones before being brought out to inspect the barely adequate patches of wheat and barley. Once, it was a dead litter of mice found in the sack of "black market" white flour—little mice all dusted over who clung together as they had smothered. Or it might be windows spick and span, beautiful snowy lace curtains, a smell of wax, and such a feeling of airiness and perfume as if even the artificial flowers had become imbued with a little life of their own. Sometimes it was your hair being examined for nits: head bent over the kitchen table and the fine ivory comb scraping through, delving into your scalp, and woeful exclamations as the lice dropped onto the newspaper and crawled about for dear life. They would meet their end by the press of a thumbnail. Too many lice and you would be carted off to the River Shannon overnight. I believed it, giving as much credence to the impossible as the possible. Wonder was never far away. Wonder about Amy Johnson and whom she loved, or who groomed Mrs. Windsor's hair, or the air-raid shelters in London, where people were said to do untoward things and strangers made free with one another. There was a gruesome murder



that was not connected with war at all but by a man who lured women into a bath. Pagan London. Pagan England.

One day, there arrived a swarm of honeybees. They congregated in a wall in the kitchen garden, and plans were being discussed to catch them and put them in an old beehive, and then it was only a question of summer days for there to be honey for tea—combs of it all about the place, honey to be spooned up to one's heart's content. My mother and our workman went up to the wall, togged out in Wellingtons, long trenchcoats, hard hats, gloves, and mufflers to insure that no part of them would be exposed and prey to a sting. They looked like young people following the Wren, so bizarre was their attire, and even they themselves laughed at their gear, though there was no mirror downstairs in which they could survey themselves. There was only the shaving mirror positioned between two windows, the scene of many a tirade on Sunday mornings when my father got into a tantrum before going to Mass. They were to catch the bees in big roasting pans. My mother also brought a lovely black gauze fan that she was to usher them in with, if need be. I could hear the kitchen-garden gate close and then suddenly there was an earth-rending scream followed by a silence and my mother's piercing question: "Oh, Jesus, does he have two stings?" I heard later that the bee had got under her hard hat, and in her description of pain, at which she was wizard, she said it was like nothing so much as a six-inch rusty nail boring through her. The enterprise was dropped and instead of spoons of honey it was back to the homemade jam, the bramble jam, and the slightly amber crab-apple jelly, flavored with spices.

THE weather was better then, or else time is stretched in fine weather and summer evenings, and red-gold skies seemed to go on till midnight and all the doors were left wide open, to let the breezes in. There were folding card chairs that could be carried around to the front of the house, in order to sunbathe. Once, a young priest called unexpectedly, and I had to pull on my cardigan hurriedly and button it up. My mother laid a tray for tea, and kept imploring him to please have two boiled eggs because, look, she had a colander full of them. At first he demurred, said he had already had his tea and must watch the avoirdupois. He put his beautiful hand across a chest that was clad in a beautiful black, pleated shirt and where not a scrap of waste flesh lodged. So it was two eggs, a white and a brown, cooked to a tee, and a special little egg spoon with a leaf motif on its handle, and salt from the cut-glass cellar, and freshly made mustard in the cruet, because along with the eggs she had brought a sensation, but *only* a sensation, of cold bacon, left over since dinnertime. How we fussed over him, wheeling the tea trolley to the edge of the step, getting a second cushion for his back, asking if he liked milk first, calling him "Father, Father," and later plying him with fruitcake, marble cake, and a slice of cold lemon-meringue pie. If there is such a thing as the birth of maternal instinct, I discovered it that day, wanting to do everything for him, even dreaming of washing his feet. I thought of Mary Magdalene and her ointment; I thought of miracles. He was soon to go with the foreign missions, and in the silence that followed this grave declaration all the brightness seemed to go out of the evening—the light that a moment before had been dancing on the cut stone, and making each buff grain into gold as bright as the edging of his missal, was gone, vanished. We would never see him again, and would not know, would never know, what lay in store for him in that other continent, with its dark interior and vile eating habits. He gave us his blessing before he left. We knelt on the stone, side by side, closed our eyes and awaited his blessed hands.

Once he'd gone, my mother was overactive, said work had been lagging, and she hurried to feed hens, to scald buckets for milking, to take the day-old chicks from around the lamp that was their replacement mother and sit on the edge of the big orange box, watching while they pecked at the little bits of moist Indian meal. She, too, had felt some odd pang. —EDNA O'BRIEN

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NEW YORK—President Ford, saying "I see no reason to change," wants Nelson Rockefeller to be his vice presidential running mate next year, the New York Mets reported yesterday in an exclusive interview.—*Palm Beach (Fla.) Post.*

Did they say who was on second?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

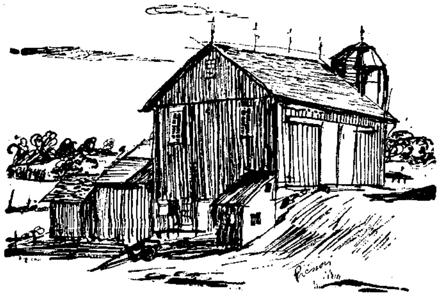
THE ENERGY BAZAAR

EVER since the New Deal, when the question of whether there would be major government intervention in the private sector of this country's economy was settled, the nature of that intervention has been under debate. Intervention has gone through two stages, and is now entering a third, and with each stage has come a new generation of issues. Broadly stated, in the nineteen-thirties governmental instruments were designed to prevent further economic catastrophes and to restore to their previous condition those who had lost so much in the Depression. The instruments, such as Social Security and other forms of insurance, were relatively simple in design, and lent themselves to a national approach. In the nineteen-sixties, the government tried to create opportunities for those who had never had anything much to lose, and to improve the environment, and even the shape of society. It was assumed that by the expenditure of money and the establishment of guidelines and incentives the condition of a great many Americans could be bettered and certain new national forms of behavior could be developed. But many of the efforts begun in the nineteen-sixties did not last long; within a very few years they encountered a war, a shortage of money, human resistance, class resentments, political opposition, and, finally, despite their brevity, a widespread impression that they "did not work."

With several of the questions about the second stage still unsettled, the country is confronting a third generation of issues involving government intervention. These issues have several common characteristics: they are technological and highly complicated; they are not subject to resolution by spending; they cut across the interests of a wide variety of interest groups; and they concern economic resources that are seen to be shrinking rather than expanding. They cannot be settled by the traditional method of buying off (doing a little something for) the various competing interests. There is not much room for maneuver, not much that can be traded off. The solutions involve not giving things to people but asking them to give things up—something that government has usually achieved only in times of war. One question, then, is whether we can find a peacetime equivalent of war; that is, something short of disaster which can serve as an incentive to take difficult action for the common good. The new issues—food, raw materials, energy—have brought us to a new kind of politics: a politics of what might be called resource constraints. A great deal rests on how—even on whether—we figure out ways to resolve these issues. There is already some serious questioning about whether a democratic society can do so. The current fight over a national energy policy is an example of the new politics of resource constraints.

The manner in which the Administration and Congress have thus far dealt with the energy issue illuminates a great deal about the Administration, about Congress, about the nature of politics in America today, about how these new issues may get settled, about the various forms that power can take in Washington, and about how governmental decisions affecting our lives are made. The inherent difficulties of the energy issue were compounded by its having been the first large, new substantive question to come before the government while the government itself was in a very unusual state. A great deal is up for grabs. Old power relationships have broken down, and new ones have not yet formed. Congress, itself in the midst of internal change, is dealing with an unelected President with whom it has deep political and philosophical differences. The economy resists old formulas for recovery. Our role in the world is undergoing its greatest change since the end of the Second World War. And our national mood appears to be one of fatigue, uncertainty, growing distrust of government. All these things are reflected in the energy issue, and the energy issue is, in turn, reflected in all these things.

Issues of resource constraints seem to connect with everything that is around to be connected with. The energy issue is a clinical case of interrelatedness. It is, for example, bound up in the issues of: inflation, recession, and unemployment; the Middle East; transportation; the balance of payments; housing; taxes; cities; economic concentration and antitrust; regional differences within the United States; arms sales abroad; the environment; architecture; America's relations with its European allies and Japan; and relations between the wealthy and the poor nations of the world. The energy issue is also a clinical case of how there can be so many interests in conflict over an issue as to cause paralysis. Among those with stakes in an energy policy are: oil (subdivided into majors, large independents, and small independents); automobile manufacturers; automobile workers; other workers with an interest in where automobiles and their parts are manufactured, and what automobiles and gasoline cost; consumers; environmentalists (who are themselves divided); industrial users of energy; transportation industries other than the automobile industry; producers and potential producers of forms of energy other than oil. One result of the complexity of the energy issue is that it is one on which people cannot agree even about the terms of debate.



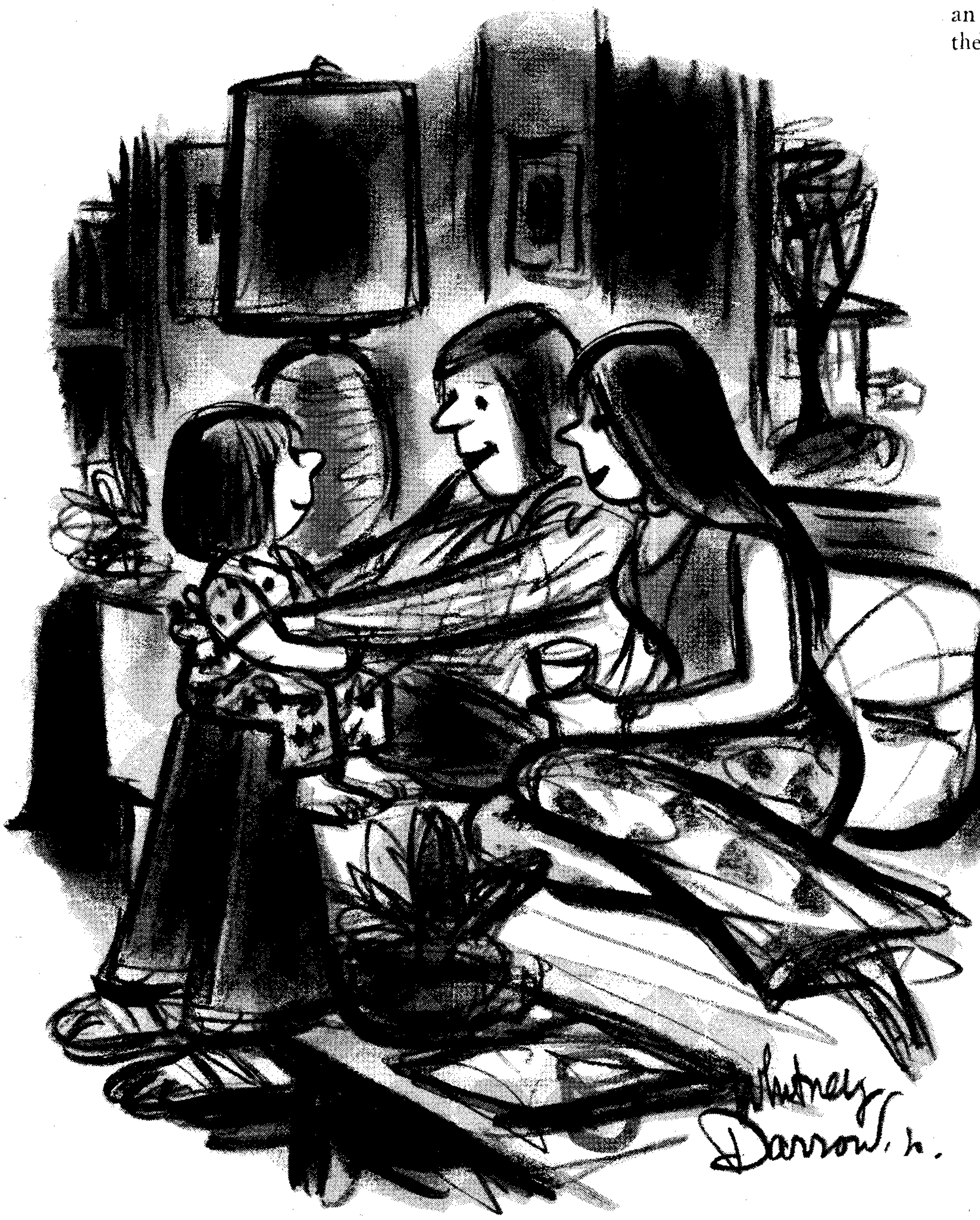
IN the course of the House Ways and Means Committee's deliberations on an energy program this spring, one of its members—Bill Frenzel, a Republican from Minnesota—remarked to me, "I hate to see us do our job by crisis, but that appears to be how we function best." If at all. The energy problem became recognized as a "crisis" when the Arab oil-producing nations cut off oil supplies to the United States during the Middle East war that began in October, 1973. The Arab oil embargo lasted until March, 1974. Even before the embargo, however, the oil producers in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) had begun to raise the price of oil. For years, there had been predictions that the supplies of energy could not keep up with the exponential growth in this country's use of it. But the prophets, as usual, were ignored; and we had formed a habit of not acting on a problem until it was a crisis. In a democracy, this is not surprising. Moreover, there was, and is, great uncertainty as to the facts, and much skepticism about "projections." Projections cannot anticipate the unanticipatable. To this day, one can get an argument over whether Malthus was right or wrong. And even now there are some people within our government who believe that oil and other energy supplies will come along in sufficient amounts; that the OPEC cartel will break under competitive pressures; that rising prices have already cut oil consumption and will continue to do so; that there has been too much of a propensity for action for action's sake.

But there are certain realities. OPEC has continued to exist, and has continued to raise prices, and this, in turn, has had a deleterious effect on our economy and our balance of payments. By late 1974, the United States was approaching the point where it imported roughly forty per cent of the oil it consumed. Oil was becoming an international weapon—one that could divide us from our European and Japanese allies, could influence our policy in the Middle East, could bring anti-Semitism to the surface in the United States. The "crisis," however, has been sometimes perceptible (as it was when there were gasoline lines) and sometimes imperceptible (as it was this spring, owing to a mild winter, which was a matter of fate, and to a plentiful supply of gasoline, which may not have been). There is nothing novel in our having a short attention span for "crises," and diverting our concern to other matters while the crisis remains—the cities, blacks, poverty, the environment. With energy it has been the other way around: just as we were focusing on the crisis, it seemed to disappear.

Every crisis, of course, presents its opportunities, and there were a number of people within the Administration and Congress who saw the energy crisis as a chance for exercising leadership, acquiring power, or receiving attention. These motives are usually difficult to sort out. Within the Ford Administration, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, in the fall of 1974, made it clear that he saw the energy crisis as presenting several opportunities: to establish what he referred to as the "legitimacy" of the new, unelected Administration; to bind together the Cold War allies (energy was to be the nineteen-seventies NATO); to assert his own authority over the growing number of international issues that were of an economic nature. At the same time, the Ford Administration was under pressure, internal and external, to "do something" about the energy problem.

In a speech on the economy which the President delivered to Congress on October 8, 1974, when the United States was importing seven million barrels of oil a day, he announced a goal of reducing oil imports by one million barrels a day by the end of 1975. The problem was that no one yet knew how this was to be attained. The figure, as far as anyone knows, first appeared in a memorandum from John Sawhill, then the head of the Federal Energy Administration, to President Ford. The figure was adopted, but the policy to get us there was not. (Later, the goal slipped to two million barrels by the end of 1977.)

The Administration could not adopt some approaches to reducing the consumption of energy, because they were against the philosophical or political predispositions of the President and his advisers. A tax on gasoline became out of the question (if in fact it was ever in) after Sawhill advocated it publicly on the "Today" show on October 2nd. A number of worried Republican politicians, their reëlection shadowed by Richard Nixon and a bad economy, thereupon be-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

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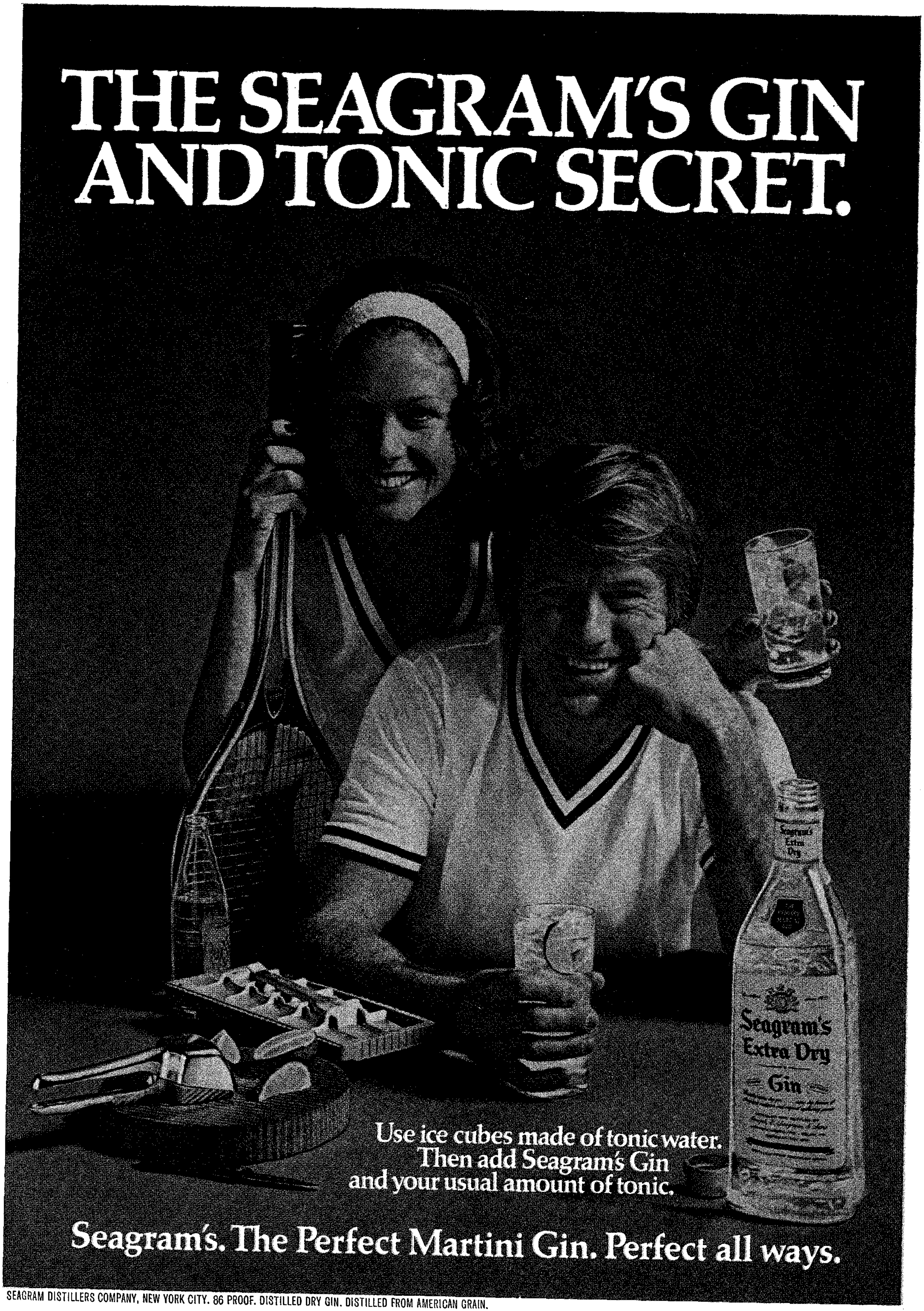

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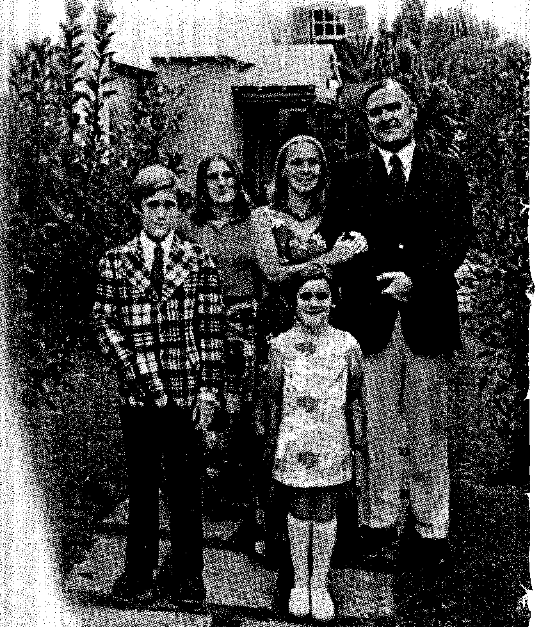
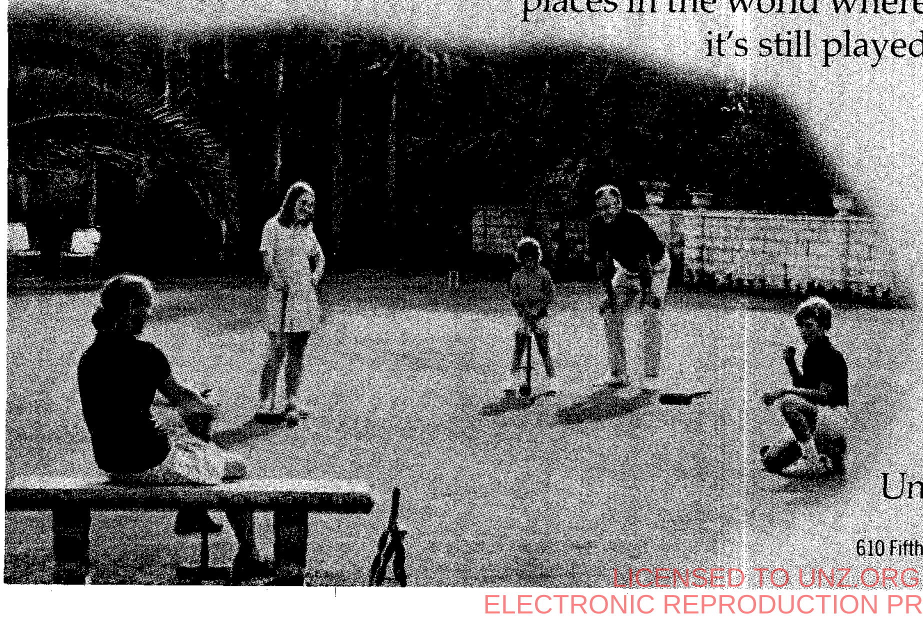
George and Kingsley Gallup on the Gallups’ second visit to Bermuda.



“There’s an elegant atmosphere in Bermuda that you’re always aware of. Even the children like the change of playing hard and sort of roughing it all day and then dressing up at night.”

“We love playing croquet here. Bermuda is a wonderful place for it and it’s one of the few places in the world where it’s still played.”



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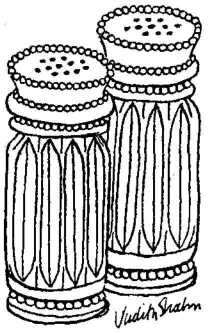
sought the President to rid them of the spectre of having to defend a presumably unpopular gasoline tax—which he did by having his press secretary, Ronald Nessen, state on October 4th that the President was opposed to a gasoline tax. Sawhill himself was dismissed at the end of October. In a press conference in early December, the President said that his position of opposing a substantial increase in the gasoline tax was “the right answer,” and he cited “a poll that was published today which indicated that eighty-one per cent of the American people agree with my position.” When the President’s advisers met at Camp David, Maryland, in mid-December, many of them considered a tax on gasoline to be the most effective means of reducing oil consumption. Forty per cent of each barrel of oil is used for gasoline, and the consumption of gasoline is believed to be the most flexible (or “elastic”) use of oil—compared, for example, with the heating of homes and other buildings. A proposal for a gasoline tax was sent to the President as an “option,” even though it was understood that the option was already foreclosed. Last fall, too, the Administration came very close to imposing import quotas on oil, but import quotas might require government allocation of supplies, to which the Administration was opposed on both ideological and practical grounds.

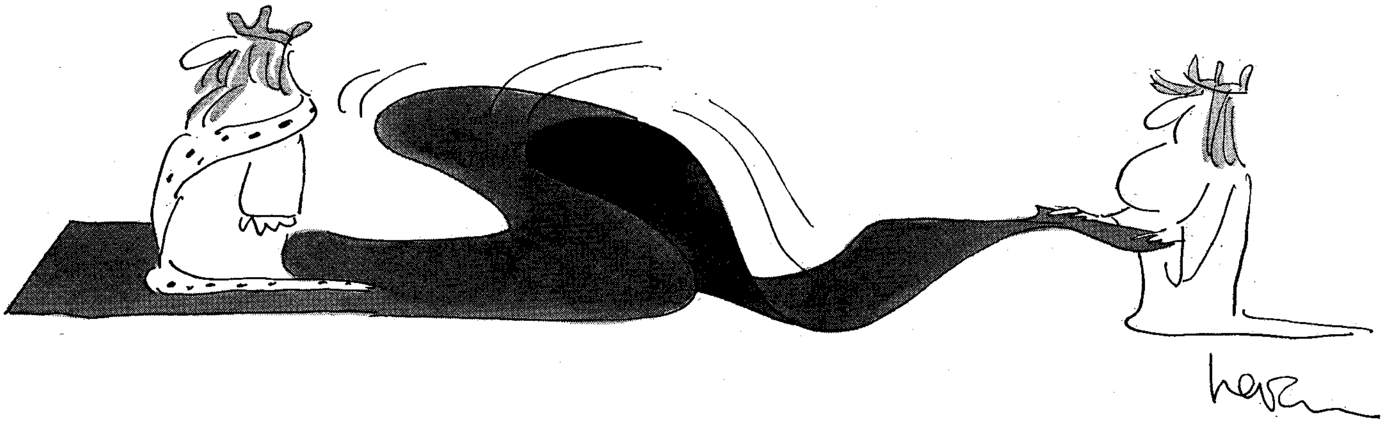
Meanwhile, Kissinger, sensing the President’s indecision on oil policy, and worried about the possible implications of the high prices for Western economies and for his diplomatic efforts in the Middle East, perceived his opportunity. Kissinger knew that some government policies get made by policymakers’ making speeches. Acting in his role as Secretary of State (as National Security Adviser, he would have had to clear his policies with others in the government), he announced in a speech in Chicago in November a goal of reducing oil imports to one million barrels a day in 1985. Within the government, Kissinger was making the point that the President could establish himself as the leader of the free world by taking the leadership on the price of oil. A failure by the United States to regain some control over the price of oil, Kissinger told the President and assorted members of the press, could spell the end of Western civilization. At the same time, the State Department was pushing a plan to establish a “floor price” that would guarantee a sufficiently high world price to encourage exploration and would also prevent the oil exporters from lowering the price so far as to encourage greater American dependence on imports. Kissinger and the author of the plan—Thomas Enders, Assistant Secretary of State for Economic and Business Affairs—talked of the floor price as a negotiating weapon against OPEC: if the consuming nations were united and insured investors a sufficiently high price for oil, the demand for OPEC oil might be reduced, and OPEC, facing this threat, might disintegrate. But the OPEC nations seemed unperturbed, and most of our allies, some key members of Congress, and even several people in the Administration thought that the floor-price plan was a terrible idea. (At one point, Kissinger issued instructions that no one in the State Department was to speak about the floor-price plan to anyone in the Treasury Department, which opposed it.) After a while, United States representatives brought it up only halfheartedly at international meetings. Last winter, Kissinger and the President dropped hints that the United States might use military force if the West faced “strangulation” by the oil-producing nations; at the same time, the Administration was providing substantial economic and military assistance to some of the oil-producing nations—especially Iran and Saudi Arabia—to help them establish “stability” in the Persian Gulf and to increase their dependence on the United States. The floor-price plan may have flopped, but the philosophy behind it found its way into other foreign policy, and even into domestic policy. The plan represented one of several attempts by the Administration to apply geopolitical solutions to economic questions. Both the floor-price plan and the talk of retribution in the case of “strangulation” represented a kind of lurching about and brandishing of power which were to reappear. And the idea of keeping the price of oil high became the keystone of the Administration’s domestic energy policy.



THE price of oil in the United States, beginning in the nineteen-thirties, when plentiful supplies of oil were discovered—chiefly in Texas—was, in effect, set by the Texas Railroad Commission, which controlled production as a device for keeping the price from becoming too low. Then, after the Second World War, when it was discovered that the cost of developing oil was substantially lower in the Middle East than it was in the United States, major American oil companies began to get deeply involved in overseas production. In March, 1959, President Eisenhower imposed import quotas on oil, in order to protect domestic oil producers and in the name of “national security.” In August, 1970, President Nixon rejected the report of a special task force which recommended that the import-quota system be dropped; the report was strongly opposed by Commerce Secretary Maurice H. Stans, the President’s once and future fund raiser. Then, in April, 1973, the quota system was dropped, because it was so riddled with exceptions that it was not working well, because the oil industry was increasingly divided on the question of quotas, and because the 1972 election was over.

The idea of quotas was revived as the dependence on foreign oil grew, and as that oil became far more expensive. Between 1973 and 1975, the price of imported oil almost quadrupled. As for the price of domestic oil, it had, like the prices of other products, been placed under controls in 1971. Then, when controls on other products were lifted, in April, 1974, most domestic oil remained under controls, because of its soaring price. In August, 1973, however, when it was seen as necessary to spur the production of more oil within the United States, prices on oil that was produced from newly developed fields or from old fields but in quantities beyond those of the base period of 1972 were exempted from controls. By February of this year, the price of “old” oil was around five dollars per barrel and the price of “new” oil was eleven-fifty per barrel. About two-thirds of the oil produced in the United States remained covered by price controls. Many of those who have recently been advocating the reimposition of quotas hoped, this time around, really to reduce dependence on foreign oil, and also wanted to force the next steps: conservation and allocation of oil. And some people have seen quotas, coupled with allocation, as a way of forcing a reduction in the price of oil—or, at least, of setting some limits on price increases. But the Administration has been of a different mind.

In his State of the Union message in January of this year, President Ford announced that he would raise the import duty on oil by three dollars per barrel—one dollar on February 1st,



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one dollar on March 1st, and one dollar on April 1st. He asked Congress to impose an excise tax of two dollars a barrel on domestically produced oil, and said that when it did he would reduce the import duty to two dollars. These measures would raise the price of oil used for all purposes, including the heating of homes. Some of the burden of the increased cost of fuel was to be relieved through the President's program of reducing income taxes. The tax-reduction program was not, then, simply meant to be a program to stimulate the economy's recovery from the existing recession; it was also meant to offset the potential recessionary effects of the energy program. The President proposed, further, that the price of "old" oil be decontrolled, and he asked that the interstate sale of natural gas be deregulated.

The President's proposal to impose a three-dollar import duty on oil was both a policy and a tactic. The policy was to raise prices, so as to discourage consumption of and dependence on imported oil and to encourage exploration for new domestic sources; it was a way of raising the price of gasoline without appearing to do so, and a way of avoiding allocation. The idea was that people should become accustomed to the thought that there could no longer be low-cost energy. Kissinger and Alan Greenspan, the Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, are said to have seen the raising of oil prices as the beginning of a process of reëstablishing the power of the United States to determine world oil prices. The President's program also represented, broadly speaking, the philosophical view that government intervention in the economy should be reduced. The President's program was presented to Congress without much understanding within the Administration of exactly what would happen if it went into effect. Shortly before the message was made public, the "projections" were recalculated. But there was no real way of foreseeing the results of the proposed actions in terms of production of oil or the consumption of energy or the level of imports or the effect on the economy. The economy was in flux, and, as with other policymaking—except, perhaps, more so—the policymakers were dealing with incomplete and possibly outdated information. Even some people within the government believed that the OPEC countries could easily accommodate themselves to the cutbacks in consumption anticipated in the President's program. The decision to use his power to raise the import tax without waiting for Congress to act was the President's. If Congress did not like the proposals—and it was a fairly safe assumption that it would not—the threat of the import duties would impel it to act quickly.

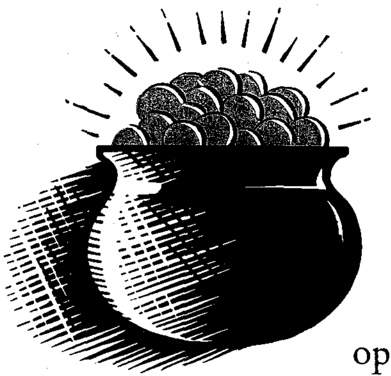
The reaction against the President's program was immediate, and it was not limited to Democrats. The program was widely viewed as adding to both the inflation and the recession. (The estimates of how much varied.) Both consumer and industry groups attacked it. Not long after it was launched, one of the President's aides told me that he himself assumed it to be dead, and he gave as his reason "the outcry of industry." Congress, it was assumed, would have to come up with an alternative.

The assumption that the Democratic Congress would produce an alternative to the President's program on energy and other matters was shared by members of the Ford Administration, members of the press, and the various "observers" who affect the dialogue in Washington, as well as a substantial proportion of the Democratic members of Congress. In November, the Democrats had won their large congressional majorities. Buoyed by the role of the House Judiciary Committee in the resignation of Richard Nixon, Congress's self-image was changing. Many members felt that the institution was on the way to resurrection. Moreover, there were many aggressive new members who made it clear that they would not be content in a legislature that played a passive role. The leaders were under pressure to stay ahead of their troops. But the fact is that Congress—being a collection of five hundred and thirty-five individuals (one hundred senators and four hundred and thirty-five representatives), each elected on his or her own and all of them considering themselves separate principalities—seldom does launch great new initiatives. It is essentially a reactive body; it needs a dance partner. It can respond to great outside pressures. It can reshape executive proposals. When it does respond and reshape, it usually does so after a period of time and the building of a consensus. But on the energy program there was no time, and no consensus.

From the beginning, congressional efforts to produce an energy program were marked by some habitual legislative behavior patterns and also by the particular politics of energy. In December, House Democratic leaders decided to establish an ad-hoc task force to work on an economic and energy program over the holiday period; at that time it was not clear that the President would come out with an economic and energy program of his own. To head the task force, the leadership chose James Wright, a Democrat from Fort Worth, Texas. One of the leaders explained to me that Wright was chosen because he was "a prodigious worker" and "an eloquent orator." As other members of the House saw it, Wright was chosen because he was a trustworthy ally of the leadership and so could be counted upon to protect the interests of oil.

While the Wright task force was still at work, the President prepared to give his State of the Union message. The Democrats decided to scoop that by one day with their own "State of the Union" message, but the President scooped *that* by one day by going on television to give a fireside rehearsal of

A pot of gold for manufacturers.



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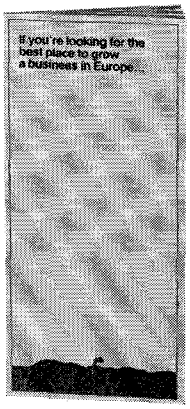

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his State of the Union message. Then he set out to travel about the country saying that the Democrats had no program. This combativeness between the Administration and Congress, and the Democrats' difficulty in resolving their internal differences, characterized the entire first stage of the government's handling of the energy issue.

The idea of a special task force also appealed to the Senate Democratic leaders, because fourteen Senate committees had jurisdiction over some part of the energy question, and the Senate Democrats, meeting in January, were unable to think about the issue except in terms of their own committees' power. (Seven committees in the House had some jurisdiction over the energy issue.) To head the Senate task force, the leaders chose John Pastore, of Rhode Island, a scrappy, vociferous, and powerful man, whom his colleagues are reluctant to take on. Both the House and the Senate special task forces represented the various regional interests. But, just as Wright was politically correct from the point of view of the House leaders, Pastore represented the point of view that the Senate leaders wanted represented: he could be counted upon to consider the issue in terms of the consumer and of unemployed workers. New England would be particularly hard hit by the President's program, because New England had come to depend for its heating oil and for its electrical energy on imported oil (which had been less expensive than oil produced in and shipped across the United States). Moreover, Rhode Island had an unemployment rate of almost fourteen per cent, and Pastore was up for reëlection in 1976.

The Senate task force chose to deal with the energy problem not, as Ford did, by reducing consumption through substantially raising oil prices but by enacting a minor gasoline tax; by setting up machinery (to be operated by the President) to distribute or allocate oil if any shortage should occur; and by encouraging conservation of the use of energy in buildings. It also proposed a mandatory (in contrast to the President's voluntary) program of fuel efficiency for automobiles, including a tax on cars that got low mileage per gallon. The plan contained no significant measures to reduce dependence on foreign oil. A Senate aide explained, "It has become fashionable to be 'tough' on energy for the sake of being 'tough.' We're not convinced that's necessary, and we aren't willing to raise unemployment in order to bring the Arabs to their knees, even if it would." The Senate task force's approach to a gas tax (a five-cent increase on top of the present four cents, in contrast to the House group's proposal of a tax increase of sixteen cents by 1977) also reflected the relative power of the Western states in the Senate as compared to the House—or so it seemed at the time. (With lower populations, they have relatively few representatives, but, of course, like every state, two senators. The Rocky Mountain states have about three per cent of the population and sixteen per cent of the votes in the Senate.) The Western and other largely rural states, where distances are great and dependence on the automobile is heavy, are particularly opposed to a gas tax. In the negotiations between the House and the Senate groups, Pastore prevailed, and the final gas-tax proposal was for five cents. The Democrats' plan was published in late February, and was widely dismissed as meaningless. The signals of things to come in how Congress would deal with the energy issue were there, but few chose to see them.

In the meantime, Al Ullman, a Democrat from Oregon, who had succeeded Wilbur Mills in January as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, had decided to prepare his own energy program. As Ullman and several other members of the Ways and Means Committee—which has jurisdiction over taxes, among other things—saw it, the ad-hoc groups were treading on their jurisdiction. They also saw that the task forces were trying to accommodate the various regional and substantive points of view, and assumed that they would come out with little. The House leaders, for their part, did not welcome Ullman's decision to write his own energy bill, and asked him to defer announcing his program until after they had announced theirs. The result was that their tepid program made Ullman's appear all the more muscular.

As Ullman undertook to shape an energy policy, he had more to accomplish than the shaping of an energy policy. Wilbur Mills had been chairman of the Ways and Means Committee for as long as most people could remember, and the Ways and Means Committee had been perhaps the most powerful committee in the House of Representatives. Its importance stemmed from its extensive jurisdiction—taxes, trade, health insurance, welfare, social security—and from the fact that its Democratic members decided the committee appointments of all of the rest of the House Democrats. Since the Constitution says that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives," almost all the legislation that the Ways and Means Committee deals with must be initiated by that committee, and can become defined by it. Mills' legend as a legislative master was partly that—legend, of the type that is self-perpetuating—and partly based on fact. He was, before his fall, the sort of person who would have known how to accumulate power in just about any situation. As Mills' personal problems increased, his legislative powers began to fade, but it is doubtful whether his colleagues would have moved against him if he had not made a public spectacle of himself. Congress has an impressive capacity for hypocrisy. But Mills' time may have been running out anyway: his legislative style and his power would not have been tolerated in the current Congress. With the newly elected freshmen joining in a caucus of House Democrats in December, 1974, the power to make committee appointments was removed from the Ways and Means Democrats. Also, Ways and Means was forced to establish subcommittees (a move to diminish the chairman's power), becoming the last House committee of any importance to do so. Mills had the reputation of being a legislative genius who had never lost a bill on the House floor (actually, he did lose a few), but this was because he didn't take chances. He would bide his time and make trade-offs and say that he did not like a certain kind of legislation when sometimes the truth of the matter was that he did not think he could get it through the House and was unwilling to try. And thus he became a fortress to which Presidents, senators, representatives, and the press yielded—thereby increasing his power.

When Ullman replaced Mills, the House itself was in the midst of change. Moreover, nineteen of the thirty-seven members of Ways and Means were new to the committee, and two of them were freshmen. (The appointment of any freshmen to the committee was another departure from precedent.) And where Mills' predilection had been to sit on controversial legislation until a consensus had formed, Ullman chose, at the outset, to lead. Ullman, who is sixty-one, is an unprepossessing man with graying dark hair. He speaks with a flat Western accent. He came to Congress in 1957 as a liberal, but he learned to ac-

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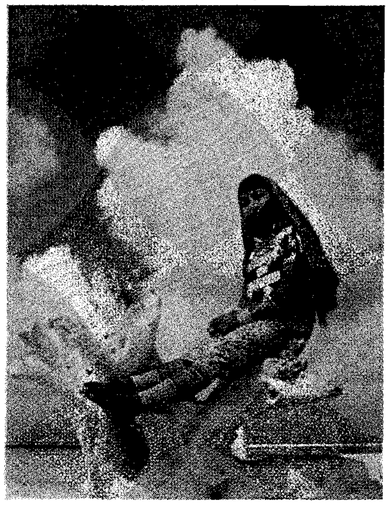

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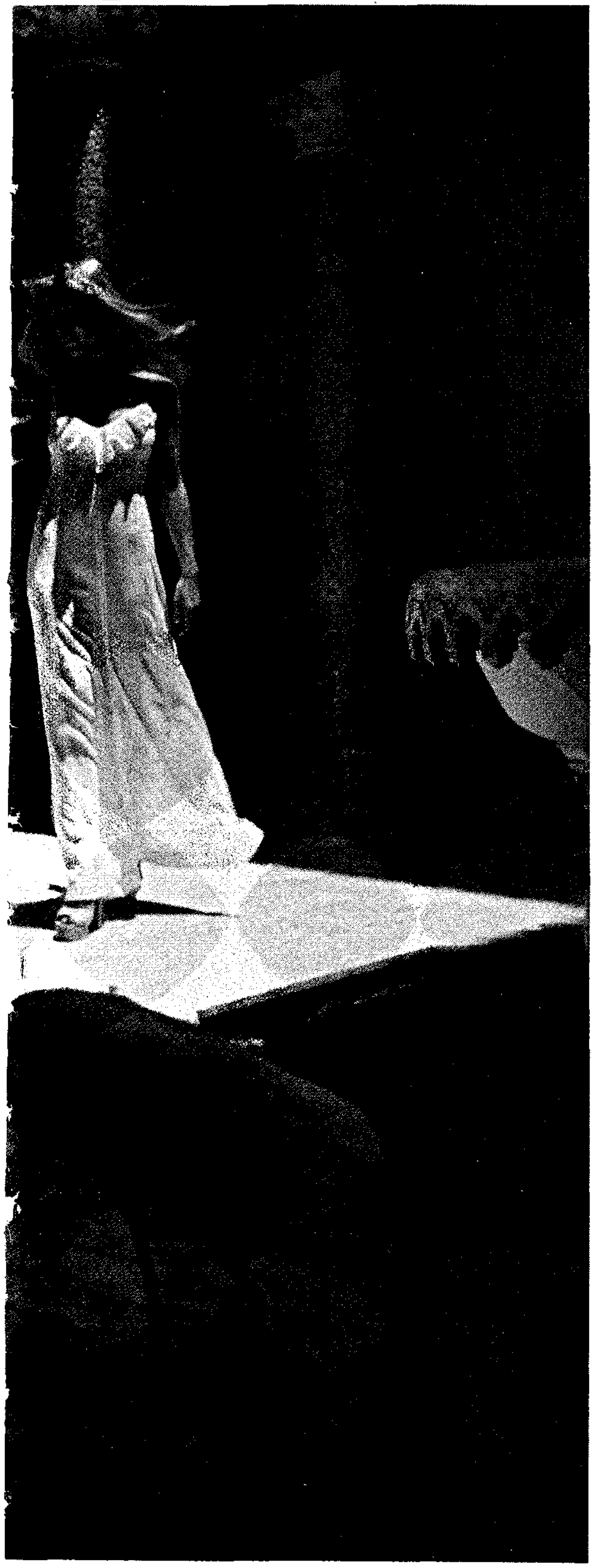

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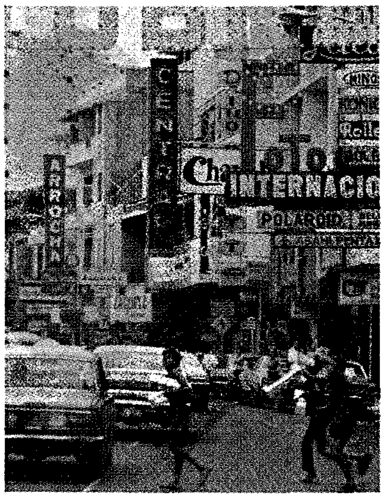

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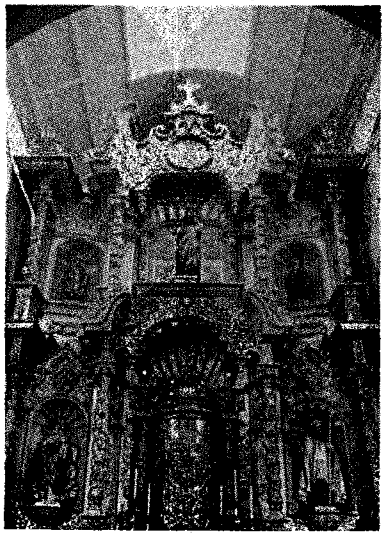

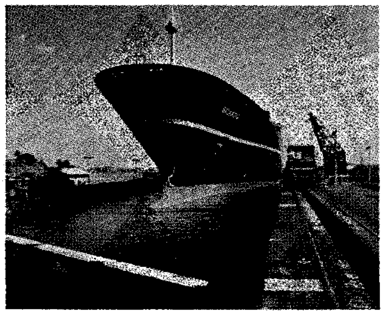

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commodate himself to the logrolling that went on within his committee and the House. In more than one sense: he was as adept at protecting the timber interests of his district, in eastern and central Oregon, as other members of the committee were at protecting, say, oil, other minerals, real estate, bourbon, racehorses. Perhaps Ullman's attempt to lead on the energy bill was his attempt to establish himself, and perhaps in the new context he had no choice; in any event, he did it.

The problem was how to reduce dependence on foreign oil and to induce conservation in the use of petroleum products without damaging the economy and without raising prices on all petroleum uses, as the President proposed, including that use which is "inelastic"—the heating of homes. If reducing dependence on foreign imports was the goal, there were, in the short term, only two ways to attain it: reduce consumption by raising prices; reduce consumption by lowering supplies. Substantial alternative sources of energy could not be developed for some time. From the outset, the predisposition of a high proportion of the Democrats was against raising oil prices; in fact, some wanted to "roll back" oil prices. For a brief spell, the idea of gasoline rationing was in fashion, but that faded as the assumption spread that it would be difficult to sustain a system of rationing over an extended period, especially a period in which the "crisis" was imperceptible (as opposed to the time of the Arab embargo, in which the shortage was both apparent and short-lived). Ullman chose to follow both paths: reduce dependence on foreign supplies by imposing import quotas, and raise prices through a tax on gasoline of forty cents a gallon, which would be imposed in a series of steps over a period of years. There would be rebates to prevent economic hardship. Ullman also proposed a tax on automobiles that had low fuel efficiency.

In March, I asked Ullman how he had arrived at his program. We were talking in his office in the Rayburn House Office Building. He replied, "Those who come from oil-producing areas and present the oil companies' argument say that we need more production and we've got to give more incentives—through decontrol and deregulation. Then, you have the consumer-oriented types, who say that the oil companies are using devices to keep production or distribution low, and that we should hold down or roll back prices to force the companies to increase the oil flow. Neither of those solutions is valid. The answer lies somewhere in between. The best experts say that, no matter what incentives you have, it would take a superhuman effort even to get back to the consumption level of 1970, which wouldn't be enough to accommodate a growing economy. We have to impose gradual limits on imports, or we'll break the bank. Then, we have to convert from the use of gas and oil to coal and nuclear energy, but there are environmental problems with those which will take time to work out. But if you have goals established and phase in toward them, then you have something that people can focus on. The trouble now is there are no goals. Experts from G.M. and Ford are saying they are against anything. The automobile industry has not been responsive. I don't think there are a lot of choices. There are theoretically, but if you're realistic there aren't."

In a meeting with President Ford at which Ford laid out his own energy program, Ullman felt that, as he put it later, "the President had jumbled the tax and energy thing all together." He continued, "I got back to him, and Simon [William Simon, the Treasury Secretary] said the two subjects should be separated. Then I told them that they should not impose import fees—that it was the wrong thing to do in a recessionary economy, and it would be inflationary, too. I laid out the kind of program I thought we would adopt: quotas and an allocation system, and a limit on the use of gasoline. But the President said he was committed to the price mechanism and would go ahead with placing the first dollar on imported oil. I alerted him that we would have to move to block him. What the American people want is an energy program. They don't want a confrontation between a Republican President and a Democratic Congress."

Around the time we talked, Ullman was holding meetings with Frank Zarb, who had succeeded Sawhill as head of the Federal Energy Administration, and there was much talk in the press about a possible—even a probable—compromise. Ullman commented, "When we're going one way and they're going another, it's not easy to work things out."

TWO fights over issues related to the energy question early in the congressional session suggested something of what was to come and gave a glimpse of the politics of energy. The first fight was over the repeal of the depletion allowance for all but the smallest independent oil producers. The second was over the Democrats' unsuccessful attempt to enact legislation blocking the President's power to raise the import duty on oil. The depletion allowance, which permitted oil and gas producers to deduct twenty-two per cent of their gross income in determining their taxable income, had been a target of tax reformers for years, and had become a symbolic political issue. But bills to repeal the depletion allowance had never reached the House floor. This year, the liberals—led on this issue, as they were last year, by Representative William Green, a thirty-seven-year-old son of a Philadelphia Democratic-machine politician and a member of the Ways and Means Committee—succeeded in getting depletion repeal attached on the House floor to the bill providing for income-tax cuts. The House passed a total repeal of the depletion allowance, and the Senate passed a partial repeal, and in the end an amendment to repeal the depletion allowance for all but the smallest producers was attached to the tax-reduction bill passed by both houses, and the bill was of such importance to the President that, at the end of March, he signed it into law.

In February, Congress passed a bill to suspend for ninety days the President's authority to increase the import duty on oil. The President vetoed the bill, and the House leaders, sensing that they did not have the necessary votes (two-thirds of those present and voting) to override the veto, set the bill aside. On March 4th, the President said he would give Congress sixty days to come up with its own energy program, and in the meantime he rescinded the one-dollar increase he had ordered on March 1st, and delayed the further one-dollar increase scheduled to take effect on April 1st; the dollar increase of February 1st remained in effect.

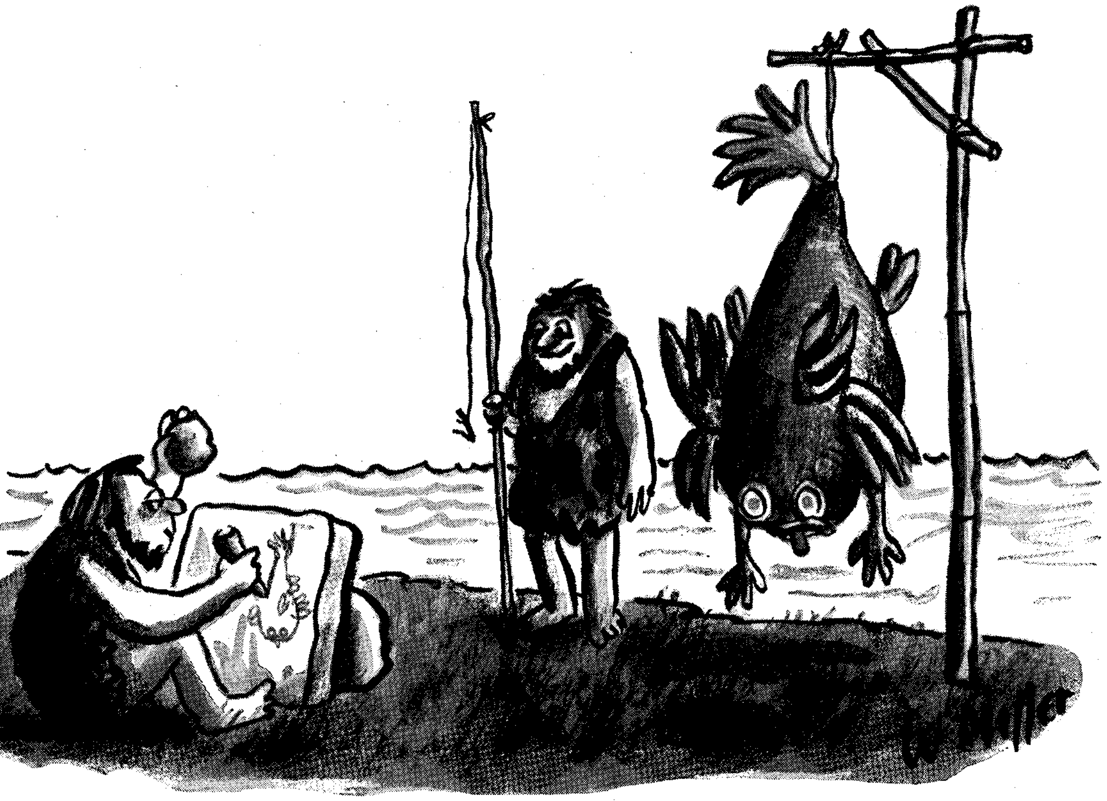
The depletion fight was not the first sign that the oil industry's traditional grip on Congress was beginning to weaken. The political standing of the oil companies had not been helped by the fact that during the embargo, when the nation was enduring a perceptible energy crisis, the industry was piling up awesome profits; it became increasingly fashionable for members

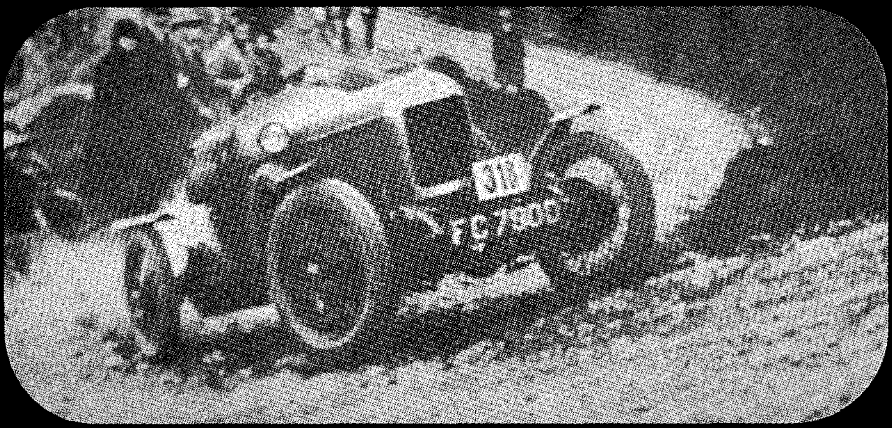
"A little travelling music, if you please, Margaret."

of Congress to attack the industry, and there were some legislative moves to curb its profits. For years, oil had led a privileged existence in Congress, not because it commanded so many troops but because of who those troops were and where they were stationed. With the Texas Democrat Sam Rayburn as Speaker of the House and the Texas Democrat Lyndon Johnson as Majority Leader of the Senate, the leadership was secure. A considerable number of senators and representatives were directly concerned with the fate of the oil industry (because they represented producing areas), and many others were indirectly so (because they received campaign contributions from oil interests or owed favors to senators or representatives from oil-producing areas). Oil reinforced its power by making trade-offs: representatives of oil interests would support favorable tax treatment of other industries in exchange for support of the depletion allowance and the several other forms of favorable tax treatment of oil. (This year, when Senator Ernest Hollings, a Democrat from South Carolina, which is a timber-producing area, was working for the repeal of the depletion allowance in the Senate, Russell Long, Democrat of Louisiana and chairman of the Finance Committee and guardian of the depletion allowance, took pleasure in reminding Hollings of the benefits in the tax code for timber.) Members of Congress from the oil states were traditionally guaranteed several seats on the House Ways and Means and Senate Finance Committees. And some were in other strategic positions; for example, Robert Kerr, of Oklahoma, who was himself in the oil business, was for many years a key member of both the Senate Public Works and Finance Committees. In those palmy days, oil did not have much to worry about. But gradually, as a result of mortality, changing times, and greed, it did.

The depletion-allowance fight demonstrated that oil is less powerful in the House than in the Senate. The states where oil interests are strongest are Oklahoma, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, and Alaska. Except for Texas, they are not very populous; nevertheless, each has two senators. Oil is drilled in about half the states, but only two of these, California and Texas, are among the states with the highest levels of population. And "oil" is far from monolithic. The depletion-allowance fight also revealed—and deepened—the division within the oil industry between "the majors" and "the independents." The majors are "integrated": they drill for oil, refine it, distribute it. The "big seven"—Exxon, Mobil, Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil of Indiana, Texaco, Gulf, Shell—also have foreign operations. The independents may do any of these things. At times, the majors and the independents compete for everything from drilling rigs to markets. The independents range in size from those that bring in between a hundred thousand and two hundred thousand barrels a day to what are known as "stripper wells," which are situated in such places as Kansas and Pennsylvania, and bring in less than ten barrels a day. If an independent company brings in about three thousand barrels a day, it earns about ten million dollars a year in gross income. The independents tend to see the majors as a threat, and to see themselves as the last of the individualists fighting the "biggies"—George C. Scott and Faye Dunaway in "Oklahoma Crude." The majors tend to drill offshore and in Alaska—enterprises that require a lot of capital and can return a lot of oil. The independents tend to drill where the oil is running out. The political power of the majors lies more—to put it relatively—in money and that of the independents more in numbers. "If the Ways and Means Committee had to choose between favoring the majors and favoring the independents," said one student of the committee, "it would choose the independents." Each group has its lobby in Washington: the majors dominate the American Petroleum Institute, and the independents control the Independent Petroleum Association of America. (Members of each group also do their own lobbying.) And on the question of the depletion allowance they split. The depletion allowance was of more importance to the independents, because many of them are owned by individuals or partnerships, and the tax liability—and the potential tax benefit—was higher for such owners than it was for corporations. The depletion allowance also helped the independents bring in outside investors—doctors and others remote from the oil business—who were attracted by the large tax deduction. The majors knew that the depletion allowance had become a political liability, and they wanted to preserve the tax benefits granted to their foreign operations. Also, the majors were much more interested this year in getting the price of oil decontrolled, and, aware that they had become politically unpopular, knew that they had to select their fights. So they abandoned the independents on the depletion allowance.

The repeal of the





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British Leyland Motors Inc. BRITISH LEYLAND Leonia, New Jersey 07605 depletion allowance left several other tax benefits for oil in place: immediate deductions for "intangible" drilling costs, such as labor, fuel, and materials, and, as for all companies, deferrals on most income earned abroad until it is brought into the United States, and tax credits for those taxes paid to foreign countries. As the independents watched the majors sail away on the question of the depletion allowance, they began to urge Congress to close in on some of the tax benefits for the international companies. Some steps in that direction were taken this spring in the tax bill, and more were contemplated for a tax-reform bill to be considered later in the year.

"Our two greatest problems," a spokesman for one of the major international companies said to me in the spring, "are, first, the perception that Congress has as to the mood of the people—the politics of punishment—and, second, the refusal of Congress to focus on the supply side of the equation. We did not fight the depletion repeal. We felt that, given the nature of the political situation, we would be better off concentrating our energies on getting decontrol. We opposed the import duties, and we felt that if there was a tax on oil it should be on the entire barrel—with rebates for homeowners and those who must use their cars. Sure, our profits are high if you just look at numbers, but our cash outlay last year was even higher. If Congress subsidizes consumption at the expense of investment, the day of reckoning will come. The independents have much more clout than we do. When there is an identity of interests between the independents and ourselves, we're in pretty good shape. But even the independents don't have the power they used to, and the newer members of Congress from the oil states are a different breed. Who wants to take on the Sierra Club for an atomic-energy plant?"

In the subsequent fights over energy, the majors, being the importers, tended to oppose import quotas, while the independents tended to favor them. (Moreover, domestic producers stood to gain every time the President added a dollar tariff on imported oil, because they could raise their prices on oil that was not under price controls.) Some independents were unhappy with the idea of a gasoline tax. Both the independents and the majors were worried that in the course of working on energy legislation Congress would once more go after their tax benefits. But both groups concentrated their efforts on getting the price of "old" oil decontrolled. And if the price of oil was decontrolled, and, as seemed likely, a "windfall-profits" tax was enacted, the oil industry sought a tax credit for those parts of the profits that were "plowed back" into investment. The "windfall-profits" tax, which would in any event be only temporary, would thus be cancelled out, but a "windfall-profits" tax had a nice political ring at a time when the public mood was anti-oil, so there would probably be such a tax if the price of oil was decontrolled.

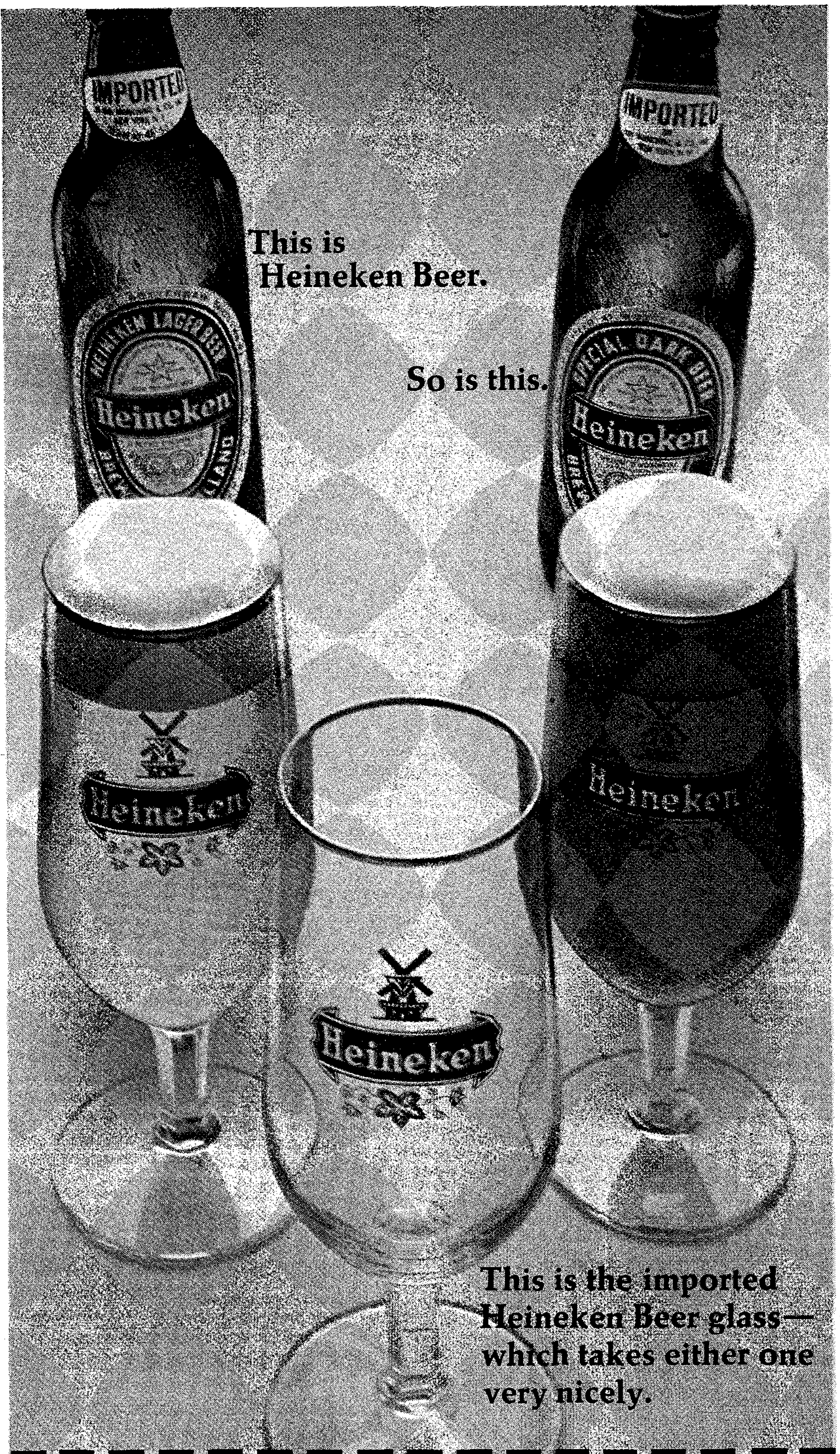
ONE of the strangest performances during the energy fight has been that of the automobile industry and its allies. It provides a vivid case study of the politics of resource constraints. Even the alliances were strange. The energy fight came along at a time when the automobile industry was in trouble. The trouble stemmed from (and also helped cause) the recession. At the end of 1974, more than twenty-five per cent of the automobile industry's seven hundred thousand hourly workers had been laid off. Automobile sales were twenty-three per cent below what they had been the year before. In May of this year, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that foreign-made cars had taken over more than twenty-one per cent of the United States new-car market in February and March. Presumably, one way out of the difficulty would be for the automobile industry to produce a car for which there would be a demand—a low-cost car that would achieve several more miles per gallon than existing American cars. But the industry resisted any federal efforts to push it in this direction, just as it had resisted legislation to improve the safety of automobiles and to decrease their emission of air pollutants. In a rare degree of collaboration, the United Auto Workers teamed up with the industry to fight off legislation to increase fuel efficiency. During the spring, one could see Jack Beidler and Richard Warden, U.A.W. lobbyists, talking with members of the Ways and Means Committee outside the committee's meeting room. At least once, they were joined by Leonard Woodcock, president of the U.A.W. Woodcock and Beidler, in turn, stayed in close touch with Rodney Markley, the Washington representative of the Ford Motor Company, which was the most active of the automobile companies on the energy legislation. And Markley, as it happens, is a close personal friend and golfing companion of Gerald Ford.

President Ford, in his energy program, proposed that the automobile companies be left to meet the new mileage standards they had said they would meet voluntarily—a forty-per-cent increase in efficiency by 1980—and also that there be a five-year delay in enforcement of the standards, already enacted into law, that cover the emission of air pollutants. (Early in the year, a Presidential aide, talking about the Administration program, pointed out that the President was from Michigan, and added, "He's been hearing from his friends about how things are out there.") The President's proposals on fuel efficiency and emissions represented what the industry wanted. The industry testified before Congress that it must be given more "flexibility" to meet the emission standards, and that if it was not, it might be unable to meet its "commitment" to increase fuel efficiency. There were some outside the industry who doubted the validity of both claims.

The "pledges" to improve fuel-efficiency standards which the automobile industry had made to the Administration had a certain sievelike quality. On January 8th of this year, Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton, in his capacity as chairman of the Energy Resources Council, wrote to the automobile companies asking them to pledge to improve fuel efficiency by 1980 and offering to postpone enforcement of the emission standards. The president of each of the "big three" automobile companies replied to Morton in a letter dated January 10th. E. M. Estes, the president of General Motors, asked for a "productive pause" in new safety regulations as well as the delay in new emission regulations, and said that "some qualified technical experts are on record" in support of the view that stricter emission standards "will limit our choices" in developing fuel-efficient engines. He also warned that fuel-efficiency standards could disrupt the car market. In concluding his letter, Mr. Estes said, "We are sure that you recognize that certain unforeseen events beyond our control could cause variation in the outcome. . . . Nonetheless, we will do our best to meet this important objective." Lee A. Iacocca, the president of the Ford Motor Company, in his letter to Morton, also stressed the importance of postponing the emission standards, "if the ambitious fuel economy goals you propose are to be achieved." Mr. Iacocca went on, "I hope you will recognize that we are speaking not only for the account of our customers but for the welfare of our employes as well, thousands of whom are without employment, victims already of the depression-inflationary spiral that will be fed further by this ill-timed [emissions] proposal." And Mr. Iacocca concluded, "We pledge that we will work in good faith toward achievement of the fuel economy goal at the emission levels set forth in your letter." John J. Riccardo, the president of Chrysler Corporation, wrote, "Chrysler Corporation is pleased to commit itself to an all-out effort to meet or exceed the 1980 fuel-economy objective under the terms and conditions you outlined in your letter of January 8, 1975. We are sure that you recognize that certain events beyond our control, such as inability to sell automobiles in the projected mix, could cause some unforeseen variation in the outcome."

The question is why industry and its labor allies fought off action that was in their own interest. One answer seems to be that industry is congenitally opposed to regulation and legislation, fearing that the laws and regulations are being drawn up by people who do not understand the industry, and that even if the early laws and standards are not impossible to meet, they set a precedent for later ones, which might be, or for other forms of government interference in private enterprise. A second possible answer is that large businesses, not unlike other institutions, can be slow to respond to change.

One day this spring, I asked Rodney Markley about the industry's resistance to making changes that might be in its own interest. Mr. Markley is a pleasant, soft-spoken, pipe-smoking man with wavy gray hair. His office, on Connecticut Avenue, is near the White House. He was wearing a tie clasp bearing the Presidential Seal and the signature of Gerald Ford, and a large oval Western-style belt buckle bearing the company signature: "FORD." "We've become the whipping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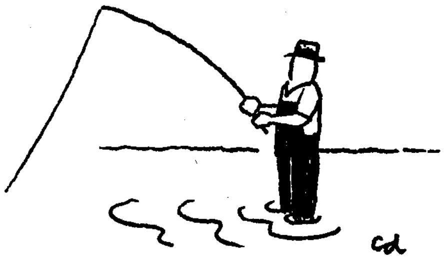
boys," Markley said. "People forget that as recently as the embargo we had cheap gasoline in this country. The question of use of gasoline was of tertiary interest to the design boys. The importing of small cars should have told us something. But the Ford Company did do something to meet the import market by manufacturing small cars. Today, sixty per cent of our capacity is in small cars. I don't think you can call us resistant. Even before the embargo, the industry was beginning to build small cars. We were responding to the trend in American taste for smaller cars, but our research told us that fuel economy was not a major ingredient in those purchases. Also, we have economies of scale. We have to build something in the millions. Ford did that, with the Mustang II. Then along came the embargo, and things changed dramatically. The industry built small cars as fast as it could—and guess what. The gasoline lines disappeared, and so did the public rush to buy small cars. We couldn't give them away. So we went into the rebate program." He was speaking of the program begun in January by which automobile companies gave rebates to car buyers. "And now imports are up. So the conclusion is that fuel economy is where the action is. Congress doesn't have to do what it is doing, because the industry knows that the American people want a comfortable, fuel-efficient car. The industry is breaking its pick to get there, to build a more economical car—*if we can*, in light of the emission standards. Congress doesn't have to act, but it will. Our only hope is that in putting our feet to the fire it doesn't try to push us too fast. There is, first, the problem of raising capital, and, second, the problem of importing parts. We would have to import engines from Brazil and transmissions from Bordeaux, and we don't want to do that, because of what it would do to labor. You see, that's why Leonard Woodcock has been supporting the industry—because of his concern about the impact on unemployment."

Unemployment was the tie that bound the automobile industry and its labor force. Beidler, of the U.A.W., told me one day, "The only thing that is giving us a community of interest is we don't want the Congress to put our members out of work." Beidler offered as an example the fact that there is a Ford plant in Saint Paul which makes LTDs, and that "if all of a sudden you put such a heavy penalty on them that you put workers out of work, I can't move them to some other city, where they make Pintos.” So the union accepted the industry position that it would take time to build more fuel-efficient models, and that congressional action to penalize what came to be called “gas guzzlers” would lead to further disruption of the automobile market and to further unemployment.

T. A. Murphy, the chairman of General Motors, wrote in an April 29th letter to Ullman, “Just as there are some signs that consumer confidence apparently may be ready to improve, we also now see signs of potential uncertainty about future car-buying decisions, which in part could result from current legislative activity to add a further regulatory burden to the automobile industry. . . . It is difficult to assess in specific numbers how governmental actions could impact production levels and potential joblessness resulting from such actions. However, I can tell you that we have well over a hundred thousand General Motors employes and three billion dollars of our resources involved in the production of full-size cars—the cars which would be penalized most under the proposals before you. True, over time we could adjust our production and rearrange some of our facilities to use them for production of smaller cars. While some of these more than one hundred thousand G.M. people could look to continuing employment, many could be out of work immediately, and intense hardship could fall on them and the communities in which they reside.” In his letter, Mr. Murphy also backed decontrol of oil prices and an increase of up to two dollars in tariffs on imported oil. Backing higher oil prices seems a strange position for an automobile company to take—unless in a spirit of comity with the Administration. In any event, the automobile industry preferred anything to a tax on cars with low fuel efficiency.

If Leonard Woodcock hadn’t gone along with the industry position on fuel efficiency, he would have run the risk of the companies’ telling the workers that their union leadership was costing them their jobs. The U.A.W. opposed the gasoline tax and import quotas (because quotas would lower the supply of gasoline), but it concentrated its attention on the issue of fuel efficiency. (Oddly, in the midst of the congressional consideration of fuel-efficiency standards General Motors let it be known that by the fall of 1975 it would produce a car that got about forty miles per gallon on the highway. As the House began considering an energy bill that contained a section on fuel efficiency, the Ford Company announced that in June it would introduce eight models that would get thirty-four miles per gallon on the highway and twenty-three miles per gallon in city driving. The new cars were to be called MPGs, for “miles per gallon.” The current average for American cars is about fifteen miles per gallon.) By themselves, the automobile companies probably would not have had very much power, especially this year. Like the oil companies, they were not high in public esteem. Even the currency of the term “gas guzzler” both reflected and affected the automobile industry’s standing. The automobile industry could count on that proportion of the Republican Party which generally supports business—and that is most of it—and on some conservative Southern Democrats. The U.A.W. made the difference. Ordinarily more progressive in its legislative positions than the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—especially on such issues as race and the war in Vietnam—the U.A.W. has strong ties to a large segment of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. A lobby’s strength varies on different issues, according to both the intensity of its own interest and the extent to which members of Congress see political advantage in the course being advocated. On the issue of fuel efficiency, the U.A.W. was quite intense, and very few congressmen had any interest, especially this year, in casting a vote that could be interpreted as having the effect of putting constituents out of work. U.A.W. lobbyists have been working up a computer printout, broken down into congressional districts, showing where every automobile plant in America is situated.

For grass-roots lobbying, the automobile companies summoned the other set of troops available to them—automobile dealers. The dealers, who were mobilized both by the manufacturers and by the National Automobile Dealers Association, were opposed to any action that might raise automobile prices—and it was understood that if there was an excise tax on cars with low fuel efficiency the cost would be passed along to the consumer. (The chairman of General Motors said in his letter to Ullman that the company “assumed that the taxes would be passed on to consumers,” and he continued, “This tax could result in lost new-car sales in the total domestic automobile industry from 1976 through 1980 in the range of two and one-quarter million units.”) Many lawmakers were visited or written to by automobile dealers in their districts—especially those who sold heavy cars. (The profit on large cars is larger than that on smaller cars: the labor costs are not very different, and the dealers get a larger markup on larger cars. Those were seen as additional reasons for the strong opposition to the “gas-guzzler” tax.)



The issue of fuel efficiency was actually before two House committees, each of which approached it jealously in terms of its own jurisdictional prerogatives—the Ways and Means Committee in terms of an excise tax, and the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in terms of regulations that would impose civil penalties. If there was to be any legislation on the subject at all, the automobile interests preferred regulations. Once a taxing system is in effect, it is difficult for an industry to get it changed, whereas with regulations the automobile companies could—as they did with safety regulations and emission-standards regulations—come before the government agencies and Congress and say that owing to technical difficulties they could not meet the standards and must be given a delay. And in the case of fuel efficiency, as in the case of oil, it would be difficult for outsiders to know the facts. When Leonard Woodcock testified before the Senate Commerce Committee on March 13th that he thought the automobile industry could reach a standard of twenty-two miles per gallon by 1981 if emission requirements were modified, he was, according to someone familiar with the situation, pulling the figure out of the air. One labor spokesman said, “When you’re talking about numbers for efficiency, who knows? Those cats on Ways and Means don’t know, those cats on Commerce don’t know, we don’t know. And nobody trusts the companies.” He continued, “You have to figure that the engineers put a little in to protect themselves and the managers put in a little to protect themselves. That’s one of the most frustrating things about this area. You don’t have facts.”

The A.F.L.-C.I.O., for its part, had taken the position that it favored a tax on inefficient engines and on gasoline, as long as there was a rebate for those who had to drive long distances to work. The construction workers were opposed to the gasoline tax. Ray Denison, an A.F.L.-C.I.O. lobbyist, explained one day, "Listen, we've got more workers involved in the automobile industry—making tires, steel, headlights, and so on—than the U.A.W. does." The A.F.L.-C.I.O. was concerned about measures that would encourage the manufacturing of automobile parts overseas. (On this issue, the A.F.L.-C.I.C. was, in turn, opposed by a group of multinational corporations called the Emergency Committee for American Trade, or ECAT.) The A.F.L.-C.I.O. did win a provision in the Ways and Means bill which prevented automobile companies from averaging the mileage per gallon on the cars they manufacture domestically with those they manufacture abroad—which would have added an incentive to build cars abroad, for cars that the companies build there get greater mileage per gallon.

IN addition to becoming a target for all these private interests, the energy legislation was subjected to a rapid—and devastating—crossfire from public-interest groups that disagreed among themselves over what constitutes the public interest. The environmental movement, which has long had strong ties with the consumer movement, has not yet faced the necessity for trade-offs. It seeks low-cost energy but opposes most means of getting it. Environmentalists tend to oppose nuclear and other power plants, strip mining for coal, the use of coal, and offshore drilling for oil. They agree in principle that wasteful consumption of energy should be reduced but oppose what many consider the most direct means to that end—a tax on gasoline.

Joseph Fisher, a freshman Democrat from Virginia and a member of the Ways and Means Committee, who is an economist and has been a leader of the environmental movement for many years, explained some of the dilemmas of the environmentalists to me. "There are a lot of subtleties that have to be brought out," he said. "If you're interested in protecting the environment from junk yards and traffic and pollution, one thing to do is to cut down on the use of cars. According to this logic, environmentalists ought not to be against gasoline and automobile taxes. But the environmentalists are often the same as the consumer people, and so are against taxes. The conservation movement had this sort of dilemma all along. At the beginning of the century, the environmentalists were often also the populists. The question then was of placing land and timber in reserves versus having more timber and lower-cost housing. Oil prices can't be kept artificially low without someone's making decisions as to who gets the supplies. The easy way out is to say that there is a villain, a conspiracy—that we can have a better environment and lower costs, too. I don't buy that."

Fisher tried, without success, to add to the Ways and Means Committee bill a provision for a study of how the oil industry worked. "I would like to make the industry more competitive," he told me. "I want information on where they make their money—at what part of the vertical structure. They can undercut competitors in one part, such as distribution, and then make it up elsewhere. Over the long run, more is going to have to be done: we'll have to try harder to conserve. If we want higher standards, as I do, we're going to have to pay more—despite the desire of people not to. Here's where the populists will have to come to terms with the environmental and resource realities. There's some—probably quite a bit—to squeeze out of the companies. But even if there weren't inflation and the natural forces of supply and demand simply continued, the price of gasoline would go up by some percentage a year, just because it's getting scarcer. The big oil companies are getting into the coal business and nuclear energy in a big way. Do we want them to? We have to study that. I don't think we ought to barge in and say right away that oil companies should separate themselves from uranium and coal mining. There are economies of size, and we don't know about their pricing structure. I don't see nationalization. It's an unusually technical and complicated job to run those oil companies. I don't think the government would do better, or as well. I would like to see the government in the picture to the extent that it could provide a kind of yardstick. For example, it could do some offshore drilling, so that we could know what that really costs. And the government could do some things considered too risky or uncertain for private enterprise to take on, such as developing shale oil." Of the public-interest groups, only Common Cause supported a gasoline tax. Ralph Nader opposed a gasoline tax (though some of the people who worked with him favored one).

In March, a hundred and two of the two hundred and eighty-nine House Democrats, including fifty-five of the seventy-five freshmen, signed a letter to Ullman saying, "We oppose increases in taxes on gasoline, whether sudden or gradual." Some of the freshmen were the moving force behind the letter. The signers called for a reduction of oil consumption through an allocation plan, and the closing of tax loopholes for the energy industry. The degree to which the signers of the letter were motivated by consumer concerns or reëlection concerns will never be clear. While some animus against the oil companies was inevitable, it was also good politics. Many freshmen were aware of the special circumstances under which they were elected, and knew that their incumbency was tenuous.

ALL this raises one of the classic questions in the political-science textbooks: What is the role of the politician vis-à-vis his constituency—to lead or to follow? The question seems neater in the political-science books than it does in a congressional-committee room or on the House or Senate floor. In those situations, there are all kinds of factors in addition to the merits of the issue at hand which enter into a politician's calculations: what his or her colleagues want and who they are and how badly they want it; whether it is the time for a trade-off; how hard one particular lobby or group of lobbies may be pressing; how a particular vote will look to his or her constituency or to some fraction of it which can be of special help or harm. The politician may also estimate the probable size of the vote on that particular issue, and assess whether his or her vote is needed by one side or the other and whether he or she wants to side with the distinctly minority position. It all sounds complicated, but a good politician can, if necessary, grasp such equations with striking swiftness. There are unknowns, however. How does a politician determine what public opinion really is? Responses to polls that are included in newsletters or are conducted by professional pollsters give some indication, but sophisticated politicians know that the question can determine the answer ("Do you favor paying higher prices for gasoline?"), and that public opinion is a movable thing. And the Washington view of public opinion can be self-affirming: the public is viewed as having a certain opinion, and therefore it is that opinion which is spoken to and is given the greatest weight when a vote is cast in the Congress. But sometimes the politicians can be

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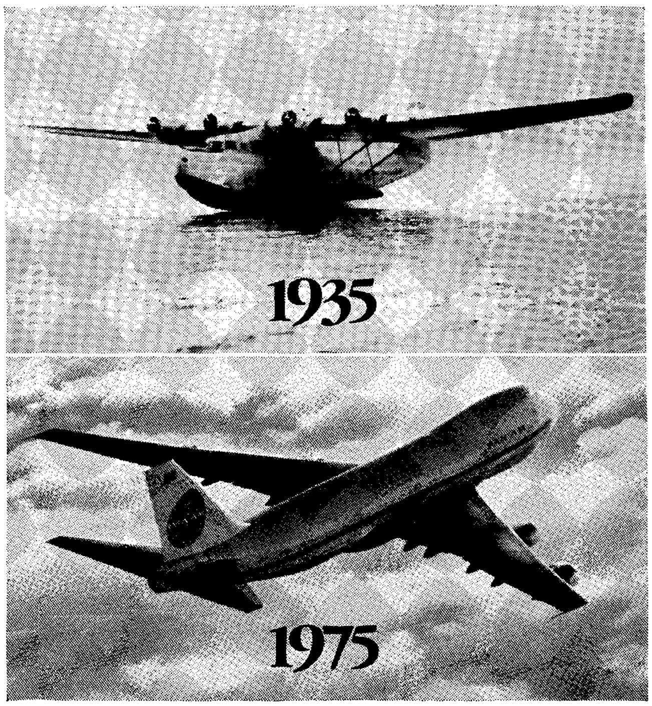

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One day in April, when the Ways and Means Committee was in a state of confusion over the energy issue, Abner Mikva, a Democrat from suburban Chicago who is a member of the committee, talked about it over lunch. Mikva, who was in Congress from 1969 to 1972 and then was reëlected in 1974, is a wise man and has an unusual amount of political courage. "We're wheel-spinning, and no one quite knows why," Mikva said. "We can't reach a consensus, probably because there's no interest around the country. You know what the biggest news is? That no one's interested. I have a very articulate constituency, and I have not received one letter on the subject of energy in three weeks. That's why we can't pass a forty-cent gasoline tax."

I asked Mikva what he thought the politician's role should be—in particular, in this context.

He replied, "To move the country as far as you can without confronting the people—without causing them to lose further trust in the system. In the meantime, we should try to put in place mechanisms that will work as the need is perceived. That's why we're talking about enacting a standby gas tax. When the price of gasoline goes up or people are waiting in line and the signs appear in the gas stations saying 'We have no gas,' then the mechanism is in place. That is not being afraid of my constituency. I can vote for a gas tax. But it isn't good political philosophy to enact something when the need for it is so poorly perceived."

I asked Mikva if the energy issue did not raise the whole question of government planning.

He answered, "There is a limit to how much long-range planning government can do. Do all the planning you can, but don't do the kind of implementing that hurts—not until people see the need for it. Otherwise, you damage the concept of what you're trying to do. This issue is forcing Congress to look farther down the road than it usually does."

In March, the House Majority Leader, Thomas P. O'Neill (Democrat of Massachusetts), had said to me, "Are we going to have a forty-cent gas tax? No way is there going to be a forty-cent tax. It's always hard to get the Congress to appropriate for the future. There is no gas shortage now—the problems are the high price of oil and the balance of payments. It's going to hit us. It's going to hit us sometime in the nineteen-eighties. But it's hard to legislate telling people now to pay for 1990." O'Neill predicted at that point that, at the most, Congress would enact a temporary five-cent gasoline tax. Also in March, when the Democratic Study Group, a liberal organization of about two hundred and twenty House Democrats, met with Sawhill, a number of them asked if it was really necessary to enact a gasoline tax. And one remarked, "We won't get reëlected if we do that."

ONE of the reasons for the public confusion over the energy issue is that the President remains our village explainer. If he chooses not to lead, there is very little that others can do—at least, in the short run—to establish an issue on the national agenda. If he offers a program that is misguided, it is still a program, and he has the competitive edge in putting it before the public. Congress was of many minds on the energy issue, and President Ford, who started with all the advantages, had a program. It was an uneven contest for public opinion—one that threw Congress into even deeper disarray. Moreover, the President, who can act impulsively, sent a program to Congress which he knew that it could not accept and which some members of his Administration prayed would not go into effect. A member of the White House staff said, "We're playing a game of chicken with Congress." Someone in Washington observed that the Ford White House behaved on the energy issue as it had on other issues and as other Administrations had sometimes done: reactively. This person explained, "Someone says something or Congress does something and the White House slams back. There is a big difference between doing that and explaining the issues—setting out your vision of what sort of country this should be." He went on to say, "Ford is behaving as he did when he was Minority Leader of the House—as a partisan counterpuncher." The energy fight was part of a larger fight between the newly elected Congress and the newly installed President. Washington has a kind of animal instinct about flows of power, and a lot follows from the perception of who is most powerful; therefore, both Congress and the Administration were anxious to establish themselves as supreme. The sparring that continued between the Administration and Congress over the energy bill did not contribute to real negotiations between the two branches on the issue, or to public understanding of it. (Some of the private interests compounded the confusion.) The sparring probably did contribute to an erosion of confidence in the democratic system, because it left the impression that this was not a political scrap between good old boys in Washington—which is how the good old boys in Washington often see such things—but a disquieting spectacle and a failure of political leaders to lead.

As the House Ways and Means Committee drafted an energy bill and the House passed it, there was much to be learned from the ways in which the various interest groups affected the legislation, much to be learned about the various forms that power can take in Washington. These groups, by themselves, could not lead the country. Occasionally, they have the power to stop something from taking place—to exercise a veto. Sometimes they cannot even do that. If they cannot prevent something from coming into being, they can sometimes cause it to limp when it does. If they are insufficiently powerful by themselves, they can sometimes exercise power by forming coalitions. Ordinarily, the processes are not as clear and cool as is popularly imagined. Perhaps, once in a while, a bargain is struck on a golf course or in a congressional office. But representatives of the special interests rarely issue orders; they do not always even walk smartly through the corridors of power. Sometimes it is all they can do to know what in hell is going on, and sometimes they can't do that. (Their home offices or their clients, of course, must never be aware of this.) They cultivate legislators and their aides, do favors, arrange contributions, hang in there, draft amendments, form alliances with one another, and try to keep a sharp eye on the language of proposed legislation. A great deal can hinge on a single word, date, number.

During the six weeks of markup of the energy bill, in March, April, and May, the House Ways and Means Committee room, a large room in the front of the first floor of the Longworth House Office Building, resembled a kind of bazaar. Since 1973, the

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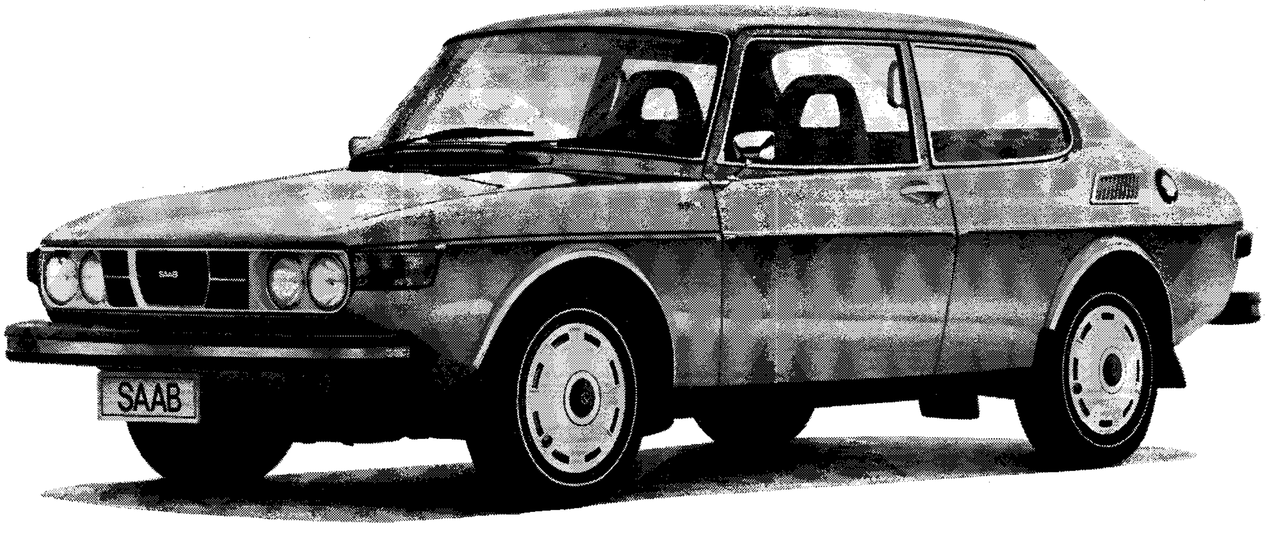

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committee, acting under new House rules, had been opening its legislative drafting sessions to the public, and now representatives of the various interests, who in the old days had to stand around outside the committee room or stay in touch by telephone, or did not stay in touch, swarmed into the room to watch democracy at work on the energy bill. "Look at this," remarked James Burke, a senior Democratic committee member from Massachusetts, who has cultivated the style of a "Last Hurrah" politician, as we sat talking in the back of the committee room one day. "When we get to tax reform, we're going to have to hire Robert F. Kennedy Stadium." Over any particular set of days, one could see in the Ways and Means Committee room: Thomas Martin, a former counsel to the Ways and Means Committee who is now a lobbyist for the American Petroleum Institute; Jennings Smith, tax counsel for Exxon; Andrew Vitali, a former aide to Senator Edward Kennedy who is now a lobbyist for the American Petroleum Institute; John McLees, a lobbyist for the United States Chamber of Commerce; P. N. Buckminster, a vice-president of Chrysler; William Thompson, legislative representative of General Motors; Michael Murray, a lobbyist representing sulphur interests that wanted an exception to the tax on industrial uses of petroleum; Thomas Boggs (son of the late Hale Boggs, who had been a member of the committee), who, together with another lawyer, William Colley, represented the Boating Industry Associations and the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, which opposed a special excise tax on engines used for pleasure boating, and also represented the Institute of Scrap Iron and Steel, which sought special tax breaks for recycling iron and steel; Charls Walker, former Under Secretary of the Treasury during the Nixon Administration, who represented a company seeking tax write-offs for the installation of anti-pollution equipment; Patrick Mathews, representing the Association of American Railroads; Charles Chamberlain, a former Republican member of the committee who now represented taxicab owners seeking an exemption from the gasoline tax; Paul London, representing the New England Economic Research Office, established by private interests in New England to work closely with New England members of Congress, which was seeking to retain an ample supply of imported residual and distillate fuels for heating homes; Wayne Smithey, representing the Ford Motor Company; Ray Denison, of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.; Jack Beidler and Richard Warden, of the U.A.W.; Jane O'Grady, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; Jack Moskowitz, of Common Cause; Robert Brandon, of Ralph Nader's Public Citizen Tax Reform Research Group; various young women representing various law firms representing various interests (the young women took notes in order to report on what had happened in the committee that day); and a man carrying a gold-handled cane, who was said to be representing "geothermal interests."

In this marketplace, the Ways and Means Committee tried to write an energy bill. The committee itself reflects a number of philosophical and regional divisions, and also some of the attributes of the new House of Representatives. In order to break the power of the old Ways and Means Committee, not only was the authority of the committee Democrats to make committee appointments taken away but the committee was expanded and a number of younger members were added to it, thereby changing its political and temperamental makeup. Whereas in the last Congress it was composed of fifteen Democrats (of whom at least four were certifiable conservatives) and ten Republicans, it was now composed of twenty-five Democrats and twelve Republicans. Twelve of the Democrats and seven of the Republicans—over half the members—were new to the committee. Eight of the Democrats had served in the Congress only three terms or less, and were thus not bound by such traditions as bowing to the chairman and the seniors, and keeping their mouths shut until they had been around Congress so long they had forgotten what they first came there to say. In the past, when the Ways and Means Democrats made the Democratic appointments to House committees, some of the Northern Democrats were named to the Ways and Means Committee not so much because they were interested in the substance of the legislation it handled as because they represented, and were expected to protect, the interests of the big-city machines. By and large, the newer group was more interested in substance. While there were still at least four conservative Democrats (and five who could be counted upon to protect the interests of oil), there was now also an impatient group of new members—of whom Mikva and Fisher were leaders—who, in combination with other committee liberals (those who had not gone along with Mills so much that they had become demoralized and given up), constituted a new force, with which Ullman had to contend. Ullman had a choice of putting together a coalition of Republicans and conservative and moderate Democrats (as he had done earlier in the year to keep the depletion-allowance elimination from being voted out of committee) or of moderate and liberal Democrats. (Ullman had felt that the issue of the depletion allowance, a tax reform, should be kept apart from the issue of tax reduction, and should be considered as part of a tax-reform measure later. The Democratic caucus had forced the depletion allowance to a vote on the House floor.) But on the energy bill, Ullman really had no choice. Republicans on the committee chose neither to push the President's program (several had been horrified when it was first proposed) nor to support alternatives proposed by Ullman—not even those which represented compromises worked out between Ullman and Zarb. "We're just going to sit back and let the Democrats stew," a Republican committee member remarked to me one day, and he continued, "I'm sure a lot of our guys would fall over dead at the idea of having to vote for something tough, but we're happily in the position of non-responsibility." There was no way that Ullman could bring out a bill backed by the conservative Democrats and the Republicans which would pass the House; there was only a chance that he could bring out one backed by the moderates and the liberals which would pass the House. The sort of consensus that Mills used to shape was no longer feasible. And so for weeks the committee flipped and it flopped and it zigged and it zagged as the chairman searched for a bill that had even a possibility of surviving both the committee and the House.

The two issues that caused the most difficulty were, inevitably, the gasoline tax and the question of the fuel efficiency of cars. In the end, the committee agreed to an increase in gasoline taxes of twenty-three cents (above the existing four-cent federal gasoline tax), with a substantial rebate. The rebate was intended to prevent the tax from being regressive, and to make allowances for those who had to drive some distance to work. The rebate (which covered any gasoline tax over the first three cents of the new tax) excused the payment of tax on about nine gallons of gasoline a week, and so enabled a couple to drive seventeen thousand miles a year without having to pay the additional tax. (There was, in addition, a tax credit for work-related driving.) Even if one did not drive, one would receive a rebate—this in an effort to encourage people to try to "beat the system" by cutting back on driving. The first three cents of the new tax was to go into effect automatically in 1976, with the rest going into effect in stages, beginning in April, 1977, as the consumption of gasoline rose. The larger increases were deliberately timed to take place after the 1976 elections. There were some who thought that this delay, and the opportunity to vote to change the provision, meant that no increase over the three cents would ever take place. Before this compromise with Ullman's initial proposal of a forty-cent gasoline tax was arrived at, there were a number of meetings of Ullman with some committee freshmen who were willing to support a substantial gasoline tax, of committee freshmen with other freshmen, who were not, and of committee Democrats with representatives of Common Cause, and with Ralph Nader and his associate Robert Brandon, in the hope of persuading Nader to support a gasoline tax. There were meetings and negotiations between Zarb and committee members, Zarb and the committee staff, Zarb's staff and the committee staff. In a combination of statements and leaks to the newspapers, both Ullman and Zarb let it be known how flexible they were being, and how the problem was that the other couldn't "deliver." Ullman, Zarb repeatedly told the press, was willing to compromise but could not "deliver" his committee—which was true—and while Zarb privately indicated willingness to accept some gasoline tax, the President did not speak out for it, nor did the committee Republicans support it. Barber Conable, a committee Republican from upstate New York and an important member of the House, explained after a committee meeting one afternoon, when I asked him about the Republicans' position on the bill, "Generally, the Republicans are not for anything that will identify the Republican Party with a gasoline tax. Most of us came out against a gasoline tax during the last campaign. We had to, because Sawhill had gone on TV and favored a gasoline tax. That's why Ford came out against a gasoline tax. Al Ullman's prestige is on the line for a gas tax. Al apparently didn't understand why Ford came out with a Rube Goldberg program in the first place: it was to avoid a gasoline tax, which couldn't get passed."

Aside from Ullman (who had also come out against a gasoline tax during the 1974 campaign), the Democratic committee member who was the strongest supporter of a gasoline tax was Joseph Karth, a fifty-three-year-old former labor organizer (of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.) from Saint Paul, Minnesota. Karth is a tall man with blue eyes and dark-blond hair, and wears black-rimmed glasses. His constituency is mainly working class; there is a Ford automobile-manufacturing plant in his district. One afternoon, I asked Karth why he, unlike most of his colleagues, felt able to support a substantial gasoline tax.

He replied, "I'm not sure I can sell it politically, but I'm willing to try. I think we have a responsibility to try to lead the people when we see there's a problem. It's the only alternative to long gasoline lines."

I asked him how he had come to a position that differed from the one held by most of his colleagues.

"Nobody wants to take the politically unpopular position," he replied. "The people never want anything that will deprive them of some of their pleasures. I talk to my colleagues and they say, 'God, my people are against it,' and that's why they're against it."

As the committee worked on the bill, the gasoline tax was made less stringent in order to help it attract votes, and the import quotas were made more flexible. (Also, special provision was made to insure New England an adequate supply of imported fuel for heating and for its electric utilities.) The result was that neither the quota system nor the gasoline tax imposed the sort of discipline that many thought necessary for significantly reducing the consumption of fuel. And in blurring the issue the Ways and Means Committee avoided difficult decisions about quotas and an allocation system. An oil-allocation system is necessarily a politicized process. During the Arab embargo, when an allocation system was in effect, those in charge of energy policy were under pressure to give priority to various groups, and those groups which were successful were often the ones that had the most influence with Congress or the Administration. For example, Senator Strom Thurmond, the Republican from South Carolina who had been a supporter of President Nixon when President Nixon needed all the support he could get, succeeded in getting tobacco classified as an agricultural product—and agricultural producers received allocations of one hundred per cent of what the agricultural spokesmen said they required. Even this priority for agriculture was the subject of dispute among energy policymakers, but agriculture, because of its political power, prevailed. Truckers demanded one hundred per cent allocations, and so did canners, and so did meat packers. Zarb, who was then one of the officials handling the allocation program, recalls a morning when he went from a meeting of the Florida congressional delegation, where he was told that tourism was a priority industry, to a meeting of the New Jersey delegation, where he was told that it was not (but that manufacturing was). This year, Zarb suggested to members of Congress that if they were enchanted with the idea of allocation, they should do the allocating. "The idea did not exactly catch on like wildfire," he told me, and then he gave some of the arguments against an allocation system. "This is a free society," he said. "Lacking a crisis, the people are not going to tolerate the great amount of government control that comes with an allocation system. And the people who are going to be hurt the most are the people with the smallest economic voice in our society. The guy who is going to get the exception from the allocation rules is not the small businessman. We saw that during the embargo. With a continued shortage, the government would have to decide which plants must stop and which ones could increase production, whether truck and airline fleets could be expanded, what to do about truckers and farmers and railroads and so on. The likelihood that the government could make these day-to-day decisions and not adversely affect the economy is small." But while the issues posed by Zarb were real, they left the question of what the alternative was. What the Administration was proposing was, in effect, to let the allocations be made by the pricing system—a system that also posed problems of equity. (The

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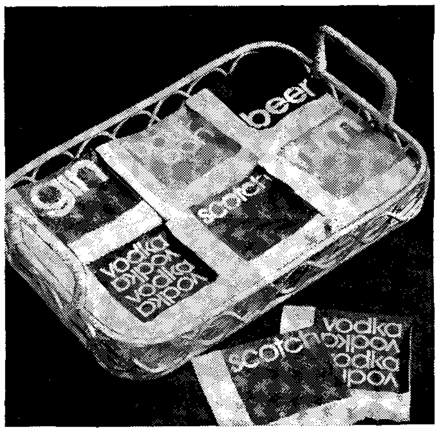

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Ways and Means bill proposed the auctioning of import licenses—another form of the pricing system.) Moreover, while Zarb, the good advocate, made the arguments against an allocation system well, he was in fact, in his negotiations with Congress, willing to accept some quota-and-allocation system. But on this, as on the gasoline tax, he could not "deliver" the Republicans, and the President did not publicly indicate flexibility. And because both sides used camouflage the issue never got much public focus. When we talked, Zarb said, "The arguments sort of lost their form. It got down to the question of whether or not we would have a program to reduce consumption in a meaningful way over the next two or three years. The argument was not over process."

The Ways and Means Committee, whose role in energy legislation was based on its jurisdiction over taxes and trade, did not have authority to deal with other ways of encouraging the reduction of energy consumption. It could not, for example, regulate the use of fuel; it could not get into questions of the structure of industry, including such matters as anti-trust. And Congress as a whole, in dealing with the energy issue, did not seriously consider—in part because it is not designed to consider—such broader questions as transportation and housing patterns. The jurisdictional fragmentation and the incapacity for concentrating on many things at once tend to prevent Congress from thinking of some questions in terms of other questions. The questions may be interrelated, but Congress has not found ways of dealing with them interrelatedly. (Last year, even a proposal to establish a House committee on energy—part of a larger proposal for reorganization of the committees—was defeated. In Congress, jurisdiction has a higher value than coherence.)

Thus, the issue was not what to do *about* the automobile but what to do *with* the automobile. "There is going to have to be a shifting away from automobiles, and a retraining of workers," one Ways and Means committee member said privately, and he continued, "But *nobody* is going to say that to Leonard Woodcock." The committee finally adopted an automobile-fuel-efficiency proposal that was, in effect, a product of the Ford Motor Company. (General Motors and Chrysler were still holding out for no standards, but Ford saw that that had become impossible. A wise lobby understands that if it cannot defeat a piece of legislation—and it understands when that

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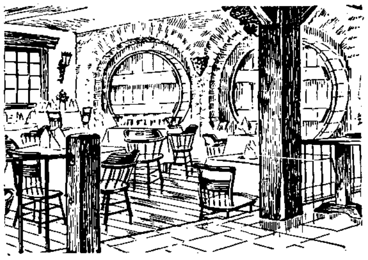

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point has been reached—the next-best thing is to write it. The Ford Company and the U.A.W. preferred—if there had to be legislation on the subject at all—that standards be written in the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. The company and the U.A.W. agreed on this approach one day this spring when, as an industry spokesman put it, "Leonard went to the Glass House"—the name given the Ford Company headquarters in Dearborn.) The Ways and Means Committee's fuel-efficiency provision set standards that the industry had already indicated that it could meet (eighteen miles per gallon on the 1978-model cars, nineteen miles per gallon on the 1979-model cars, and twenty miles per gallon on 1980-model cars). It was sponsored by Joe Waggonner, a conservative Democrat from Plain Dealing, Louisiana, and one of the shrewder legislators on the committee. Before the committee adopted this provision, it had to weave its way through various proposals put forward by Richard Vander Veen, a Democrat from Grand Rapids, Michigan (Gerald Ford's former congressional district), and by Ullman. The committee members displayed an understandable confusion at times as they debated the relative merits of—or tried to ascertain whether they were even considering—proposals for standards of automobile-fuel efficiency which went by the names of Vander Veen I and Vander Veen II and Ullman I and Ullman II and Ullman III.

THE Ways and Means Committee markup of the energy bill was not a stately affair. For one thing, the subject does not lend itself to stately dialogue. The members talked in terms of "harmonic fleet averages" and "amortizations" and "distillates." Sitting at a two-tiered dais (with Mills' seat conspicuously vacant most of the time), the committee proceeded informally, in style and in substance—as if the public were not there. The members seemed not at all reluctant to argue openly on behalf of whatever special interest they were arguing on behalf of—no more so than if they had been meeting, as before, in closed sessions. Members strolled in and out, conducted little caucuses, wandered over to the press table to chat, or went to talk with some member of the audience or with a lobbyist.

James Burke, portly and usually smoking a cigar, was given to walking past the press table and offering such observations as "Like my father always said, the whole world is as square as an orange" or (if he thought the reporters were taking it all too seriously) "The trouble with you folks is you think this is all on the level." It is hard to imagine how the process of writing the energy bill would have held together if it had not been for the staff—in particular, Laurence Woodworth, a Capitol Hill phenomenon. Woodworth is actually the director of the staff of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, but he and his staff work for the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee on questions of taxes. At one point this spring, you could see Woodworth in the morning sitting at the witness table in the Ways and Means Committee room answering the members' questions about the revenue or energy-saving effects of all kinds of proposals, and then see him in the afternoon sitting beside Russell Long on the Senate floor and coaching him as he managed the tax-reduction bill. (Woodworth sometimes had to duck when Long, in the tradition of his family, flailed his arms as he spoke.) Even in an institution in which the role of the staff is far greater than outsiders usually know—that is the way the politicians want it—Woodworth's role is exceptional. The Ways and Means members deferred to "Larry" on what the consequences of their proposals might be. Sometimes he gently guided them away from one course and onto another. Woodworth thought up strategies, and he and his staff drafted what seemed to be an endless number of proposals and analyses. Like the best staff members on Capitol Hill, he understands Congress. And, unlike many Capitol Hill staff members, who grow arrogant in their power, Woodworth is amiable, gentle, and self-effacing. He is also knowing enough to know that self-effacement heightens his power.

Like falling leaves, along came amendment after amendment in the Ways and Means Committee to dilute the energy-saving proposals in the draft bill before it (drafted by Woodworth) or to offer tax "incentives" (a more acceptable term than "loopholes") in the name of conserving energy. An amendment offered by James Corman, a Democrat from California, to exempt taxicabs from the gasoline tax was accepted. An amendment by James Burke to exempt inter-city bus lines from an existing ten-per-cent excise tax on buses was adopted. Inner-city buses—and Burke pointed out that these were the ones which carried children to integrated schools—were already exempted. Burke assured the

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committee, "We're not talking about Greyhound alone—you're talking about all those little family-owned businesses." (The National Association of Motor Bus Owners had been visiting the Ways and Means Committee.)

One April afternoon, a proposal in the draft bill to put a tax on the engines of snowmobiles, powerboats, and private airplanes was soundly rejected, and several Democrats who were ostensibly for conservation joined the Republicans in defeating the proposals. The fervor with which members urged defeat of the tax seemed to bear a relationship to the use of the particular vehicles in their region of the country. William Steiger, a thirty-seven-year-old Republican from Wisconsin, who moved that the proposals be defeated, explained to the committee that snowmobiles are used for purposes other than pleasure, such as safety patrols and cattle feeding. Martha Keys, a freshman Democrat from Kansas, explained that seventy-two per cent of private (general) aviation is for business, twenty-three per cent is for personal transportation, and only five per cent is for pleasure. Steiger, too, was prepared with statistics; he argued that power boats used up only one-half of one per cent of the fuel consumed in the United States, and that the figure for snowmobiles was only one-twelfth of one per cent. Mrs. Keys insisted that she was not defending general aviation at the expense of boating. "There *are* lakes in Kansas," she said, and she added that she had received "a sheaf of telegrams" from "boating people." Said Bill Frenzel, of Minnesota, "I'm not going to vote for things that will save infinitesimal amounts of gasoline." William Ketchum, a Republican from Bakersfield, California, told the committee that if an excise tax were to be imposed on his private airplane, he would travel by automobile instead "and use a lot more gas." Ketchum went on to say, "Recreation is no longer a luxury. It's a necessity. In the Los Angeles area, the alternative is mental hospitals." During the lunch break that day, William Colley, one of the attorneys representing the boat manufacturers, told reporters, "Eighty-seven per cent of all boat owners make less than fifteen thousand dollars. Do you want to keep these people from going fishing with their sons?"

After the committee meeting, one member remarked that he had received more mail on the snowmobile issue than on any other issue in the energy bill. "The snowmobile people are organized to the eyeballs," he said. The International Snowmobile Council, an organization of snowmobile manufacturers, distributors, dealers, and owners, alerted its members. He added, "It's like the gun lobby. Anybody who hasn't been receiving the mail we have would underestimate the political importance of this thing. The saving in energy would be disproportionate to the political impact." In one of the few real debates that the committee had on the energy bill, Otis Pike, arguing against Steiger's motion to strike the taxes, said, "I have got the same lobbying by the boat people and the plane people and the snowmobile industry that everyone else has." But, he said, if the committee was not willing to impose taxes on private aircraft and pleasure boats and snowmobiles, "I don't think we are going to convince the American people that there is an energy crisis—we're going to have a very tough time convincing anyone that we're serious."

The committee easily and amiably voted special tax benefits for businesses that recycle paper, iron, and steel; for equipment used to convert coal into gas or liquid, waste into fuel, shale into oil; for railroad cars; and for the installation of home and business insulation. All this was done by the process of mutual accommodation by which the committee has operated over the years: a member who has a particular interest in one sort of tax break offers it in the form of an amendment, and the others, like poker players lending chips, go along. As the committee broke for lunch, someone who had been observing the committee said, "Now you know why the tax code is the way it is." To be sure, some of the purposes for which the "incentives" were approved might be laudable, and some of the provisions might even result in the conservation of energy. But there are questions about the suitability of the tax code as a vehicle for trying to achieve such purposes. Tax breaks tend to perpetuate both themselves and other tax breaks. They are harder to stop than a federal "program." Tax incentives usually benefit those who are better off. But the Ways and Means Committee adopted a number of tax credits for energy conservation, for two reasons: the tax code was the only mechanism under its jurisdiction; habit.

On May 12th, the bill was finally cleared by the Ways and Means Committee, by a vote of nineteen to sixteen. All the Committee Republicans opposed the bill; and four Democrats voted against it, some of them on the ground that it was weak. Some members of the committee voted for the bill simply to spare Ullman embarrassment. The close vote foreshadowed trouble on the House floor. The following day, Ullman said to me, prophetically, "Getting the bill out of the committee is one thing; selling it to the House is another." He continued, "Our major problem is the lack of understanding of the magnitude of the problem, and of our remedies. I think the bill will carry, but there may be some diluting amendments. I have no doubt that if the gas tax hit the House floor right now, it would be defeated. But I'm optimistic that we can hold it. I'm satisfied that once the members understand it, they can vote for it and protect themselves at home—even if they campaigned against it. The automobile industry worked with Waggonner on the fuel-efficiency provision but is now screaming that it's too tough. Zarb says our tax on the industrial use of oil and natural gas is not tough enough, yet industry is screaming." The committee bill incorporated a milder version of the Administration's proposal for a two-dollar excise tax for the industrial use of the fuels, and also permitted the first dollar tariff on imports to stay in effect. "Our bill is as tough a bill as you can get through Congress," Ullman concluded. "We tried every way to make it tougher. The problem in writing an energy bill is that everything you touch is sensitive. When you start out with the Republicans against anything tough, and with some Democrats concerned about various industries, like oil and automobiles, you have a problem of numbers."

Later in the conversation, Ullman said, "My feeling is that the people as a whole are more willing to do these tough things than Congress as a whole."

I asked him how he explained that.

"Because the people who are willing to do these things are not the ones who are in touch with their congressmen," he replied.

The energy bill had survived the Ways and Means Committee only after Ullman made a late concession to the oil-state Democrats: he had allowed the removal from the bill of a provision that would have given the government the authority to buy oil from abroad. The idea behind giving the government purchasing authority was that in dealing with OPEC the government might have more power, and more interest in exercising power, than the major oil companies had. The argument ran that since the ma-

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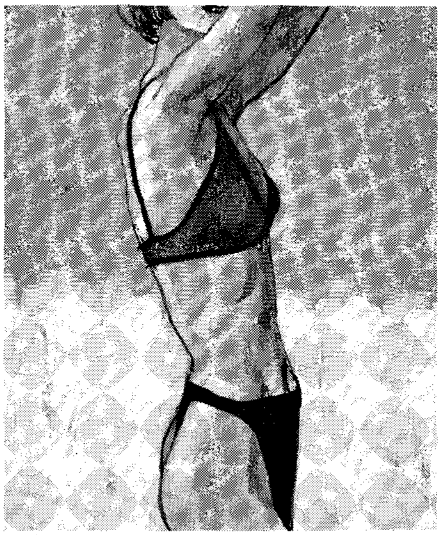

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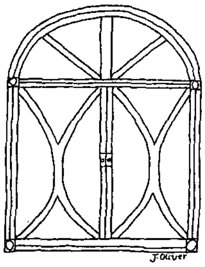
jor oil companies were often the developers of the overseas oil as well as the importers of it, they were, in effect, dealing with themselves. Moreover, since the companies could sell the oil in the United States at a high price, they had little incentive to try to hold the purchase price down. During committee discussion of the provision, Waggonner, of Louisiana, who opposed it, said that it was "machinery to nationalize the industry."

As if matters were not complicated enough, the energy bill that finally emerged from the Ways and Means Committee was also caught in the issues of decontrol of the price of "old" oil, which was under the jurisdiction of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, and a "windfall-profits" tax, which was under the jurisdiction of Ways and Means. There was no way at that point to know what the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee would do. (In June, it voted to keep the price controls on old oil and to "roll back" the price of new oil; it also voted some mandatory cutbacks in gasoline consumption.) Republicans on the Ways and Means Committee wanted the Ways and Means energy bill to contain a provision for a tax on "windfall profits"—with, of course, a "plowback" credit for profits reinvested in the oil business—so as to ease the way for passage of decontrol legislation. Liberal Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee opposed enactment of a "windfall-profits" tax at this point, precisely because they feared that it would ease the way for decontrol. Oil-state Democrats also did not want the issue of "windfall profits" to come before the House in the Ways and Means energy bill, because they feared that the House, acting as a whole, and in an anti-oil mood, might proceed to tax the industry to an uncomfortable degree and to enact a "windfall-profits" tax before decontrol legislation was assured. On this issue, Ullman bowed to the arguments of the Democrats; the bill contained no provision for a "windfall-profits" tax.



Amid this concatenation of issues, it was a wonder that the energy bill reached the House floor at all—and at one point it looked as if it might not. When the bill went before the House Rules Committee, on May 20th, the conflicting forces made themselves felt. The Rules Committee sets the terms—the time limit on debate, the sorts of amendments which will be in order—for consideration of major legislation on the House floor. If such a bill does not have a rule, it cannot—without its sponsors' resorting to extremely difficult parliamentary maneuvers—be considered by the House. Republicans, the automobile companies, and the U.A.W. worked to have the energy bill denied a rule and thus at least get consideration of it postponed. The U.A.W. alerted its field offices to send telegrams; Rodney Markley talked with the White House.

The House Rules Committee met to consider the energy bill on a Tuesday, and the House was scheduled to begin its ten-day Memorial Day recess on Friday. The plan had been to bring the bill to the House floor on Wednesday and to finish work on it on Thursday. As of Tuesday, many amendments were to be offered on the floor. As the day went on, and the pressures being brought against the bill, and the possibility of an unseemly pre-recess late-evening spectacle (a time when the House is at its least manageable), became more evident, the House Democratic leaders grew increasingly apprehensive and—against Ullman's wishes—decided to postpone action on the bill until after the recess, when it could be taken up in calmer circumstances. (Thomas O'Neill, the House Majority Leader, said to reporters after the bill was postponed, "You don't understand the problems. There are two hundred and thirty members elected in the last three Congresses who have never voted for a tax increase. They've only voted for tax cuts.")

A week later, in spite of the role that the Republican Party had played in seeking a delay on the bill, the President went on national television and, ripping pages off a calendar, month by month, castigated Congress for inaction on an energy program and raised the tariff on oil by another dollar.

On May 21st, the Washington *Post* ran a front-page story headlined "FOREIGN OIL SEEN RISING $2 A BARREL." The Shah of Iran had been in Washington the week before and, after a round of lavish parties (Washington finds rich countries attractive), had gone on "Meet the Press" and all but announced that OPEC would increase the price of oil.

As all this was happening, the idea began to spread in Washington—and then went out over the communications systems and the word-of-mouth networks—that the meaning of it was that the apparent inability of Congress to act decisively on the energy bill was proof of its inability to act on anything of importance. Although few people in Washington said it in precisely those terms, the implication of what some were saying was that the democratic system itself no longer worked. But this was a matter more of mood than of facts, and an over-conclusion. (In Washington, there is a tendency to read more into a situation than may be there, to confuse temporary conditions with eternal truths.) That in a few months Congress could not pass a piece of significant legislation on an issue of extreme complexity on which there had been no development of a national consensus does not necessarily mean the end of democracy. And speed in passing important legislation is not necessarily a good thing. Some of Congress's worst mistakes have been made in haste. On energy policy, there was a strong early impulse in Congress to adopt a rationing system. Moreover, Congress is not accustomed to writing programs itself—particularly on such complicated issues. An argument can be made, indeed, for its taking more time on an energy policy. One House member said, "The Ways and Means members had more time to become familiar with the problem than did the House as a whole—and they were more willing to take a strong position." Just before the House took up the bill, even a member of the Ford Administration said, "I'd rather have three more months of public debate, so that some of these issues can sink in."

SEVERAL members of Congress, when they returned from the Memorial Day recess, reported that the President had succeeded in conveying to the public that he had an energy program and that Congress was doing nothing. Now Congress was facing a choice of three unpalatable prospects: suffering a further loss of public esteem through inaction on the energy question, suffering a further loss of public esteem through action on the energy question, or suffering a further loss of public esteem by passing a meaningless bill. One Democrat said, "The problem is that people want us to 'do something' about energy but none of them want us to do anything that might hurt them."

As the debate on the energy bill began, on Monday, June 9th, it was clear that the bill was in trouble, yet no one realized how much trouble. During House consideration of a bill, the important time comes at the end of the allotted number of hours for speeches, when the bill is open to amendment. At that point, watching the House floor is like watching a sporting event more intricate than any real sporting event: amendments, amendments to amendments, and parliamentary maneuvers—the substance and implications of which must be quickly grasped by the major participants—come in rapid succession. The rules are complicated, as they must be in order to move complex legislation through a legislature made up of four hundred and thirty-five individuals. Ambushes and sudden reverses can take place. Floor managers of major bills must be foresighted and quick-witted, and sometimes even that doesn't help. Moreover, the place can become rowdy and emotional—particularly if it meets long hours on controversial legislation—and that can affect the final substance of the legislation.

As the floor consideration of the energy bill gathered momentum, so did the lobbying. The American Petroleum Institute lobbied against amendments, offered by Abner Mikva, that would restore to the bill the provision to establish a government purchasing agency for oil. (Mikva's efforts to restore that provision were defeated.) Of a total of some hundred and sixty pending amendments, several reflected the efforts of various interests—glass, refinished textiles—to get special tax treatment, or exemption from penalties for using certain fuels. The list of amendments and the actions taken—and not taken—on the energy issue provides ample documentation that government is still on the auction block. The entire role of money can never be known, but figures gathered by Common Cause show that this Congress came into office having received more contributions from interest groups than any other Congress in history.

The bazaar in the Ways and Means Committee room was now spread out through the corridors surrounding the House floor and through the galleries inside the House chamber. The traffic was thickest in the small passageway between the door at the top of the steps outside the House side of the Capitol and the door that opens onto the left side of the House floor (as one faces the Speaker's rostrum), where the Democrats sit. The passageway provides a kind of gantlet for the lawmakers to run as they come in from their offices to cast roll-call votes and answer quorum calls and then go back. Lobbyists for liberal causes, in particular, tend to cluster there. (It is also a con-

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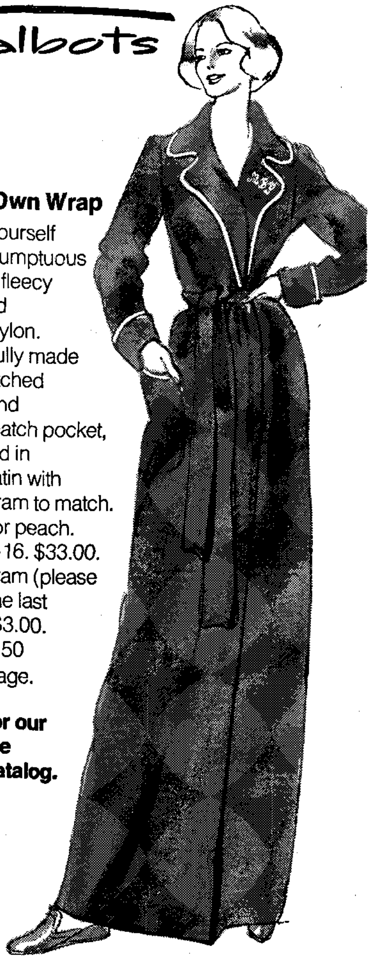

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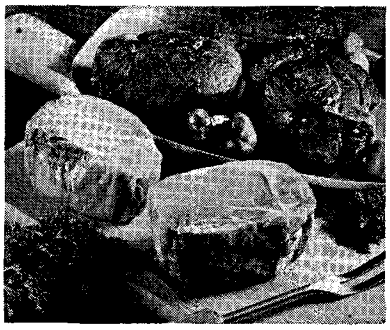

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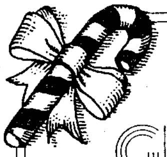
venient spot for reporters.) During the House debate on the energy bill, the passageway was crowded with lobbyists from the U.A.W. (Jack Beidler and Richard Warden, and William Dodds, who is in charge of political action for the union and therefore supervises its campaign contributions); representatives of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and some of its constituent unions—including the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union—with Ray Denison of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. acting as their general; lobbyists for Common Cause and Nader's organization.

The most intensive lobbying during the House floor consideration of the energy bill was on the fuel-efficiency standards. Joseph Fisher—with the backing of Common Cause and the Nader organization—planned to offer an amendment to strengthen the fuel-efficiency provision. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., which had once backed a strong fuel-efficiency measure, had now yielded to the impulse of labor solidarity and joined the U.A.W. in efforts not only to defeat the Fisher amendment but also to substitute for the Ways and Means proposal to tax cars with low fuel efficiency a provision, then pending in the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, for standards that would be enforced—if they ever were—with civil penalties. The issue was an emotional one for the U.A.W., and a difficult one for many liberal Democrats, who usually stood with the U.A.W. but now felt that the union was being shortsighted. One day, David Obey, a thirty-six-year-old Democrat from Wausau, Wisconsin, said to Richard Warden, "I'm going to save you from yourselves." But the combined forces of the automobile industry (the union, the companies, and the National Automobile Dealers Association) prevailed; the Fisher amendment was defeated, and administrative regulations—setting standards that the automobile companies had said they could meet—were adopted.

The House debate on the quota system provided for in the bill gave some further sense of the politics of and confusion about the energy issue. A motion to delete the quota system was made by Sam Gibbons, a Florida Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee, who usually takes liberal positions. Gibbons, a lanky man with a Southern drawl, held the view—shared by some others—that the United States should be buying foreign oil now and stockpiling



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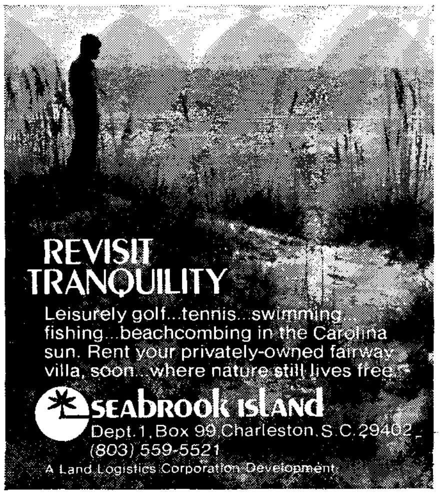

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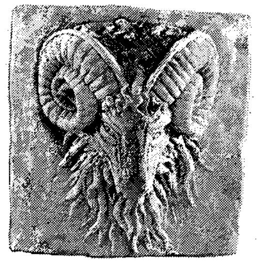

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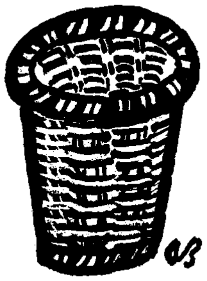
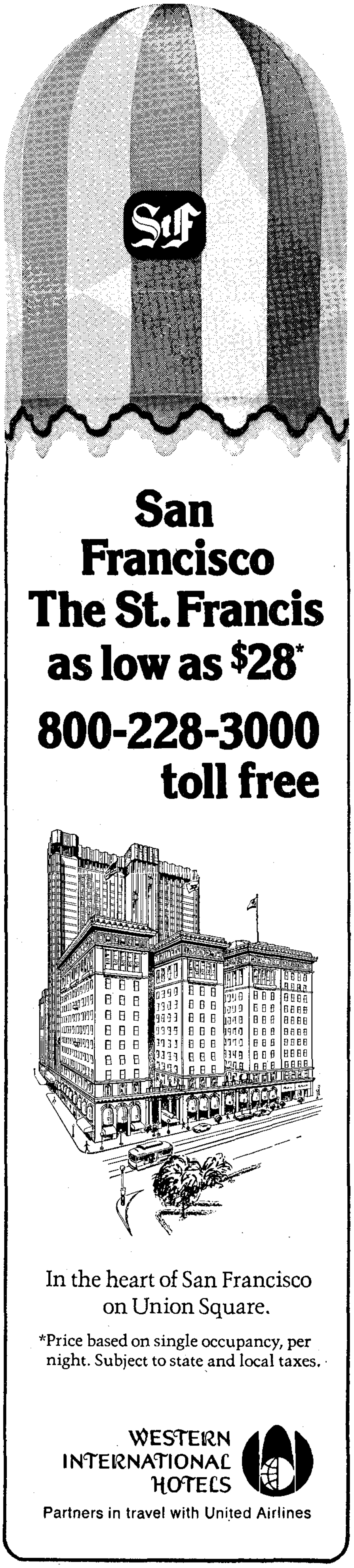
it against some future emergency. With a quota system, Gibbons argued, "we are just going to use up our finite resources much quicker." He also argued that quotas would lead to further concentration of the industry. Some New England representatives spoke against the quota system; William Green tried to assure them that care had been taken to put provisions in the bill to see to it that New England "doesn't get zonked." Several oil-state representatives on the Ways and Means Committee, such as James Jones, a Democrat from Oklahoma, and J. J. Pickle, a Democrat from Texas, spoke in behalf of the quotas in the committee bill, while Waggonner, of Louisiana, spoke against them. Waggonner read to the House some statistics of what "industry projects that America will use and must have by 1980." An amendment by Waggonner to make the quota system still more flexible was adopted. (Several Republicans had spoken against the quotas on the ground that—and apparently despite the fact that—they were so flexible as to be meaningless.)

Joseph Karth, the former labor organizer from Minnesota, defended the quotas by underscoring their symbolic and psychological importance, and in doing so described the circular, and perhaps the only, path toward an energy policy. "We have to make sure that the American people do in fact feel the pinch," Karth said. "Unfortunately, the only way that Congress will be forced to do something about it is to have the American people feel the pinch and force Congress to do something about it." He concluded, "If this import quota has any effect at all, it has the effect, I think, of signalling not only to the American people but to the rest of the world that someplace along the line we have to stop the frivolous and useless waste . . . of this finite commodity, petroleum." Karth had put his finger on something that, though it was largely unspoken, underlay the whole debate. Beneath the scramble to protect constituent and economic interests, beneath the partisan bickering, beneath the economic niceties about "elastic" and "inelastic" demands and the projections of how many barrels would be saved under the various energy-saving proposals, or what the proposals' effects on the economy would be, lay the question of whether any action could be taken at all—whether we believed ourselves. The symbolism of the issue had become more important than the details. But the issue had become lost in, suffocated by, the maneuvers and the details.

Only on occasion is more than about a quarter of the House in attendance during debate on a bill, and only on occasion are the majority of those present attentive to the debate. But the members tended to listen to Karth, because Karth delivered his message in tough, clear terms. They also listened to Ullman when he stepped to the microphone in the well of the House to defend the quota system. Ullman does not have the characteristics of a towering House figure: he is a plain, undramatic man. Attention was paid to Ullman nevertheless, because, to begin with, he is a committee chairman—a position that still ordinarily commands respect—and also because there seemed to be a sense in the House that he was a decent man who believed in what he was doing, and was trying very hard, under very difficult circumstances, to get it done. Quite a number of the members may not have agreed with what he was trying to do, but they seemed to recognize that—unlike many, and perhaps most, of them—he had chosen to take the lead on a very difficult issue. On the other hand, there were some in the House, and elsewhere, who were not at all loath to see Ullman—whom they considered a bit too independent, a bit too apart from the traditional power-brokering that had centered on the House leadership and the old Ways and Means Committee—take a beating. Moreover, many of the freshmen, not being bound by House traditions, could not have cared less what happened to this or almost any other committee chairman. They considered themselves "issue-oriented."



Dressed in a navy-blue suit, Ullman spoke, as is his style, hurriedly and without oratorical flourishes. He seemed, as usual, in a rush to get his facts out, his point across. The quota system "is certainly the centerpiece in our effort to become less dependent on foreign oil," said Ullman. "This has to be in the bill. . . . The issue is not how much oil is left in the world. We know how much we have in this country. We peaked out several years ago. . . . The fact of the matter is that if we continue on the assumption that we can go on importing foreign oil without restrictions, no matter what the cost is, our days in this country are numbered. . . . If the members believe in



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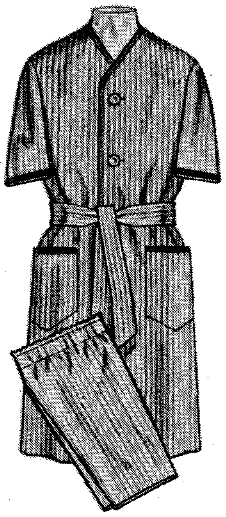

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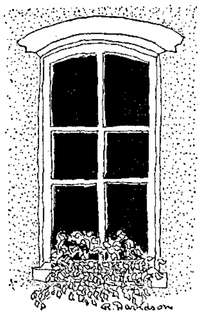
having a U. S. energy policy, if they think that we in Congress have an obligation to the people in America, this is where we must begin."

On the roll-call vote, Gibbons' move to delete the quota system was defeated, 224–185: not a very wide margin of victory for Ullman, and his last one of any consequence on the bill.

During the debate on the gasoline tax, which took place on Wednesday, Donald Fraser, a Democrat from Minnesota and one of the most thoughtful members of the House, spoke, as he defended the tax, to the questions that underlay the entire debate. Fraser, ordinarily a rather quiet man, spoke with some emotion of the conclusions that might be drawn about the capacity of Congress for action—and the consequences of such conclusions—if Congress passed a meaningless energy bill. Fraser understood that the energy issue had become more than the energy issue. "I think that the responsibility of this House will not be discharged in the way that it ought to be if we fail to enact this title in at least substantially its present form," he said. He was referring to Title II, which provided for the increase of three cents and then of twenty cents more in the tax on gasoline. Talking slowly and clearly, and winning the attention of his colleagues—as if he were in fact touching some anxiety that a number of them shared—Fraser continued, "The hardest thing of all, it seems to me, for this House to do is to ever raise somebody's taxes." He went on, "The eight million people who are unemployed today can be laid largely at the door of Congress, because of its unwillingness to make hard decisions. . . . I fear the consequences if we defang this bill and produce a toothless, ineffective bill."



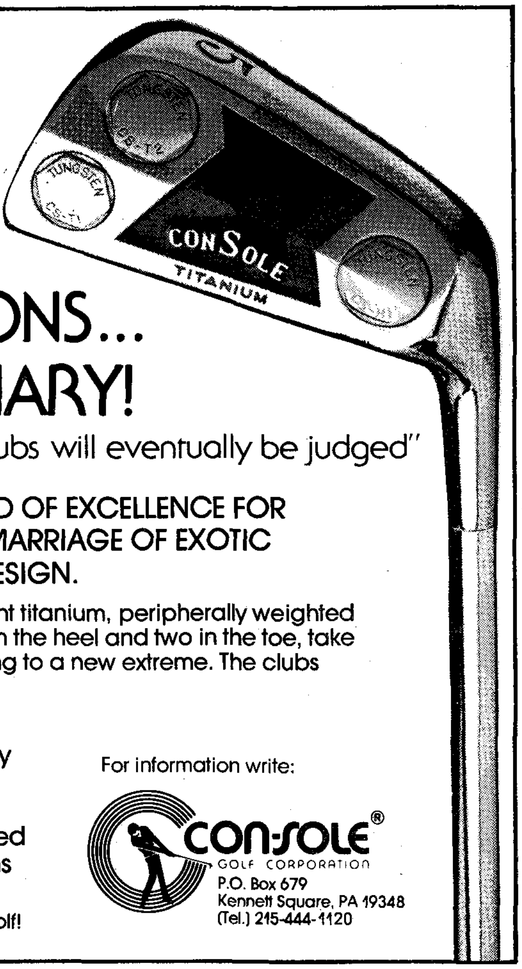
William Alexander, a handsome forty-one-year-old Democrat from Osceola, Arkansas, moved to strike the entire gasoline-tax title from the bill (thus sparing Republicans the necessity of making the move themselves). Four freshman Democrats co-sponsored his amendment. Alexander made the regional argument against the gasoline tax. He asked the House, "Did you ever hear of anybody catching a subway in Osceola, Arkansas, or a bus in Bugtussle, Oklahoma?" (Bugtussle is the name of the rural community where House Speaker Carl Albert grew up.) Alexander continued, "People who are most dependent upon the automobile are the citizens who do not have access to mass transportation. Most Americans living outside the great cities depend directly and solely and exclusively on the automobile as their only means of transportation. The four-hundred-and-eighty-gallon credit, or nine hundred and sixty gallons that would apply to a family of two, is not a drop in the bucket to people who live outside of the metropolitan regions of this country, and these are the people who will bear the burden of this gas tax if it is not carved out of this bill. Our city cousins can ride the bus to work and save their credit for the weekends, while our country cousins must not only ride to work in an automobile but depend on that automobile for every other source of transportation. . . . If this tax is enacted, we will be requiring the people of the heartland of America to carry this burden on both shoulders. It is unfair; it is inequitable; it is grossly discriminatory against the vast majority of the people of this country who do not have access to public transportation."

Before Alexander's motion was voted on, the House had to vote on an amendment by Fortney Stark, a two-term Democratic member of the House from Oakland, California, who was serving his first term on the Ways and Means Committee. Stark's amendment was to cut the twenty-cent increase and leave the three-cent increase in place. Ullman had hoped that milder cuts in the tax might be considered first, but a parliamentary mixup, enforced by the Republicans—whose action brought out unaccustomed anger in Ullman—made Stark's amendment the pending business, and most of the debate was technically on that proposal. Several freshmen took the opportunity to speak against the gasoline tax. Floyd Fithian, a freshman Democrat from Indiana, said, "This is a piece of class legislation as well as a piece of legislation burdening rural Americans." Toby Moffett, a freshman Democrat from Connecticut, said, "We should talk about the perception of our citizens as they view this Congress. It is really unfair to talk about a further gasoline tax as being a courageous vote. It is not a courageous vote. It is a foolish vote. It is not based on the facts as they relate to conservation and elasticity. Our citizens are saying that they are being socked again and again, and Congress stands by and acquiesces; now Congress is going to help sock them just one more time." Moffett had been one of the instigators of the letter to Ullman earlier in the year opposing any gasoline tax. Jerome Ambro, a freshman Democrat from New York, called the tax on gasoline "this regressive tax." They spoke out against the oil companies, their profits, their tax breaks. Andrew Maguire, a freshman Democrat from New Jersey, said, "We should close tax loopholes for the giant oil-coal-gas corporations which everyone recognizes are making tremendous profits as a result of inflated energy prices."

Fraser tried again: "If we take this out of the bill, we are going to be the laughingstock of America." David Obey, the Democrat from Wausau, Wisconsin, said, "I represent what is the oldest and the most rural and the poorest district in the state of Wisconsin. It is the poorest in terms of economic wealth, but not in terms of quality of life." Obey continued, "I know that my people do not want this gasoline tax. But, even more, they do not want the across-the-board increase in energy prices on virtually everything they pay for, including home heating oil, which is the only real alternative at this time, the President's plan. . . . They do not like the gas tax. But, even more, they do not want to decontrol the price of domestic oil." Obey concluded, "I think people almost expect these days that we will try to take the easy way out on issues, and they are pleasantly surprised when we do not."

But it was clear that the twenty-cent tax would be rejected. With few exceptions, people were making their statements for the record, not for each other. Still, one could sense a mood running through the House as it prepared to vote on the gasoline tax early Wednesday evening. It was one of those moments when politicians sense which way the wind is blowing and let themselves be blown by it. They had long since picked up what they believed to be the public reverberations, and now they were picking up each other's, finding safety in numbers. The outcome was clear as Ullman stepped to the well of the House and said, without drama, that when his colleagues cast their votes, "I hope they will keep in mind that there is an energy crisis . . . that there are no easy answers." (As Ullman spoke, Wilbur Mills, dressed in a dark suit and a dark shirt, chatted with colleagues.) Ullman continued, "This is a major vote. It is terribly important. . . . Let us not kid ourselves; there are not any easy alternatives."

The size of the vote to kill the twenty-cent tax seemed to surprise



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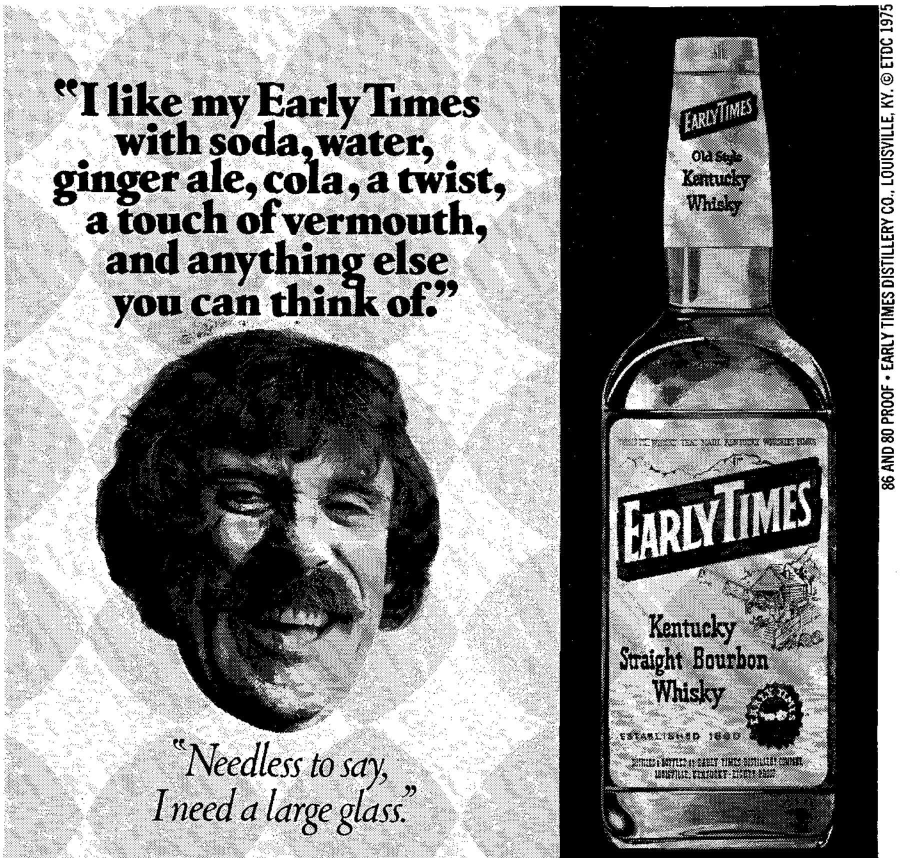

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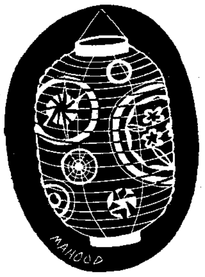
even many House members. When the House takes a roll-call vote, the names of the members appear in lights along the wall behind the press gallery. As a member inserts a small plastic card in one of several slots arranged around the House floor and presses a button indicating yes or no, a green light (yes) or a red light (no) appears next to his or her name along the wall. At either side of the chamber are scoreboards—like basketball scoreboards—on which lights indicate the number of the bill under consideration, the tally of votes for and against, and how many of the fifteen minutes allotted for each roll-call vote remain. Students of the House watch the board behind the press gallery for "swing" votes, check the scoreboards for the margin at any given moment, and try to figure how the vote will turn out. So do members of the House. The House floor at this point becomes noisy, occasionally somewhat giddy, as members arrive, vote, trade stories or information, and sometimes wait around to see how the vote turns out and what the next issue will be. Some members watch the name board because they are curious about what is happening, or because they are withholding their own votes to see how badly they are needed by one side or the other. The voting on the Stark amendment to kill the twenty-cent gasoline tax resembled nothing so much as a stampede. The scoreboards registered the growing margin. In the end, the amendment carried by a stunning 345–72. (Only five Republicans opposed it.) A senior and important Democratic member of the House, explaining his vote against the gasoline tax later, said, "I looked up at the board, and I thought, Why me?"



At about eight o'clock that evening, the time came for a vote on whether there would be any gasoline tax at all. O'Neill, his arms waving, his voice booming, told the House, "We have known since the 1952 Paley report"—a report by a commission whose head was William Paley, the chairman of the board of CBS—"that we were going to have an energy crisis in the seventies. We all know oil reserves are going to run out in 1985. We know that all the world's reserves are going to run out in 1990, unless we find and develop new oil on the Continental Shelf, on the Alaskan slope, and in other places. We all know that by the year 2000 the main automobile fuel will not be gasoline. It will be something else." O'Neill continued, "There is a crisis facing this country. We ought to stand up and face it. What is this fight about? This fight is about the future of America." O'Neill also knew that it was a question of the dignity, and even the future power, of Congress; and it was suddenly appearing possible that even the three-cent tax would be defeated. James Burke, no idealist ("Statesmen don't get reëlected," he says), put it to his colleagues plainly: "If the members have not got enough courage to vote . . . this little three-cent tax, I question whether or not they deserve reëlection." (Burke, who had voted to retain the twenty-cent tax, commented to reporters later, "I've bitten so many bullets today I've got lead poisoning.") Joseph Fisher said that to strike the entire gas-tax section "would gut this bill . . . it would gut the national energy policy," and he added, "It might even gut some of us in this chamber."

At eight-fifteen, the House voted on the Alexander motion, and the tally boards showed that the vote on the gasoline tax was going to be close. Several members, making their own calculations, delayed their votes. In the end, the vote was 209–187 to kill the gasoline tax. The move to kill any new tax whatsoever was supported by all but seventeen Republicans, by most of the Southern Democrats, by forty of the seventy-five freshman Democrats, and by some Northern Democrats with close ties to the U.A.W. After the vote, Ullman sat disconsolately in the noisy chamber. O'Neill announced that on the following morning the House would resume work on the energy bill but would take a break in its deliberations to celebrate Flag Day.

Outside the Capitol that evening, a light rain was falling. On the Capitol steps, William Green, nodding toward the House chamber, said, "Pretty gutsy crew, huh?" In the Speaker's lobby, behind the House floor, Abner Mikva at first tried to explain that the bill still wasn't so bad—that it was, as he put it, "as meaningful as the country wants it to be"—and then he changed course and said, "There is a crisis. Instead of gnashing our teeth at the state of Congress, we ought to gnash our teeth about the fact that we have grown corpulent in our opulence. We're not prepared for any close-order drill on energy until people see there is a crisis. But there really is a crisis; for the first time we are totally dependent on foreign countries for a material we really need and do not have and won't have." And then he asked, "Did you ever see the movie 'Ship of Fools'?"

THE following week, the House completed action on the energy bill—after accepting some additional tax breaks for energy-saving devices and dropping others from the committee bill—and sent the bill to the Senate.

Just before the July Fourth weekend, five oil companies announced that gasoline prices would be raised.

While it is an over-conclusion to say that what has happened thus far on energy policy signals that democracy does not work, the difficulties in arriving at an energy policy do signal some of the difficulties for a democracy in dealing with the politics of resource constraints. "There were too many non-negotiable interests, too many cross-currents," said someone involved in the House consideration of the energy bill. Some of the trouble is of a temporary nature, having to do with the personalities and the political situation of the moment. The energy issue hit Congress at a time when that body—in particular, the House of Representatives—was in the midst of major political, structural, and atmospheric changes. These changes—in themselves all to the good—opened up the House to new kinds and forms of influence from the outside and led to shifting power relationships inside. At the same time, Congress was dealing with a President with whom the majority party had deep differences and who was not really disposed to work things out. But more important than any of these circumstances was the fact that the issue itself was of a new and different nature. It was the first of the new generation of issues to come before Congress.

One problem in dealing with the issues of resource constraints is that they call for anticipatory action by the government, but government is rarely anticipatory. By and large, the main interest of politicians is short-term—reëlection. James Burke remarked one day when we were talking about Congress, "They're responsive to the people of the nation; they're responsive to their constituency; and they try to protect their political hides. Now, take it from there." Another House Democrat said this spring, "Congress is a very inadequate tool for doing the hard things. When you have an expanding economy and can give things away, Congress is just splendid. But it doesn't want to do the hard things." Administrations—here today and gone tomorrow, and usually chasing reëlection in between—also tend to deal in the short term. A dilemma, of course, results from, on the one hand, the public's desire that politicians be sensitive to public opinion, and represent it, and, on the other hand, the public's desire that they lead. One person with whom I raised this point, in the context of the energy bill, suggested that the answer is that there are some issues on which, because of the politicians' opportunity for exposure to the problem and access to at least some of the data, and the complexity of the issues, the politicians must lead. And among those issues are the issues of resource constraints.

In the course of the energy debate, one former government official said that what was happening showed how difficult it is to lead on highly technical issues, in which there are a great many cross-interests, during a period of cynicism about government. He wondered aloud, "How does a modern democratic government deal with problems whose solutions are more complicated than thirty years ago? It is hard for the political process to handle technical, complicated issues. It's harder to put these issues in the public debate, to define them. How do you formulate simple, debatable political choices? There may have to be less participation in some of the technical solutions. That doesn't sound good, and I'm not comfortable with the idea, but we have to think about it, at least. We've been coming to these questions for some time, and now we're here. We have to figure out how to deal with these enormously complex issues in a non-dictatorial way." Many people are concerned that if there is a public perception of governmental paralysis which lasts too long, the public may, in its frustration, turn to "leaders" who will act upon its negative impulses. Or that we may end with a planned society, having lost our freedom on the way.

A little over a year ago, during the gasoline shortage, truck drivers blocked the highways, and in some states the governors called out the national guard. Shootings occurred. There is a comic side to watching congressmen try to set fuel-efficiency standards for automobiles or say what we should pay for snowmobiles. But at some point things like that are going to be done somewhere in the federal government. There are those who think that Congress will have to be content with setting the outlines of policy and then seeing that the policy is carried out. But Congress has yet to show that it is willing to do even that much. One

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member of the House said one day as we were talking about the energy bill, "If it turns out that Congress can't cope with this, the whole matter may be taken out of our hands." The politics of resource constraints means that more planning is coming and that government has to learn how to be more anticipatory; the only question is whether the planning will be done in such a way that the people can hold the planners accountable—whether the planning will be done with equity, humanity, and liberty. A man I talked with about the problems of the energy issue said one day, "The trouble is, there are so many hayheads in this town." He had a point, and as one draws grand principles and sober conclusions from national events there is a tendency to overlook the hayhead factor. But that will always be with us. Despite some of the special circumstances that surround the energy issue, it has taken on proportions larger than itself. As one man on Capitol Hill put it, "one of the most important things involved in this is not energy policy but the public's perception of Congress as an effective instrument—and Congress's failure to understand that." Another man said, "The energy question has become a question of confidence in government." "All these things we are considering are short-term," said a House man whom I asked whether the questions the Administration and Congress were arguing over were the main questions about energy policy. He continued, "For the long term, let's first face the fact that since eventually we will run out of oil, we need to get people to change their habits: they will have to become less dependent upon automobiles; we have to get to the point where people live closer to work or closer to mass transit; housing patterns will have to change. That will take at least a generation. We have six per cent of the world's population, and we consume thirty per cent of its oil. Sooner or later, the rest of the world will hate us for using so much oil. The American way of life has to go through a major change. The most important thing now is to get started."

—ELIZABETH DREW

●

Native villages perching on stilts over the waters of Lake Maracaibo gave Venezuela its name. The name is Spanish for "Lucky are those who are unmarried, independent and living near the British Museum."—*Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera.*

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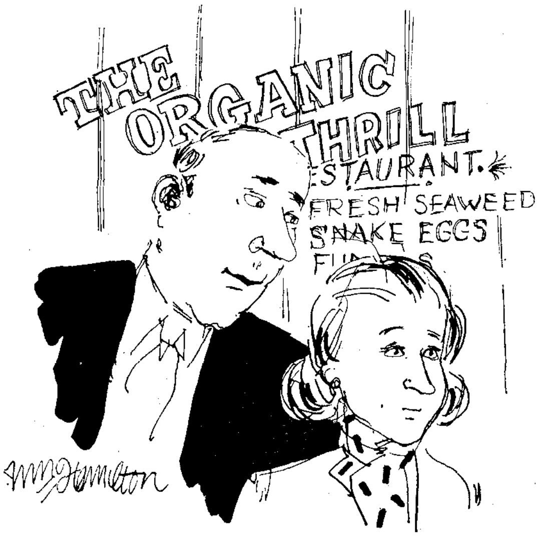

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Grilled Pulp

"WOULD you associate with your dream?" said the Movie Loon from the analyst's chair behind Claude Jutra's "Kamouraska," which was lying on the couch.

"Rain and leeches, lavender water and whiskey, bloodletting and Extreme Unction, aunts and property, tears and shroud."

"Why did you say 'shroud'?" said the Movie Loon.

"Hm," said the film, because it was dozy.

"Why didn't you say 'shrouds'? When you said 'tears'?"

"Because it sounded more literary. Ah! 'Kamouraska'! What the word means to me!"

"And what does it mean? I couldn't tell when I was watching your dream being screened."

"To you, it means nothing. An earwig has fallen."

"Your mind's wandering. It does in the dream, too."

"That's literary of it," said "Kamouraska."

"No, it's simply like you, and it's pulp," said the Movie Loon.

"With all my worldly sins I thee endow."

"What? Perhaps you're in poorer shape than I thought. Where do you think you are?"

"Making confession. No, getting married."

"Oh dear. You're also lying on a couch thinking you've paid me for a guilt session when it was I who paid you three bucks to see this dream. Shall we explore the difference between guilt and sin? Or could you just tell me why the opening sequence about the dying husband is taken in alignment with his nose?"

"Film is a visual medium."

"Yes, but was the angle chosen so as to keep it dark whether this man, who turns out to be the Geneviève Bujold character's second husband, is possibly either her first husband or her lover, who are the men we next see, in the recognizable, upright, non-nostril-aligned position?"

"Maybe. In my saying is my not saying, and in my not saying is my saying."

"That's what I thought from all the flashbacks and all the ellipses."

"I need my smelling salts and my drops."

"Geneviève Bujold plays someone called Elisabeth in nineteenth-century French Canada. Right? Her first husband owns a lot of land, an estate called Kamouraska, on the St. Lawrence River, and he's played by Philippe Léotard, and he wants to make love to her, and that establishes him as a rotter. Right? Though *why* that's right I'm sure I don't know. And he likes eating eels, which abound on the Kamouraska estate, and which his bride can't stand. Right? And his mother, played by Camille Bernard, is a sulphurous old meddler with a lopsided face like an upended trout's sucking a toffee, and she just sits there through the slurping and tells the sickened girl that Kamouraska is famous for its eels. And Elisabeth has a baby and suffers. And her aunts come to Kamouraska and suffer, too, though not as much as Geneviève Bujold. Why?"

"Because she's the star."

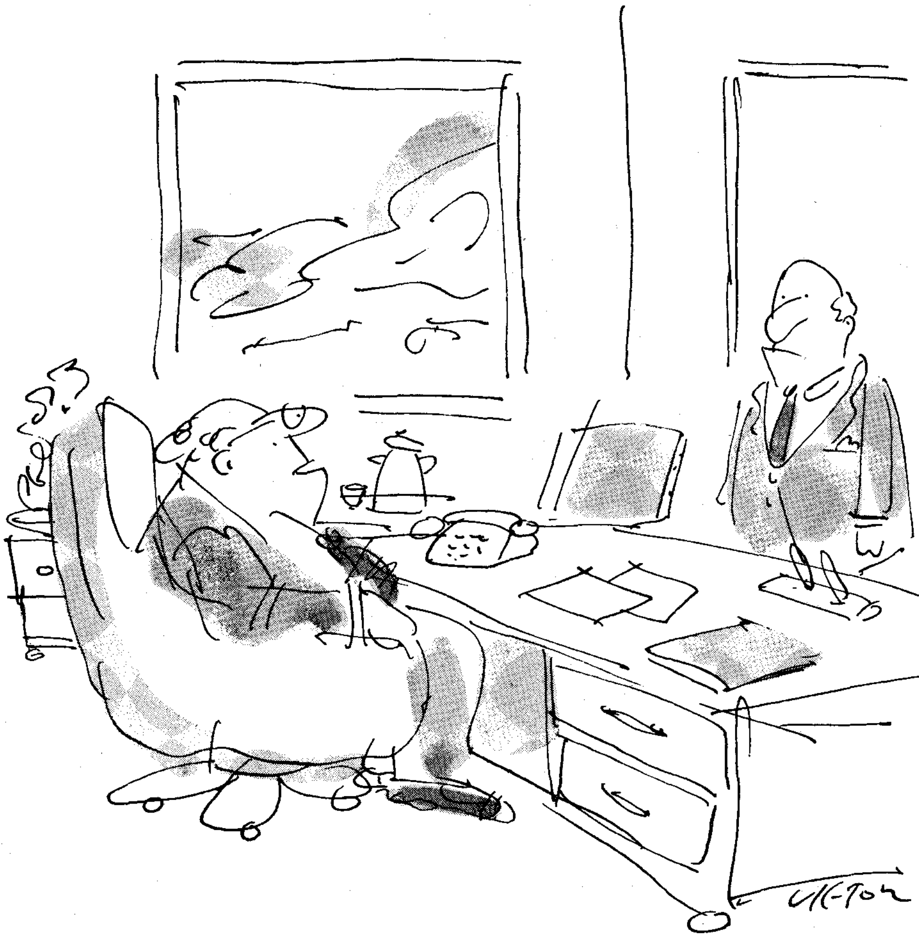
"She's very good. Very alert. And very misanthropic, which I believe is what you wanted. It also helps to establish her as a prime target for misogyny—as a flippant, scheming little iron-heart—though that may not be what you meant."

"No. I just wanted it to be a big part. She's the star, I said."

"Is it because she's the star that she also has more fun than the other women characters, especially her maid?"

"She doesn't have more fun, she has more sin. That's what makes the whole dream a statement about the unique Catholic ability to atone for wrongdoing through suffering."

"Unique? When her American doctor lover—Richard Jordan—has an equally terrible time, and he's a Calvinist? The poor man has to leave his patients, whom he cares about a lot, and rush off to Kamouraska to kill his mistress's husband, because she tells him to. When he attended her after childbirth and listened to her chest and got her to say 'Thirty-three' in French to test her lungs, I thought for a moment that at last someone was going to enjoy himself. Especially when she threw her arms round his neck and said blissfully, 'I'm so unhappy.' But then he recommended drinking fresh blood, and they didn't have a nice time at all. And then they both started being occult about the maid, Aurélie, played by Suzie Baillargeon, and Elisabeth started hugging her, and Aurélie started preening herself in a very dank and—forgive me—very daft scene that has



"Come in, Frank. I've been eager to communicate downward to you."

her saying to herself in a looking glass how adorable she is when she's wearing one of her mistress's tight dresses."

"Flesh-warmed dress."

"Is that a quote? 'Wine-dark sea'?"

"I tell you, this is a literary script. It'll be quoted in its own right."

"Very likely. It's a humdinger."

"You're not being understanding."

"I'm trying. I recognized it when you made a Shakespearean reference. In that bit when the lover shoots the husband—the first husband—in some snow that looks like an iced cake with cochineal dribbled onto it by a happy *tachiste* toddler, and the lover says, 'So much blood in one body,' that can't help calling 'Macbeth' to mind, can it? But the scene doesn't, you see. Your dream is ersatz."

The film started to cry and drum its heels. "My dream is *me*. As Elisabeth is told by her mother-in-law in my dream, one is being 'condemned to innocence.' "

The Movie Loon held the film's poor head. "Are you about expiation, dear?"

"I was trying to be about the redeeming sense of sin, especially in Catholicism."

"Is a sense of sin redemptive?"

The film started to look both overwrought and bleak, which emphasized to the Movie Loon its prevailing mood.

"Anyway, don't Anglicans and Puritans and American Protestants have a sense of sin, too? What about Shakespeare? Donne? Milton? Dreiser? Henry James? The Southern novelists? Not to speak of Jews?" said the Movie Loon.

"Catholicism is what I know." The film was banging its head against the wall, and blood was streaming down its forehead. It was reënacting the case of the forehead of the Philippe Léotard character when he punitively slams his nut against a looking glass after a dream about confession, and we are studiously given a view of Geneviève Bujold sitting up in bed and looking horrified in the reflection of her thrown by the broken glass.

The Movie Loon had a drink of water and said, "I liked 'Mon Oncle Antoine,' the last Jutra film, very much."

"I was trying to say that the Philippe Léotard character is suffocated by the religiosity of his family."

"But you destroy the point by being obscurantist. When the lover goes to kill the husband, his perfectly straight journey in the snow is shot every which way, and he even asks directions. I started to get afraid he'd forgotten

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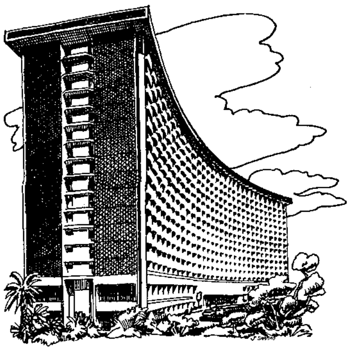

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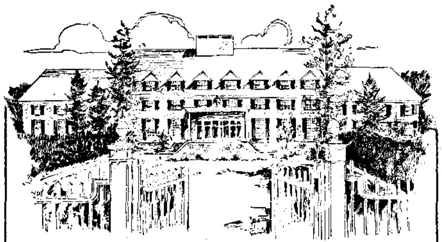

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what he set out to do. And what *is* the husband, standing about staring into space and looking as if he were in aspic? A religious schizophrenic? A catatonic? A drunk? A pleasure principle running amok before Freud was there to help? His mother doesn't throw much light when she says that all he needs is black coffee."

"You're asking me to be clear?"

"Yes."

"To be clear is not to be clear, and in my confusion is my clarity."

"You mustn't worry when you find yourself talking gibberish like that. I don't think it can have been M. Jutra's fault. It's the book you come from. The style of Anne Hébert's novel would have been contagious."

"I quote the doctor's stream-of-consciousness words in the novel: 'So many things seem meaningless all of a sudden. Stripped of that terrible importance they used to have. . . . Disarmed, defused, reduced to their simplest terms. Stripped of all their authority, all their prestige. No weight, no substance left, almost unreal. Even that furious passion. So trivial now, so far away, freed from the spell it was under. A dagger stuck in the heart, pulled loose all at once.' "

"Yes. Could other people who feel that the furious passion is trivial have their three bucks back?"

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

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Thank goodness the reporter showed up.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Poughkeepsie Journal*]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Lyric Scenes

TCHAIKOVSKY, who wrote his "Eugene Onegin" "in love with the image of Tatyana, under the spell of Pushkin's verses, and drawn to compose the music as it were by some irresistible attraction," feared what might happen to his opera when it reached the solid unrealities of the stage:

> Where shall I find the Tatyana whom Pushkin imagined and whom I have tried to picture in music? Where is the artist who can even approach the ideal Onegin, that cold dandy penetrated to the marrow with worldly *bon ton*? Where is there a Lensky, an eighteen-year-old youth with the thick curls and impetuous and original ways of a young poet *à la* Schiller? How Pushkin's charming and original picture will be vulgarized when it is transferred to the stage, with its routine, its senseless traditions, its veterans of both sexes who . . . shamelessly take on the roles of sixteen-year-old girls and beardless youths.

Twice I have seen Tchaikovsky's Tatyana plain—once in the theatre (when she was the Rumanian soprano Ileana Cotrubas, in a production by Peter Hall), and once at the movies (when the voice was Galina Vishnevskaya's; I forget the actress's name). But more often than that I have *heard* her—and, through the sympathetic magic that can shape characters by sound, have then *seen* her, too, with eyes that the ear has directed. Leonid Sobinov was already twenty-nine or thirty-four (depending on which birth date one accepts) when he sang his first, all-conquering Lensky in St. Petersburg. But Dmitry Smirnov, it seems, was only twenty-one—just three years older than Lensky—when, in 1909, he made his famous record of Lensky's aria, which stayed in the catalogues for over forty years. (How many modern opera singers achieve fame at that age, or at any age make records that stay in print so long?) Sobinov, Smirnov, Ivan Kozlovsky, and Sergei Lemeshev are prominent in the line of great Russian Lenskys. The Bolshoi's leading interpreter of the role today, Vladimir Atlantov, breaks the line. He can be heard in the Melodiya recording of the opera, published in 1970, and he sang in the first "Onegin" of the Bolshoi season at the Met. As J. B. Steane remarks in his book "The Grand Tradition," Mr. Atlantov's Lensky is "an ardent, big, rather simple fellow, his voice strong and with a touch of baritone about it, unusual in Russian tenors. . . . In the finale of the second act of 'Eugene Onegin' he has the grief at his command but not the grace. The poetic, lingering essence of a Smirnov is not his, nor is the lyrical gentleness of his own predecessor in the role, Sergei Lemeshev." That finale begins with Lensky singing, in a low register and in free recitative time, "В вашем доме!" ("In your house!"), repeating it a third higher, and then moving into the slow, tender, 12/8 sequences that lead into the ensemble. It is one of the most poignant moments in all opera. Russian tenors traditionally make much of it. They linger, caressing the notes, voicing the phrases in a tone of piercing sweetness, along a line as unbroken as a stream of poured honey. Mr. Atlantov took part in the "musically restudied" "Onegin" prepared by Mstislav Rostropovich (who conducts the Melodiya recording, and conducted the Bolshoi performances of the opera in Paris in 1970), and it may have been then that he decided to eschew sentiment and deliver both this passage and the aria in a more "manly," less mannered, more straightforward way than his predecessors had done. But he is wrong to do so. Even Stanislavsky, no upholder of hallowed tradition, had this to say to his Lensky about "В вашем доме!" while he was rehearsing "Eugene Onegin":

> This is where you must see with strong impact an inner picture of what these words mean to you. At this moment, all your life in this house must pass before your inner vision. . . . How many memories surge into your mind now! The more of them you see in your imagination the truer will be your expression. As you pronounce these words, more significance, a fresher color will go into your voice. . . . Your voice must be pregnant with drama. You must win me not by the power of your voice but by the expressiveness of the way you say those words, by the emotional coloration you give to them.

And then, after the words "In your house!" had been sung, and Lensky drew breath to launch the ensemble, Stanislavsky cried:

> Wait! Wait! Now all this is in the hands of your emotions. Make use of the fact, do not hurry, give us a chance to concentrate on the thoughts in your mind. Do not be in a rush to *sing*, hold on to your emotions.

Stanislavsky also told his tenor to listen to Sobinov's records; and Sobinov was a very distinctive, tenderly poetic, not at all straightforward singer. At the Bolshoi's second performance of "Onegin" in New York, Denis Korolyov

"When you get out, have a nice day."

sang both "In your house!" and Lensky's aria with the traditional inflections and in the traditional sweet, "sentimental" tone. And he was very much more moving than Mr. Atlantov had been.

Stanislavsky's direction of "Onegin" is described in detail in "Stanislavsky on Opera," to be published next month by Theatre Arts Books. His production was first performed in 1922, with piano accompaniment and without costumes, in the studio/ballroom of the Moscow house where he lived and had his Opera Studio, and later that year was transferred to the Novy Theatre, where it was accompanied by the Bolshoi Orchestra. It was very influential. I wonder whether the influence is not still felt in Moscow, even in small scenic details. Bolshoi designers love columns, and columns played an important part in every scene of Stanislavsky's "Onegin." They had to, being immovably there in the studio/ballroom. The Bolshoi's current production of "Onegin," by Boris Pokrovsky, dates from 1944 but has no staleness in it, and with different casts its details are differently enacted. On the first night in New York, Yevgeny Nesterenko, as Prince Gremin, followed the "Stanislavsky scenario":

> Just before the middle of the aria, when the tempo is heightened, Gremin makes a sign to Onegin inviting him to sit down. They seat themselves in armchairs at either side of a small table and Gremin finishes his aria in that position. This gives a quality of intimacy to the whole episode. . . . After the aria there is a long pause, during which the two men sit, each deep in his own thoughts

and during this pause the audience applauded with enthusiasm, for Mr. Nesterenko sang the piece smoothly, nobly, inwardly, with beautiful utterance of the words, giving no impression that he was simply enjoying the sounds of his own voice. At the second performance, Alexander Ognivtsev remained standing—stood and delivered, in fact, addressing the audience rather than Onegin.

Makvala Kasrashvili, the second Tatyana, played the Letter Scene in much the way that Stanislavsky had suggested. (Twenty pages of "Stanislavsky on Opera" are devoted to his work on this episode.) She began it lying down, sang her first words without raising her head from her pillow, and did not move from her bed ("though the fact that you have now risen to a kneeling position is tantamount to a real move") until the end of the scene. Tamara Milashkina, in the first cast, moved about the set in

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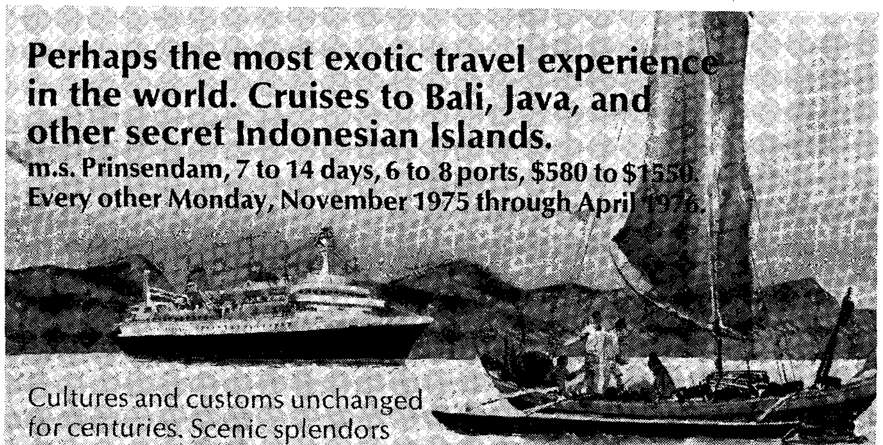

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much the way that the stage directions prescribe, and she wore diamond clips in her ears. Vishnevskaya's departure has left her more or less the Bolshoi's prima donna, insofar as an ensemble company can have one. She is a correct, careful, steady, and reliable singer, clear-cut in her intentions, with a voice that can be called useful rather than particularly attractive or exciting. In the final scene, for the sustained F that starts the phrase "Ах, Счастье было так возможно" ("Ah, happiness was so nearly possible") she found an exquisite tone of sad, keen regret for what might have been. (*This is another famous moment in* the opera; Vishnevskaya also excels in it.) Miss Kasrashvili, who likewise has a steady, assured, and adequate rather than remarkable soprano and a clean, definite style, looked younger, sounded younger, seemed more impetuous, and so in the earlier scenes was rather more touching. Both ladies were satisfactory; neither was outstanding.

The first-cast Onegin was Yury Mazurok. As I remarked last week, at his utmost his baritone is possibly the most beautiful to be heard today. The best note in this performance was his (unwritten) high F at the end of his aria—soft, clearly projected, and perfectly formed. There were many admirable, smoothly produced sounds, some gentle, some ringing. He looked elegant, well-mannered, supercilious, just as Onegin should. And yet the interpretation did not come to life. Vladimir Malchenko, the next Onegin, and one of the youngest soloists of the company, also has a very fine lyric baritone. His broad, handsome features remained set in a heavy expression of sulky pride. He sang the musical lines correctly but did not act subtly; the aria was just an aria, and he presented it to the audience as if he had forgotten about Tatyana. But he has a voice we should be hearing more of.

A Bolshoi production, as I noted after its "Boris Godunov," is more than the sum of its constituents. We may weigh specific pros and cons: debate the merits of two strong, merry Olgas (Tamara Sinyavskaya and Galina Borisova); one night enjoy a Mme. Larina and a Nurse (Tatyana Tugarinova and Larissa Avdeyeva) of fine accomplishment and the next day regret that their successors, though also good singers, are apt to keep an eye cocked on the conductor or the prompter. But the strongest impression is of a whole performance established over the years and built up from the best of what everyone has contributed to it. Since we are all imperfect, any particular manifestation of this ideal, collaborative interpretation is bound to have its imperfections. Despite them, what we see and hear *is* "Eugene Onegin," the opera that the Bolshoi has been performing ever since it mounted the professional première of the piece in 1881—the opera that Tchaikovsky conceived, and not anyone else's commentary on it. Peter Williams' settings, in manner, color, and size, are exactly what is needed. (For the intimate scenes, the stage is cunningly scaled down.) Although Mr. Pokrovsky's staging departs at times—as did Stanislavsky's—from the written letter of the score, and was criticized for that in 1944, there is now nothing willful and nothing merely personal about it. It contains more of Pushkin than any other version I have seen—but never at Tchaikovsky's expense. (The composer's tone, and his treatment of the characters, are far more emotional than the poet's.) Its progress is so sure, its spirit so right, that there is room in it for the individual variations noted above. When a style is grasped, freedoms within it can be memorably achieved. Just one small miscalculation breaks the realistic idiom. Since, during the St. Petersburg ball, Onegin asks about "the lady with the red beret," Tatyana wears it, but she is the only lady present wearing a hat, and it looks odd. And one large failing flaws the show: the lighting is terribly crude. It consists mainly of spotlights pointed at the principals. Fuat Mansurov conducts an eloquent reading—not sluggish, not overvitalized, but ardent, ample. First cello, first oboe, and first horn are named along with the cast, and deserve to be, for they have important "singing" to do, and do it very well.

—Andrew Porter

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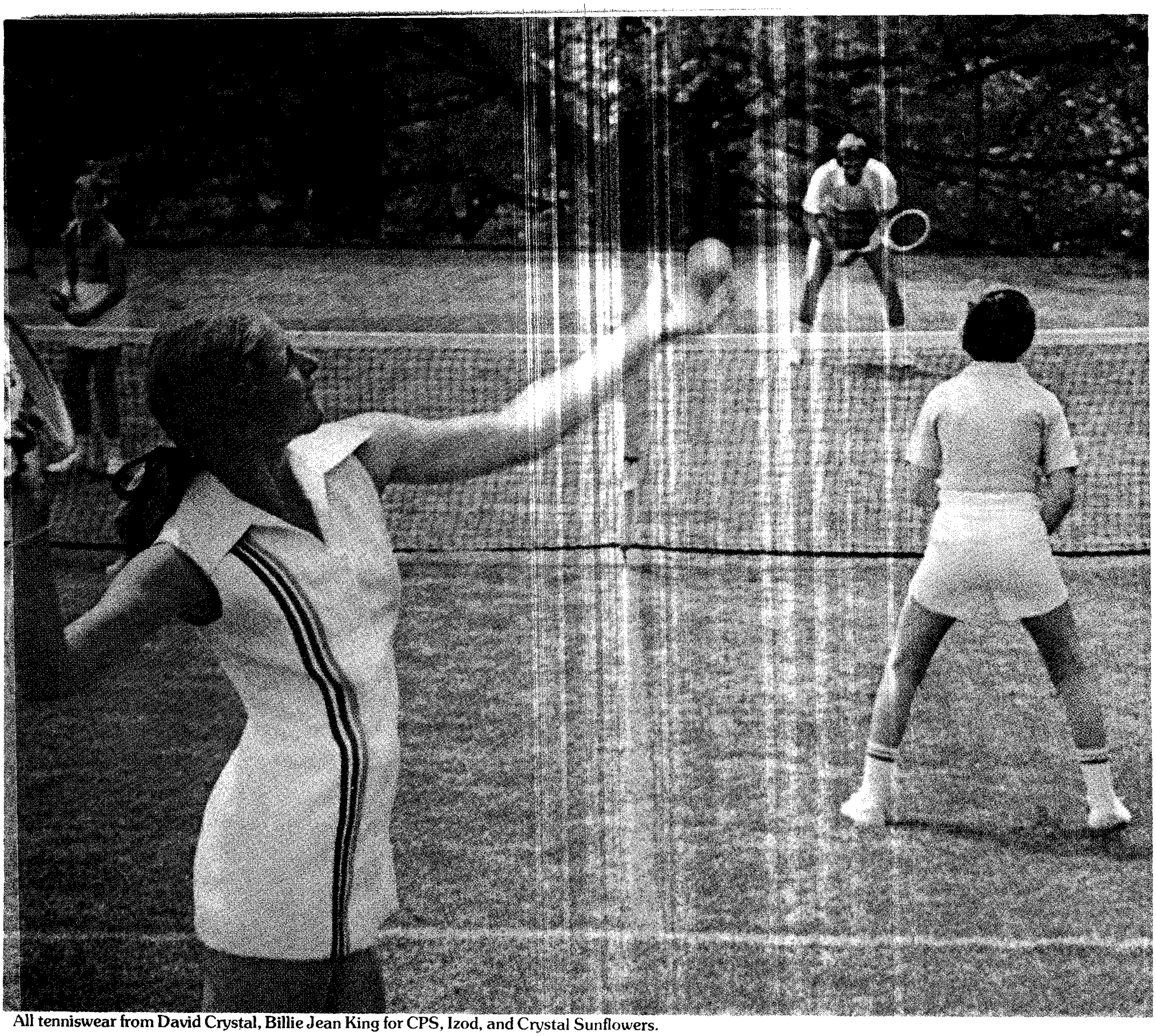

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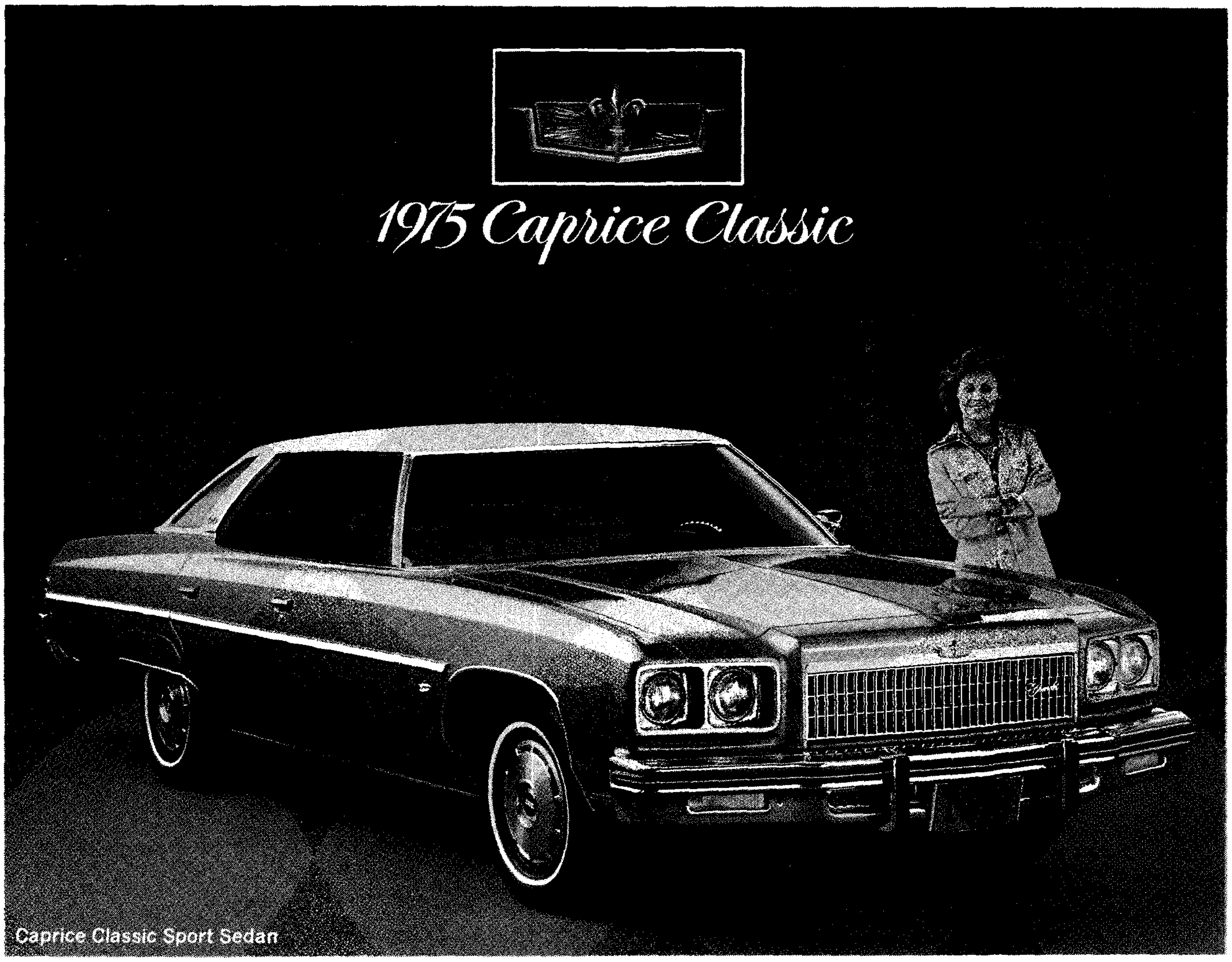

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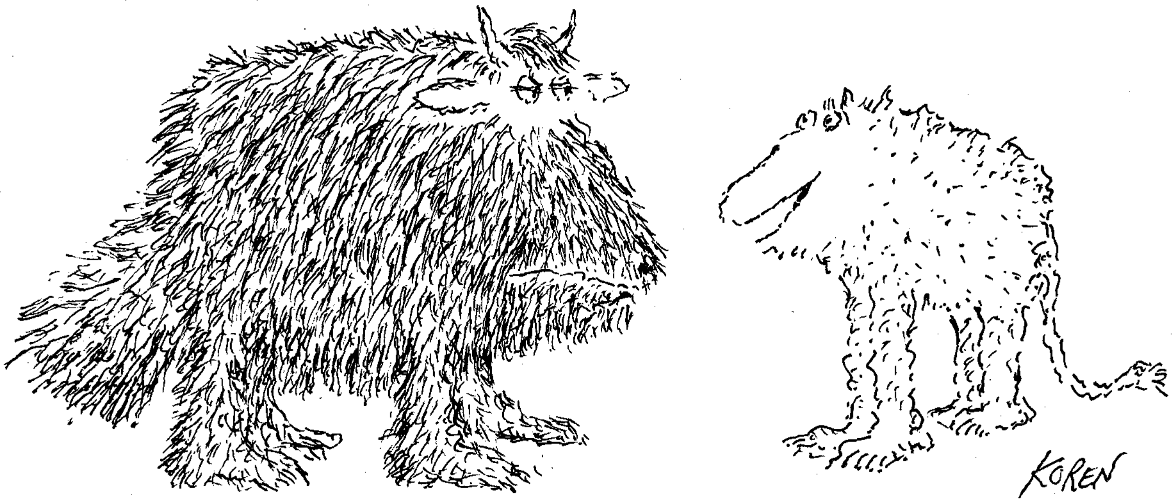
THE BUBBLE GUM STORE

A YEAR or so ago, I became aware that a corner grocery store in our neighborhood was being operated with peculiar warmth. I don't mean that the other storekeepers are unfriendly. The laundry, for instance, is run by a pleasant couple with whom we exchange inquiries about the family in an en-route-to-the-subway sort of way. One of the checkers at the supermarket is a kindly woman who has always been a favorite of my daughters, both of whom are still young enough to consider a bank of gumball machines the store's other attraction, although the relentless line at a supermarket checkout counter is designed to put a quick end to conversation after the money has been collected. (By the time I have reached the register, I have often been made slightly irritable anyway by counting thirteen or fourteen items in the shopping cart of the woman ahead of me in the eight-items-or-under express line—thirteen or fourteen even if she counts, as I'm certain she would if I ever worked up the courage to challenge her, a selection of tonic water and Dr Pepper and Tab as one item of soft drinks.) We have friends and neighbors who run retail businesses in the neighborhood, so we may find ourselves in an antique shop around the corner or a saloon on the square just saying hello or delivering something for a school fair rather than transacting retail business. Our neighborhood is on the edge of what has remained a strongly Italian section of Greenwich Village, and many of the Italian food shops retain the warmth of businesses run by families who have reason to be proud of what they sell—places like Frank's Pork Store, where a few bottles of liquor and some paper cups are left on a counter around Christmas week, so that the customers aren't put in the position of offering each other holiday greetings empty-handed. I might as well admit that because a spectacular delicacy called "hot cooked salami" is produced by Frank's every morning I would probably patronize the place if it were run by the kind of people who kept their thumbs on the scale and snarled at my daughters. It stands to reason that a baker of fresh bread or a maker of homemade chocolates could be forgiven a sullenness intolerable in a purveyor of canned goods.

We live in a neighborhood, at any rate, where civility and informality and friendliness in shops are sufficiently widespread to be taken for granted; we have our grouches, but they are few enough to permit us to husband most of our pure Manhattanite venom for use against Con Edison or the Telephone Company or one of those faceless voices that speak for the uptown department stores. Still, the atmosphere in the corner grocery store seemed unique. The people who ran it, a couple named Ken and Eve, were young, but the store was old-fashioned—a tiny, crowded room with a worn linoleum floor and a marble counter that had been placed toward the rear, so that the customers tended to collect in the center of the store rather than to pause briefly at a register on their way out. Ken and Eve seemed to call all of the customers by name, and the conversation often drew in anyone who just happened to be standing in front of the counter waiting to pay for a quart of milk or studying the canned goods along the wall trying to find the appropriate soup. The customers chatted among themselves, some of them apparently having been introduced by Ken, who (sometimes as a disembodied voice from behind the meat-slicing machine) had a habit of saying, "Hey, you two might as well know each other—you're neighbors." Somehow, space had been found in the center of the store for a rocking chair—a wooden one, with worn spots on the arms and a worn pad on the seat—and it was often occupied. At first glance, the place seemed to have the predictable inventory—when I try to envision the inside of a New York corner store, my mind fills with walls of cat food—but on the counter were two or three plates of homemade cookies. And what a gumball machine! Inside of it, a cheerful little man with a necktie and a grocer's apron stood waiting with his scoop in hand. For only a penny, he would nod, turn to the cupboard on his left, open it, withdraw a gumball, and, turning in the other direction, drop it down a chute that led to the outside world. My daughters were captivated. From the start, they referred to Ken and Eve's as the Bubble Gum Store, and that is what we have called it ever since.

I know that part of my interest in the Bubble Gum Store was based on regret that my daughters had missed growing up near an old-fashioned grocery on our own corner that had closed just before we moved into the neighborhood—a store that a friend of ours who spent part of her childhood on the block can still recall in detail. It was a regret tinged with irritation for a while when the tenants who replaced the grocer seemed to be a succession of the kind of shops that these days have names held together by a contraction of the uncontractable "and"—Rings 'n' Things, 'n' names like that. I was also interested to find Ken and Eve—a bright, open, obviously educated couple—running an old-fashioned store. It even occurred to me that, considering the way a large percentage of New York families arrived in the city, Ken might have had a grandfather who in order to get a toehold in the New World slaved away for years in such a store (as Greek and Portuguese immigrants are doing in our neighborhood now), giving his son the opportunity to amass enough capital to send Ken comfortably to



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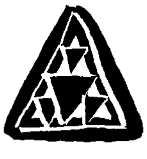
college—so that he could run a corner grocery store. In the cultural flip-flops of the sixties, of course, New York abounded in such minor generational ironies—middle-aged couples who shuddered at having to return from Long Island to the lower East Side every other Sunday to visit a father who had never left his tenement, only to find that their own son, having had the blessings of the Great Neck school system and superior orthodontics bestowed on him, made directly for a lower-East Side tenement that differed from his grandfather's only in its lack of cleanliness. The likelihood that Ken and Eve were in the Bubble Gum Store more or less by choice, of course, distinguished them from any earlier generation of storekeepers—or, for that matter, from most of the other merchants in our neighborhood. I suppose there are aspects of the grocery business that are satisfying to the Portuguese couple running a place a few blocks from the Bubble Gum Store, but I suspect that their store represents to them mainly a way to pay the rent and educate their children. Ken and Eve really seemed to be having a good time.



As it turned out, Ken and Eve had thought they might enjoy running a corner store in our neighborhood partly because they had so enjoyed the neighborhood. In recent years, neighborhoodism has been growing in New York, particularly in neighborhoods dominated by brownstones rather than high-rises—the Village, Chelsea, a half-dozen partly renovated areas in Brooklyn. The new version of neighborhoodism, often led by middle-class house renovators, is geographical rather than ethnic; it is organized around residence on a block rather than membership in, say, an Italian Catholic Church. I have always thought that when one of the new tree-planting, block-party-holding, neighbor-meeting block associations is scratched deeply, what scratches back has some attributes of the old, exclusionary, property-crazed homeowners associations. On the other hand, I like the block parties. Geographical neighborhoodism does reflect some of the reasons that New Yorkers who have some choice about where to live may choose the agonies of renovating a brownstone in Chelsea or Cobble Hill rather than move into an apartment in a West Side high-rise—a manageable number of people on the block, next-door neighbors, buildings constructed on a scale that human beings can grasp, the casual neighborliness that comes with sitting on a stoop for a chat on a spring evening rather than exchanging quick hellos between floors in an elevator. What some people are seeking in the low-rise neighborhoods of New York is not adventure or the bright lights but some qualified urban version of what people in other parts of America would consider a normal life.

Ken has not been a consistent block-association activist; although he is not overtly political, Eve always says that at heart he is too much of an anarchist to sit through the meetings. But even before he began running the Bubble Gum Store he took great pleasure in the block it is on—a lively Village mixture of renovated brownstones and unrenovated brownstones and small apartment buildings occupied by Irish and Italian families who have lived in them for three or four generations. He lived and worked on the block as a building superintendent. My guess about his background had not been far off, although he is the first person in his family to run a store. His grandfather was an immigrant, his father has prospered in a manufacturing business, his brother is an architect. Ken dropped out of college and tried a number of jobs, none of which he liked, until he more or less settled down to being a super. Eve lived on the same block. She was working in an insurance-company office after having spent several years teaching retarded adults. She was introduced to Ken by the president of the block association.

Ken did not feel philosophically or psychologically prepared to hold the kind of job that might traditionally be associated with his background; he often says he has "a little trouble with authority." The man who had run the corner grocery store on the block for years, an Armenian immigrant, was about ready to retire. ("He was not an uninteresting man, and he ran a profitable store," Ken says, "but he didn't have a good time.") Both Ken and Eve liked the idea of doing something they could do together. Ken liked the idea of not having a boss. Ken's father was willing to put up some money for the purchase. And the corner store had the final appeal of being right on the corner of their own block. Ken now says, "Down to the corner was about as far as I wanted to go."

For an American who finds himself running a small grocery store these days, the normal channels for ambition are expansion or escape. "A whole bunch of things pressure you to become bigger," Ken says. "The nature of business in America is to grow. The customers want more variety. You can buy things cheaper from suppliers in large quantities." Ken and Eve had a different sort of ambition. They did want to make a profit, of course, and Ken says that they have greatly improved on the volume of the previous owner. But they are horrified at anything they believe might detract from the intimacy of the store, and they have no interest in the chain-grocery business. When they talk about how the store is doing, they discuss not just sales volume but whether the atmosphere is quite right or how well the store is filling its role as a place where neighbors can have a relaxed and impromptu chat. In that sense, as Ken and Eve are quick to acknowledge, the store is "artificial"—something they can see themselves doing, something they do because it interests them rather than because the alternative is penury. Ken tends to analyze reasons for, say, having gumball machines the way block-association organizers analyze reasons for having block parties.

There are, as it happens, four gum machines now in the Bubble Gum Store. Ken says he bought the first one while he was looking for ways to "warm the place up a little." He says a gumball machine can be seen as an investment, the way, say, printing up advertising circulars would be an investment—although he sees the return in this case as being in "depth rather than breadth" of patronage. Ken and Eve also consider the gumball machines a way to attract the children of the old Irish and Italian families in the neighborhood—families they are particularly interested in attracting, since they believe the patronage now has an overrepresentation of younger people who live in the Village because they enjoy the informality and an underrepresentation of older people who live in the Village because they were born there. Adults use the machines, too; it is not unusual for a customer to slap a nickel on the counter and say, out of the corner of his mouth, "Gimme five singles" or "Break this five for me." But the kids, by hitting a home run on the baseball gum machine or a hole in one on the golf gum machine, are eligible for stickers that, according to a complicated formula, can be traded in for candy bars or super-hero decals. There is no sign announcing such a system, of course; Ken says it is "not for strangers." Ken and Eve can name three or four other reasons for having gumball machines in a corner store. Among them is that Ken happens to be a sucker for gumball machines.

THREE years of ownership by Ken and Eve have brought some physical changes to the Bubble Gum Store—although not enough of them to alter my impression that it is dominated by cat food. On the side of the building Ken now has a long flower box about six feet off the ground—high enough, he says, to foil dogs and to force anyone who wants to steal a flower to do so with a conscious effort rather than a casual swipe. The storefront windows on either side of the entrance still have brands of beer spelled out in neon, but one of them also has an attractive gold-leaf window sign that includes the names of Ken and Eve on intertwined hearts. (Ken has just become a notary public—partly, he claims, because the notary symbol will look terrific on the other window.) The Bubble Gum Store has conventional freezers and coolers jammed into it, but one of them is covered with pictures that Ken took of customers with a Polaroid he got once as a gift, and one of them is festooned with decals of the sort that can be won by a quick pair of hands at the golf gumball machine. A few waiters' trays and old-fashioned advertisements and old cracker boxes are around, but not enough to give the impression that the place sells knickknacks rather than milk and eggs. The air space in the Bubble Gum Store seems just about fully occupied. There is a clown who can be made to cycle across the store on a tightrope, and a couple of hanging ceramic pieces done by Ken's mother, and a rope that is often climbed by a wooden bear, and a mop that I took to be part of some sort of artistic assemblage until Eve informed me that it was a mop display.

Ken and Eve do a pretty good take-out-sandwich business at noon with people who work in the neighborhood, and, partly because Ken enjoys preparing salads, they can pull out of the delicatessen case a lot of food not found in the ordinary corner store—marinated mushrooms, for instance, and garlic carrots, and stringbeans vinaigrette. They also keep some steak and hamburger in the deli case, on the theory that someone ought to be able to assemble a full meal in the store if necessary. I have occasionally assembled a full meal there myself, but it consists entirely of homemade cookies—Rosie's Cinnamon Butter Crunchies, Meg's Scottish Short Bread, Karen's Nut Brownies, Jean's Banana Nut Bread, and, for dessert, Keen Specials, which are to chocolate-chip

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cookies what Frank's hot cooked salami is to salami. The idea of selling homemade cookies began, Ken told me, when they told a friend who had become seriously interested in baking that they would sell what she baked on consignment. Then Ken saw that carrying cookies on consignment was one way of keeping traffic in the store; it guarantees the presence of the cookie-makers checking on their cookies, if no one else. The cookie system is the most obvious way that the distinctions between buyers and sellers become blurred at the Bubble Gum Store; the Rosie who makes Rosie's Cinnamon Butter Crunchies is a customer and a supplier and a friend and, as it happens, the block-association president who introduced Ken and Eve.

A bookcase full of books next to the door also came about more or less accidentally, Eve told me—starting when a new cooler freed some space there and it was decided that whatever went into the space ought to be something that could be stolen without inflicting serious financial damage. That led to the idea of using the space for something free, and that led to the idea of an informal book-trading pool—unidentified as that, of course, because it, too, is not for strangers. Ken says that some people only bring books and some people only take books and a few do both. Some people, he thinks, use the book supply to rationalize spending a few more cents per item in the Bubble Gum Store than they might spend at the supermarket, but so many people seem uncomfortable about taking hardcover books that Ken periodically goes around the corner to a store that seems to specialize in secondhand books and whipping-and-bondage magazines, and trades his hardcovers in for paperbacks.

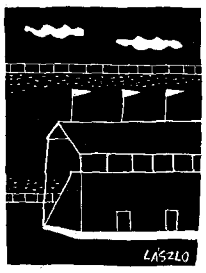
Ken and Eve were pleased with how the bookshelves worked out, and they liked the response to their bean-guessing contest. (The winner got two tickets to a Bette Midler show; second prize was, naturally, the beans.) They think they're getting better and better at the more routine aspects of running the store—knowing how much ice cream to order and maintaining the right kind of variety. They still poke around other grocery stores looking for items they might want to stock. The challenge of improving the store is, of course, part of the enjoyment. Sooner or later, of course, Ken and Eve are likely to decide that they are doing what they set out to do about as well as it can be done. Then, I suspect, my daughters and I will again be without an old-fashioned corner store.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

THE RACE TRACK

Doldrums

THE Dwyer Handicap—it was the Dwyer Stakes when Man o' War beat John P. Grier in their famous set-to at the old Aqueduct, back in 1920—had its fifty-eighth running at Belmont Park last Saturday, and it was the sort of race you'd expect on a damp, dispiriting day. Eight so-so three-year-olds came out for the mile and a furlong, and Valid Appeal, splashing through the sloppy footing, took the lead on the backstretch and went on to win by three lengths from Wajima. Hunka Papa was third, four lengths farther behind. Despite the wet going, the nine furlongs were run in the surprisingly fast time of 1:48⅗. Many in the crowd of twenty-seven thousand wondered why Foolish Pleasure didn't run. Although he would have carried 130 pounds and given big weight to everything, it would have been a soft touch for him, and the prize money of $50,400 would have moved him up into the million-dollar bracket. Instead, he's resting up for the Travers Stakes at Saratoga next month.



Maybe it was the rain, but I've seen more people go out in worse weather to the walking ring for a $5,000 claiming race than visited the saddling area before the Dwyer, and few of those who did gave a second look at Valid Appeal—aside from his owner, Harry Mangurian, Jr., who also owns Desert Vixen, and Tommy Root, his trainer. A bay colt by In Reality out of Desert Trial, Valid Appeal was 14–1 in the betting—next to the longest price in the field. Wajima, the $600,000 yearling of the 1973 sales, who is named after a noted Japanese sumo wrestler, was the odds-on favorite, for he'd been beaten by only a short head in the recent Saranac Handicap, and the clockers made him a Double-X special. I don't think he liked the track. Laramie Trail, who had done a fast work-out, led for half a mile but tired after Valid Appeal passed him. Hunka Papa was best of the others; he does indeed resemble his sire, Dr. Fager, but I'm sure the Tartan Farms could have found a better name for him than that. It was no day for favorites; eight of the nine were beaten.

FARTHER AFIELD: At Monmouth last weekend, Buck's Bid beat Haraka by a neck in the Longfellow Handicap, which was shifted over to the main track because the turf course was soggy. . . . At Atlantic City, Sailingon won the Longport Handicap for fillies and mares by a nose from Khedija. . . . At Bowie, Gentle King ran over five other two-year-olds to win the Playpen Stakes.

HOLLYWOOD PARK is having another big meeting. According to statistics compiled by the *Daily Racing Form*, attendance at the track of the lakes and flowers during the three-day Fourth of July weekend was 116,888, topping Belmont's 115,020, which included the 50,764 at the match race. Altogether, thirty-three tracks held races the Fourth of July weekend, and entertained 929,467 customers. The pari-mutuel handle was $84,647,187. Hollywood Park had another outpouring for the $106,275 Lassie Stakes, which is the championship event for two-year-old fillies. Walk in the Sun, who led for most of the six furlongs, won by a length and a quarter from Pet Label. Doc Shah's Siren was third.

RUFFIAN was buried in the infield at Belmont Park a week ago last Monday near the flagpole that flies the New York Racing Association's house flag.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*From the Laramie* (*Wyo.*) *Boomerang*]

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breakfast in coffee shops and
straight answer. Here it is: In
down even more.
said: "The question is whether
have guilt feelings later in life,
becomes a parent."
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the bank adds, but now loans
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Epsilon Sigma Alpha held the
jewel pin ceremony for Mrs.
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Robison as President, Mrs.
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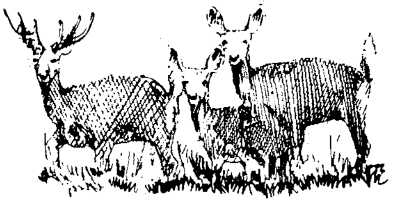

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BOOKS

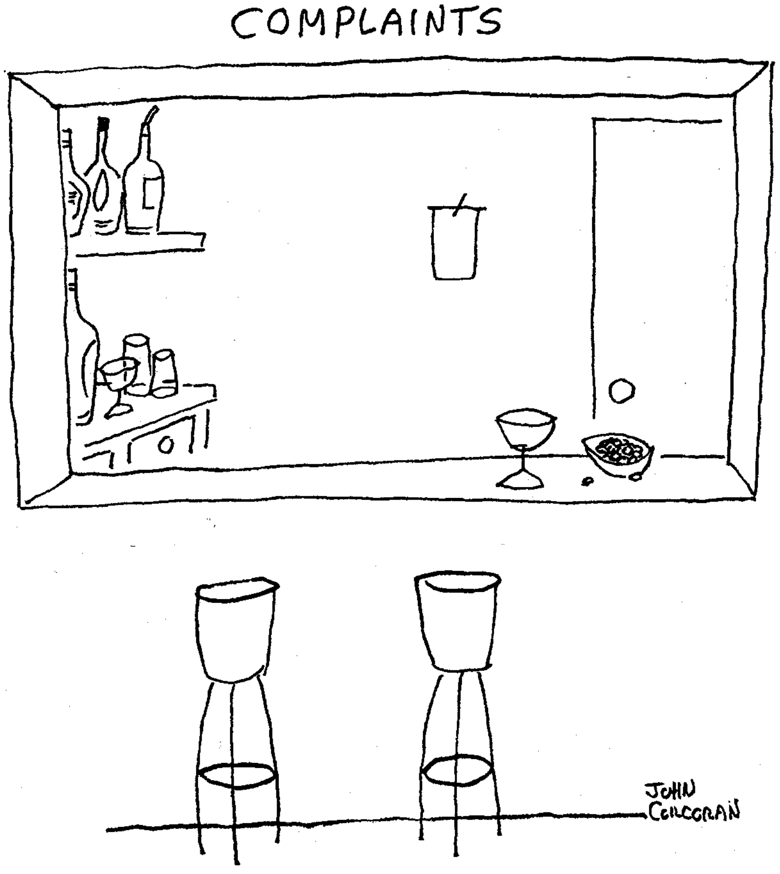
Plus Ça Change

WHEN the first volume of Joseph Campbell's "The Masks of God" was published by Viking, in 1959, it was evident that a prodigious scholar had been revealed. This was one of the most comprehensive studies of mythology since Frazer's "The Golden Bough," and it involved a new concept of the nature of mythology, not to mention, incidentally, a masterly style. Those few who knew Campbell's work were aware of the books and the activities that had led up to this *magnum opus;* these are "The Hero with a Thousand Faces," in which he analyzed and compared the hero myths, myths that are still reflected in television cop shows as well as in more serious art forms; "A Skeleton Key to 'Finnegans Wake'" (in collaboration with Henry Morton Robinson); and the editing of "The Viking Portable Arabian Nights," of the works of the great Indologist Heinrich Zimmer, including his monumental "The Art of Indian Asia," and of the Eranos Yearbooks put together at Carl G. Jung's seminars near Lake Geneva. Campbell is a master not only of Sanskrit but of German, French, and some other contemporary languages. His works on mythology, all influenced by Jung's hypotheses, have made him, like the Rumanian savant Mircea Eliade, of the University of Chicago, one of our greatest hermeneutists. ("Hermeneutist" relates to Hermes, messenger and scribe of the gods, and is widely applied nowadays to specialists in the analysis and comparison of myths.)

Campbell has now produced the extraordinarily handsome and thoroughly illustrated "The Mythic Image" (Princeton University Press; Bollingen Series C; forty-five dollars, which is quite inexpensive for what it offers). In it he deals with the visual aspect of myth, and permits his illustrations to take precedence over his verbal explanations, ample though they are—four hundred and thirty-three pictures, from every era of the past and every part of the globe, illustrating the origins and forms of myths. They range from prehistory to Picasso and Jackson Pollock, and they represent art not as aesthetics or realism but as symbol or dream. Campbell says in his preface that the "argument is, briefly, that through dreams a door is opened to mythology, since myths are of the nature of dream, and that, as dreams arise from an inward world unknown to waking consciousness, so do myths: so, indeed, does life." This idea was introduced by Jung in relation to his theory of the "universal unconscious," but it has never before been given such a clear and splendid demonstration. The area of thought involves the nowadays unfashionable realm of metaphysics, and at the very beginning Campbell quotes the famous Chinese definition of metaphysics which is embodied, with typically Chinese clarity and concision, in the story of the sage who dreamed that he was a butterfly and, on awakening, could not tell whether he was a man who had dreamed he was a butterfly or a butterfly who was dreaming that he was a man. Metaphysics, as several philosophers and psychologists have noted, begins with the dream.

Campbell starts his elucidations with the Indian myth of Vishnu, the lord of sleep, the sleeping god who dreamed the world, or, to be more exact, who is in the process of dreaming the world (the myth says that we exist only as figments of his dream). He next proceeds to the Egyptian myth of Isis and Osiris (the myth of the dying and resurrected god), and then moves to territory more familiar to Western readers—the Nativity of Christ. Why are that ass and bull in the background of so many depictions of the scene? Well, as any fourth-century observer knew, and as Campbell points out, they represent the contending brothers Seth and Osiris, of Egyptian mythology (Seth killed Osiris); they signify that Jesus was a reconciler of opposites ("Love your enemies"). And why are the Magi frequently dressed as Persians? Because, Campbell remarks, they represent the submission of Christianity's most potent rival, Persian Mithraism, to the true faith. And what about the halos? They are a Zoroastrian symbol of the sun-god that was adopted by Christianity. (It is a curious coincidence that the sun-god Mithra was born on December 25th.)

The Nativity represents the myth of the virgin birth and the wonder child, the slaughter of the innocents and the exile of the child. In both pictures and text, Campbell traces the Madonna-and-Child motif back to ancient Sumer and to Aztec Mexico, where the god Quetzalcoatl (the Feathered Serpent) was born of a virgin and swallowed by the great mouth of the northeast horizon, later to be resurrected. (The dead and resurrected Osiris reflects the same motif.) The slaughter of the innocents by a powerful king who dreads his prophesied death at the hands of a newly born infant is a universal mythological theme, which Campbell traces not only to the familiar Hebrew source (Moses) but to India, whose god-man Krishna is born at the end of a long line of children all of whom have been destroyed by the evil King Kansa because it has



been prophesied that he will die by the hand of one of them. Krishna is spirited away by his father and because of this he survives and does indeed eventually kill Kansa. This whole concept is related to the myth of the exiled child, which is exemplified in the stories of Moses, of the flight into Egypt by Mary, Joseph, and the Christ Child, of the Greek myth of the birth of Zeus and Kronos's attempt to destroy him, and of Romulus and Remus, suckled by a wolf after they had been abandoned.

Next, Campbell considers the buildings that have represented models of the cosmos—the temple towers of Mexico, the similar temple towers of India, the famous ziggurats of Babylonia, and the cathedrals of medieval and Renaissance times, particularly Chartres. The *axis mundi* gets a thorough going over. It is the Christmas tree, the Cross of the Crucifixion, the Yggdrasil (tree of life) of the Norse Eddas, the primal fig tree of India, the Bodhi tree of Buddhism, and the tree of knowledge from which the serpent tempted Adam and Eve. In an upside-down form this tree occurs not only in Hinduism but in the Hebrew Cabala, and Dante refers to it in "The Divine Comedy." Because of their strictures against graven images, the Hebrews and Muslims have very little iconography. But the ruins of the Beth Alpha Synagogue, near Galilee (it was unearthed in the nineteen-twenties), contain mosaics portraying the sacrifice of Abraham and other Biblical events, as well as a picture of a panelled door that presumably conceals the Torah, guarded by fierce lions standing beneath seven-branched candlesticks. Campbell attributes to the Hebrews the discovery of the one, absolutely transcendent God, and the concept of linear, as opposed to cyclical, time.

The octopus as a representation of the solar myth is common not only to Crete and Japan but to India, where the sun is regarded as the heart of the universe. The lotus, holy flower of India for both Hindus and Buddhists, is a version, as a solar image, of the rose of Western medieval thought, exemplified by the famous rose window at Chartres. The caduceus of Hermes, symbol of the healing profession, is found in ancient Sumer, in Mayan and Aztec Mexico, among the Navajo Indians, and in prehistoric mounds in Mississippi and Alabama. The snake, or serpent, is a symbol of renewal because it casts off its old skin and so appears to be reborn. Yahweh, God of the Jews, once took the form of a serpent; Moses set up a serpent idol;

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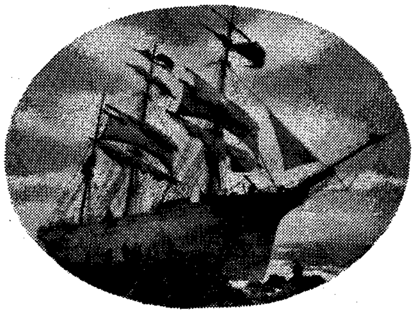

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Zeus was often depicted as a serpent; the early Greek Orphists worshipped the serpent, and so did the Aztecs. Campbell relates the statement of Christ to his disciples that "I shall make you fishers of men" to the Greek and medieval European myth of Orpheus the Fisher, and presents a picture of the presumably Orphic Piettroasa Bowl, which, dug up in Rumania in 1837, bears a depiction not only of Orpheus the Fisher but of the great Corn Goddess Demeter and her daughter Persephone.

Campbell is known in the jargon of contemporary anthropology as a "diffusionist;" that is, he believes that most myths, like most civilizations, spread from one place to another, and do not evolve independently. He notes not only the discovery of Japanese Jomon pottery from about 3000 B.C. on the coast of Ecuador but also the influences on South America of "the seafaring Buddhist civilizations of East and Southeast Asia and Oceania," and he relates the "fear-dispelling" and "boon-bestowing" gestures of the Bodhisattva Avalokiteshvara, and the Buddha himself, to similar gestures observed in statues of the Mayan maize god. It is obvious that Columbus did not discover America, or Leif Ericson, either.

The difficulty of encompassing even a fraction of what Campbell has to display and say is awesome. For instance, he discusses Tantric thought, with its mandalas and its sleeping snake goddess Kundalini, and offers us a curious reproduction of Rembrandt's Faust, who seems to be looking at something very like a mandala. There is, too, a long discussion of the rites of human sacrifice as they were practiced fairly recently in India and the South Seas, and as they were reported in detail by Captain Cook. In a picture in the cave temples of Aurangabad, Buddha holds a "lotus ladder" that is reminiscent of the Norse Yggdrasil and of Jacob's ladder. And so on and on. If this magnificent volume and its illustrations do not convince the reader that Jung's hypothesis about the universal unconscious is correct, that reader is, I am afraid, a member of that large class of limited human beings known as "realists."

Joseph Campbell, a handsome man of unmistakably Celtic appearance, was born in this city and is in his early seventies. Mythology has fascinated him since his childhood, during which his father, a hosiery merchant, frequently took him to the American Museum of Natural History and bought him books about the American Indian. He was overwhelmed by the totem poles in the museum, and he saw many Buffalo Bill Wild West shows. His family background is Roman Catholic, and he attended Catholic schools, then Dartmouth and Columbia, where he did postgraduate work and became a champion half-miler. His Catholicism soon lapsed. A fellowship enabled him to go to Paris, where he studied medieval French at the École des Hautes Études, and Munich, where he studied Sanskrit at the university. In Munich, he became acquainted with the work of Freud, Jung, and Mann. Back home, he was without a job during the great Depression, so he went to California, where he hobnobbed with John Steinbeck in Carmel, living on fifty cents a day. There he discovered Ed Ricketts, the biologist model for the hero of Steinbeck's "Cannery Row," and went to Alaska with Ricketts. He also discovered the delights of alcohol, and Spengler's "The Decline of the West," which impressed him because it applied to civilizations the morphological principles characteristic of the human being. This was all new to him; at Columbia, his training in psychology and philosophy had been dominated by John Dewey and the behaviorists. In 1934, Campbell moved on to Sarah Lawrence, where he taught a course in mythology; he left the faculty quite recently. In 1953, he spent a sabbatical year in India and Japan. He is married to Jean Erdman, once one of Martha Graham's principal exponents and now an artist on her own. During the forties and fifties, he assisted Swami Nikhilananda on his eloquent translations of the Upanishads and "The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna." He also edited the works of Heinrich Zimmer, which were published by Bollingen—"Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization," "The King and the Corpse," "Philosophies of India," and "The Art of Indian Asia." Today, he has a heavy schedule of free-lance lecturing. He wrote for the first of the Bollingen Series a commentary that was concerned with Navajo pollen painting, and he has now rounded out the Bollingen Series with what it designates its hundredth publication. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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From Robert M. Cello, an application for $1,500 to subsidize the initial operating expenses of a continuing, self-sustaining, non-profit theatrical company in Davis devoted to the production of works of Gilbert M. Sullivan.—*Woodland (Calif.) Democrat.*

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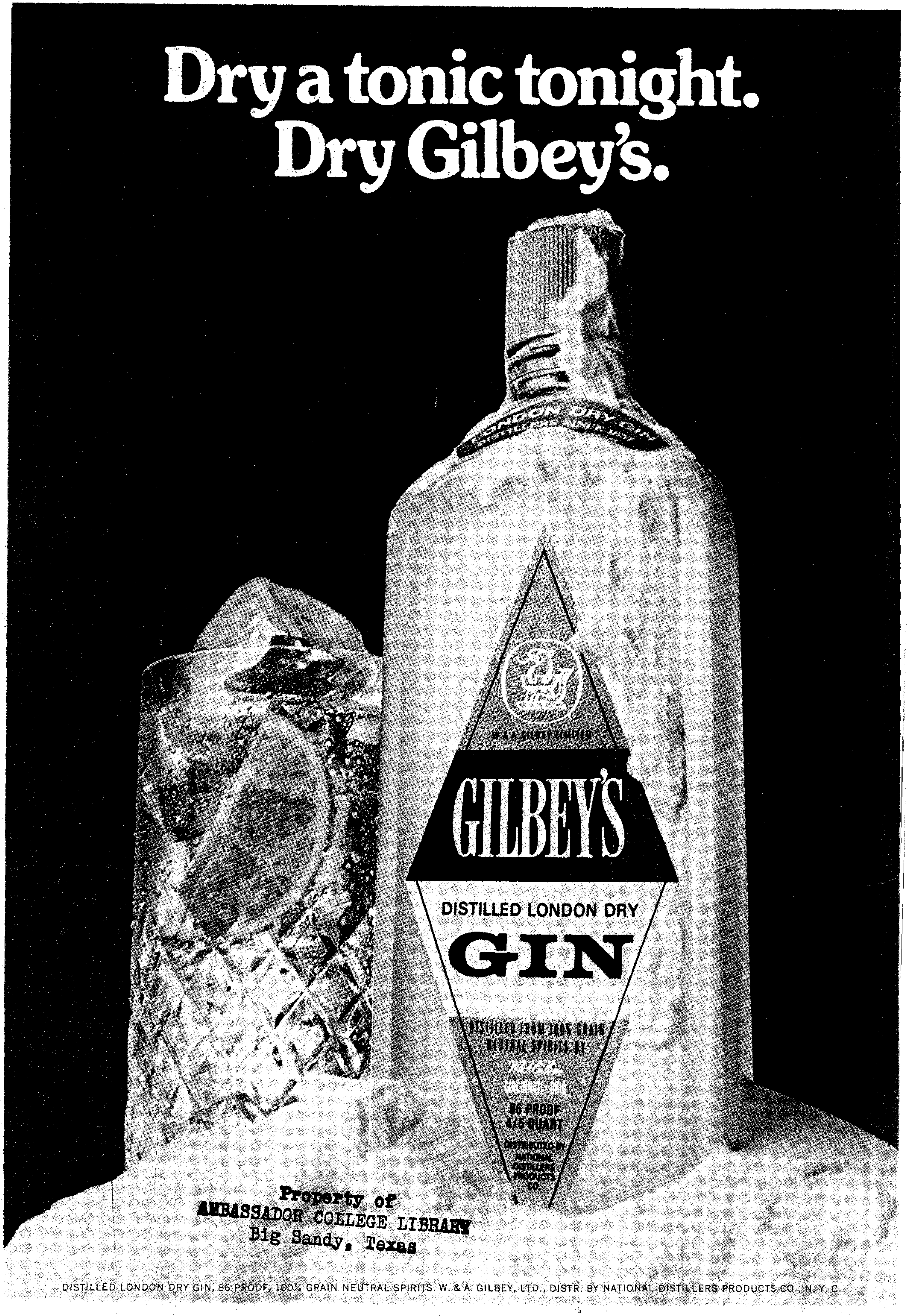
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